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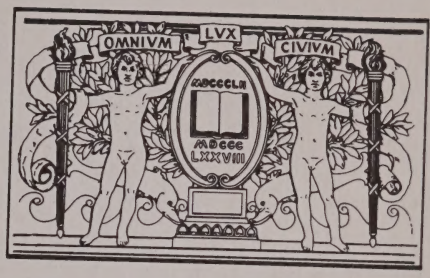

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THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. LXXIX.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXIV.

JULY, 1854.

ART. I. — *The Moral Significance of the Crystal Palace: A Sermon, preached first to his own Congregation, and repeated in the Church of the Messiah, on Sunday Evening, October* 30, 1853. By REV. H. W. BELLOWS, Pastor of the First Congregational Society in the City of New York. New York. (Published by Request of the Government of the Crystal Palace.) G. P. Putnam & Co. 1853.

THE great continents of truth have been for the most part mapped out and explored. There remains the vast ocean of speculation, sweeping around the firm continents, and challenging adventure. Shifting as are the waves and currents of this sea, it has calm depths of meditation, from which innumerable islands of coral grow up, as solid as the old territories of human thought, and lift their luxuriant crests into clear sunshine. A hundred mariners may have caught a glimpse of these, or may have run close alongside and recorded some description of them; but no one of them may have landed, and taken the pains to explore mount and cape, stream and cave and shaded recess.

Such an island has been distinctly touched upon, in the discourse which introduces and illustrates the train of thought now proposed. The whole sermon — broadly and beautifully evolving the "union of man with man, of man with

nature, and of man with God," as taught by the World's Fair — demands a thoughtful perusal. But we have to do, now, only with the following passage: —

"The view of the Exhibition unites man to God, not only by awakening sentiments of humility, wonder, gratitude, and praise, but also by illustrating, in an affecting and emphatic manner, the partnership of God with men, and men with God. Man is not only a partaker in the Divine nature, but a partner in God's business. 'My Father worketh hitherto,' said our Saviour, 'and I work.' Heavenly capital and earthly labor compose the firm in God's providence. Nature is the clay, man is the tool. God made them both; and his will unites them in the production of that more finished nature we name Art. In the end, all things are of God, for marble and sculptor, pigment and painter, ore and founder, woof and weaver, materials and skill, opportunity and genius, are all of Him, and through Him, and to Him; but looked at in the wiser and more practical way of distribution, God's part and man's part, in the great plan of Providence, are capable of being discriminated, and the satisfaction of a voluntary partnership in a common work may be noted and enjoyed. And surely nothing is more striking, in an exhibition like the present, than the evidence afforded of the aptness of nature to man's wants, and the aptness of man to nature's development and use. How palpable the profound design entertained by Providence, of awakening and educating man's soul through the necessity under which he lies of subduing and regulating the material world! When we remember that there is nothing in science and art which is not a product of man's mind and will operating on crude matter, and that no invention is anything but a discovery, an adaptation that previously existed, — no accommodation of any substance, more than the use of an original fitness, — we begin to catch the glorious and affecting harmony existing between matter and mind, the earth and man, or God's providence and man's labor. Take the two materials of which the Crystal Palace is made, iron and glass. Can any substances be less fitted to human use, for purposes of strength and transparency, than ore and sand? They bear no resemblance in appearance, or even in qualities, to the products of which they form the base. But does any one the less doubt that iron and glass are the final cause of ore and sand, and that God intended that human genius should discover and apply them to the uses they so perfectly serve? What can be less like a regulated power, practicable in use and universal in application, than steam? or less seizable and governable than electricity? or more intractable and remote from usefulness

than the elastic gum of Para? Yet is man to be esteemed the sole patentee of the steam-engine, the absolute creator of the magnetic telegraph, the unassisted contriver of the uses of India-rubber? Have not these various elements and substances been patiently seeking their natural and appropriate ends; knocking at the door of the human mind to unlock their passages to usefulness; and vindicating in their vast triumphs not more the genius of man than the beneficence and foreordination of God? Is not nature full of undiscovered springs of health, wealth, usefulness, all waiting the willow-wand of a more delicate observation to point tremblingly to their source, and open it to their proprietors and lords, the human race? In the divine sympathy or primordial correlation of nature and man, — of divine laws and human uses of them, — of material elements and mental appropriation or accommodation of them, — of nature and humanity, — we behold the grandest and most glorious proof of the being of that God, that wonderful Designer, whose plan, as it opens, shows an infinite forecast, — and of the patience, wisdom, benevolence, of that Providence, which keeps his own gifts half hidden, half revealed, that they may be received with the best advantage of his creatures, while he strictly subordinates the material world to the spiritual discipline and moral victory of his rational offspring."

This extract is a coast-wise, yet commanding, view of the island of thought, whereon we have landed, to enjoy a ramble in search of nutritious fruits and fresh scenery, rather than to institute a scientific exploration. The useful arts, more than the fine, will be kept in mind, the former having a more immediate interest for men, particularly in a Crusoe adventure.

Cowper's expression of piety and poetry, — "God made the country and man made the town," — has passed into a doctrine, like many other utterances of profound feeling. The words are often quoted to express a love for nature, and an aversion to the haunts of pride and misery; but the language, if strictly taken, implies that the Creator had no purpose that the materials he has supplied should be fashioned into beautiful villages and splendid cities; that he gave man no instinct or skill so to use them, and laid upon him no such necessity; and that, so employed, the materials exhibit no new beauty and fitness, or, if they do, that the glory of it belongs to man, not to his Maker. Natural Theology has taken it for granted, that its inquiries are limited to unmodified nature; and, accordingly, the theologian, like an Indian or bison, keeps him-

self carefully beyond the borders of civilization; he sees nothing Divine in his mechanical surroundings; he ascends to the stars, or flees to the uttermost parts of the sea, whenever he would illustrate the attributes of the Infinite One. The Bridgewater Treatise on the Adaptation of the External World to Man, is the nearest approach to a formal statement of the subject in hand; but the author discourses of climate, season, soil, grain, and raw material, with reference to the necessities, not the instincts and genius, of man; he beholds Divine wisdom in the rough substance, rather than in the beautiful product. In various books are paragraphs and allusions which more or less vaguely recognize the divine in Art, but nothing, probably, more direct, unless it be a partial exception in Ruskin's "Modern Painters." Art, or some work of art, is frequently called divine, in the classic sense, however, of beautiful only. It is sometimes said, that Art is a part of Nature, and a "higher nature," — words that look towards the shore of thought on which we have set foot. But the truth is not followed in its leadings. It seems to have been assumed that the Great Artist had nothing but a general and indefinite design in the creation of finite artists and artisans, and in the endowment of matter with susceptibilities of reconstruction into endless forms of use and elegance. It appears to have been inferred, that whatever man transforms, by his divinely received wisdom, to other shapes, ceases to be the work of the Almighty, and thenceforth bears less, instead of frequently more, of the impress of His hand.

This prevailing sentiment is manifested in many ways. The stereotyped question of village lyceums, whether "the works of Nature are more wonderful than those of Art," is surrendered, in the end, to the affirmative, the young disputants yielding to an amiable candor, or to an unconscious fear that Dame Nature, like other dames, may somehow punish a seeming undervaluation of her dignity. Fugitives from the summer disagreeablenesses of towns, and they who are driven forth by fashion, laud the country at the expense of the city, in a threadbare litany of praise, whether or not they have any true sympathy with nature. A mixture of the artificial and natural in wild scenery is always a lucky text for cant sentimentality.

The tourist, at Niagara or the Hudson Highlands, wastes himself in echoed lamentations over a scene of grandeur "desecrated" (this is the inevitable word) by the hand of man. Wordsworth, in a string of sonnets, more melancholy than they were intended to be, bemoans the advent of railroads in the North of England. No rhapsodist can tell us too often about the "temple of Nature," with its "dome of sky, and music of winds and waves." The versifier, as a matter of business, deals in sunsets, stars, and dew, and operates in roses and moonlight; — he, or she, is apt to think, with the Arabian critic, that "palm-trees, fountains, and moonlight cannot be introduced too frequently into good poetry." All classes of people accept it as a duty to extol nature, and to disparage art in the comparison, as if it were doing God service. We hear, in prose and verse, of Divine purpose in the eye, the hand, and in the motions and powers of each; but not in the products resulting therefrom. Lessons of creative forethought are drawn from the shell, the honey-comb, the flower, — seldom or never from the picture, implement, garment, book, and building. We see something of God's glory in the violet, snow-flake, cataract, and sun; we fail to see it in the instruments which reveal the minute beauty, or use the wonderful power, of these objects. We behold it in the ores, the fire and sand, but are too deaf to hear it in the musical, graceful result brought forth from those formless materials, — a heavenly-sounding bell. "On the bells of the horses shall be Holiness to the Lord" inscribed; and it will be, not only in the sense that religion shall consecrate everything, but also that in everything the Most High shall be habitually seen.

Were sincere devotion ever, and harmless sentiment only, the fruit of this partiality for that which is strictly natural, it might be passed by. But when this tendency circumscribes the sympathies of natural piety itself; when it runs into affectation and sentimental worship; when it nourishes in man a proud self-felicitation over his works, as if they were no part of the universal plan, and he had accomplished them by his own unaided wisdom; or when, on the other hand, it leads him to despise the success of his own species, — when, in fine, it expels the God of nature from the haunts and habitations

of his rational creatures, — it is time to unfold a thought which has occurred to many minds, in the shape of an undeveloped suggestion.

Human art attests the Supreme Intelligence by disclosing, in the first place, the various susceptibilities of use and beauty inherent in every form of matter.

Everything in nature fulfils one or more purposes, in its original state. Thus a cloud is a curtain of shade, a shield against frost, a cistern of showers, and a vision of glory. But every object, on the earth at least, seems invested with another set of qualities for art, of equal, or higher, profit and pleasure. The palm-tree is not only good for fruit, shade, and lordly beauty; it also yields fuel, wine, oil, flax, flour, sugar, salt, thread, utensils, weapons, — in fact, all things needed in a barbarous condition of society. Such reserved qualities of matter are sometimes the simplest change of use, not of form, as when straw is woven into hats; sometimes the useful part is eliminated from the other components, as the fibres of flax; in other instances, a combination of substances creates a quality not to be found in any one of the ingredients, for example, the explosiveness of gunpowder, and the transparency of glass. The artificial value is, in some cases, apparent, as in the pearl-shell, ready to be cut for ornament; in others, it is half concealed, as in the veins of rough marble and agate; in others, it is wholly hidden, as the medicinal properties of plants; in still other instances, both the substance and its qualities are, like electricity, themselves hidden, and revealed only in their effects. We can never be sure that we have reached the best, or the last, use that can be made of anything. The inclosing of complex purposes in more simple ones, is apparently a universal rule of creation. Man but poorly imitates this, when he conceals a slender fishing-rod, or a defensive weapon, in a walking-stick, or so inflates a mattress that it may be used as a life-boat. Manifold blessing, exhaustless beauty, is the motto of Nature. Every product of hers is a cocoa-nut, wherein progressive discovery finds the cup of a new use beneath the oakum exterior of a present one, and, within the second use, the nutritious meat of another, and, within the third, the sweet milk of a fourth service and

joy. The undisguised fairness and benefits of the material world are the story it tells to the childhood of the human race, — a Pilgrim's Progress or Faerie Queene, — an allegory that veils many spiritual and material meanings. Man's art is a prosecution of God's designs as truly as the work of the coral polyp is, the difference being in favor of the former, as will yet be shown. It is Nature's earthly consummation of her womanly expectations, when she is led forth as man's bride, sparkling in her polished gems, blushing in her crimson dyes, delicately fair in statue and column, smiling in the lustre of silver and gold, and crowned with the flowers of decorative skill.

To illustrate the theme in a homely way, which may associate it with the daily thoughts of men, let us walk the street, approach a house, and enter a parlor. The point is, that the artificially disclosed qualities of matter have an equal, frequently a higher, utility and charm, than the materials in a natural condition.

The pavement on which we tread was part of a shapeless mass of stone, cropping out from some hill-side. As one feature of a picturesque scene, breaking up the monotony of smoothly sloping ground, contrasting its solidity with the light grace of tree and stream, and its neutral color with the unvaried green around, it would have reminded us of the Maker's wisdom. New, clearer signs of his forethought are revealed, however, when the rock is quarried, and we find that, by the forces in operation many ages since, the stone was cleft into thin, smooth plates, and even cut by Nature into perfect parallelograms. We pause before a suburban villa. The wood, of which the house is composed, was beautiful and serviceable in its native state. Not to mention the vital necessity of its chemical influence, a tree is a marvel of strength and grace; it is a servant of man, patiently standing and holding out its living baskets of fruit, and holding up its regal canopy; it is a palace of the birds, domed, windowed, and draperied, for their abode. But the trees have hidden capabilities for human habitations; they can be cut into shining smoothness, put together into combined strength, carved into ornamental shapes, the whole process resulting in an arti-

ficial growth, more varied and useful, and equally symmetrical. In the Gothic order, the curving lines of native beauty are preserved; in other styles, the rectangular form, with its severer moral significance, is substituted. And the compactness and fine texture of the tree are more evident, now that it is transformed; the rough-bound book is opened; we read its fair pages, and wonder that Nature has helped us to build our roomy homes out of mere gases and liquids. The frail tenement, when completed by a fair coating, which is made from gross earths and ores, and may be mixed to any shade which the most fastidious fancy may choose, seems converted to marble, or freestone, or even to a huge prism of gray basalt, or an opaque crystal of yellow topaz. Nay, its connection with the gross earth is cut off, and its terrestrial nature laid aside; it is associated with the heaven of home, and the tall column and casing are glorified shapes, when contrasted with the rough body of a tree, rooted in the ground. And the same pleasure, in view of an imagined change from a lower to a higher stage of existence, is felt when the material is brick or stone; the inorganic clay, or rock, appears to be gifted with life, and to be growing up, day by day, into form; it is raised from dust and darkness, to enjoy a limited immortality in the sunlight.

There are sermons in stone buildings, books in bricks, and good in everything. All needful transfigurations of substance are but little lower than angelic. And, although it be a change to less external beauty, yet the higher human purpose served lends a higher beauty; so that an unsightly telegraph-pole may be more noble than the tree from which it was formed, and a city may be grander than a forest. It is no new sentiment that the loveliness of a landscape is less than that of the human virtues its soil may nourish, and that the glory of the sea is not so great as that of the commerce which floats upon it. The universe is not simply a gallery of paintings, for our diversion; it is a great school of design, of industry, and of holiness, for the development of souls.

Evidently, the final combination of many materials in a finished dwelling entered into the plan of creation; qualities were put into matter for this precise end, among others. With

this faith, we will not loiter at the porch of the villa, but enter it. The door-lock has an elasticity, polish, and power, that were not in rough ore, and were received in the process of manufacture. We look, perhaps, through a hall window, stained with gold-color, and behold Nature sublimated to fairy-land or the luminous loveliness of paradise; the glazier's mere mechanic art has secured

> "The light that never was on sea and land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

We tread upon a carpet, the fibres and hues whereof were once interesting as the clothing of sheep, the scarlet of cochineal insects, and the various colors of chemical production; nevertheless, the combining of these in a fabric of fair pattern and mossy surface, to be pressed by the sovereign step of civilization, creates for the humble substances a beauty as royal as that of a flowery field, and a dignity as great as that of a courtier's mantle spread in the pathway of a queen. All the kingdoms of nature, the animal, vegetable, and mineral, lend their contributions to a floor-carpet, be it neither Wilton nor Axminster, only a cheap double-ply; all the fairies brought their gifts in the natal hour of its invention, though the hag of ruinous extravagance, instead of the witch of good fortune, may have flung her shoe after it. The wall and wall-paper were originally sand, lime, cotton, and earths; now, mingled, smoothed to a surface delicate as the lily's, or starred with constellated patterns, and lit with reflected sunshine or the soft light of lamps, our rooms inclose us around in a narrower sky, fair as a white-veiled heaven suffused with moonlight. The tables, chairs, and the like, — rugged Satyrs of the forest, changed to slender Graces, — exhibit beautiful whirlpools, rapids, and currents, in the richly tinted graining, and present a polished face that mirrors the rosy hand resting upon it, or "winks back the cheerful fire-light." The glass lamp-shades, prism-pendents, and window-panes, were sand and potash, or soda, apparently the most worthless of all substances; here, they are fused into an impermeable, transparent medium, which is a shield against wind and rain, a straightened rainbow for mantel ornament, a globe of unchangeable vapor around the lamp, or, coated with mercury, rendering to Nature

an image of herself, and doubling all spaces to the liberty-loving eye. In glass, art has given us what creation has not, — solid air, of any required form and dimensions, and insoluble. Neither ice nor crystal could supply its place.

A grate or stove, rather than a subterranean furnace, may be supposed to warm this imagined house. It was not enough that the bright creature, fire, — once the happiest of the social circle, as it danced freely on a broad, open hearth, — received the stone of coal, when it asked for the bread of wood. It was imprisoned a long time in stoves, and now is condemned to the Plutonic region of the cellar, with nothing to commemorate its departure except the small open grave or vault of a register. We ignore so summary a disposal of an old friend; and, inasmuch as the obsolete fireplace is but a dim tradition of the past, the poetry and theology of art must be sought for in the stove, notwithstanding it has been vilified as a "red-hot demon." A stove, or a grate, is at first a seemingly rotten stone; next, a rude mass of metal; then, by the ingenious art of casting, in a variety of sand which appears to have been expressly provided for the purpose, it is moulded into elaborate figures. The brown, crumbling ore grows, blooms, and ripens into vines, flowers, and fruits of iron. It is an unfolding of one intent of Nature, the susceptibility certifying the intent.

Of embroidered mats and ottomans, the same can hardly be said. Woollen doves and merino roses may be an improvement on the tangled and soiled garment of the sheep; but the occupation is so utterly mechanical and so slightly useful, that woman's needle thus employed is as worthless as the famous Cleopatra's Needle. Damask curtains, or any tissues of silk, are not open to a like objection. The silk-worm, with no improvable intellect, spins the silver fibre, subtile as a ray of light, as if with conscious reference to the use man will make of it; and man spins it as a remunerative trade. In designing the cocoon, the Creator has emphatically recognized human industry as coöperative with him; his purpose is silently uttered, yet as plainly as when he said to Moses, "Thou shalt make the tabernacle with curtains of fine-twined linen, and blue and purple and scarlet."

Musical instruments, pictures, and books, which, of some sort, dignify almost every American home, are far in advance of everything that has been mentioned, in illustrating the divinity of art. Music is the language of unfathomable joy, grief, and aspiration, and is thus akin to the infinite and divine. Further, in the musical instrument man employs the mathematics and harmonies by which the universe was made; he imprisons the spirit of melody, or of harmony, in the vibrating string and tube; and for this he has an instinct, as truly as the spider has to ensnare a humming fly in a harp of cobweb. Nowhere in nature is there a concord of sweet sounds equal to that produced by artificial means; wood, metal, and dried sinew must conspire with mind and hand, before Nature can do justice to her own genius; and, certainly, Art alone can bring out the splendid nature of the human voice. And the painting, next, that hangs on the wall, is also a higher nature; the scattered perfections of the world are brought together in that ideal which every picture is, if it be not a servile copy of the outward; it has the essence of a landscape, "with all the tons of bulk and leagues of distance left out"; and, unlike its original, it is no growth of years and ages, but a quick

> "Creation, minted in the golden moods
> Of sovereign artists."

And the statue — if such an immortal presence inhabits the abode we have entered in fancy — is chiselled from a substance, a frangible flesh, which is wonderfully prepared, by the God of all beauty, for this purpose; under the touch of genius, it becomes form exalted and transfigured by the inbreathed soul of noble thought; it is character, passion, or feeling, petrified, — spirit crystallized. Last of all, the book on the table is the most valuable end by the simplest means ever obtained. Once it was cotton and straw; and the ink, which presents to us the thought of man and the Word of God, was but the oil of flax-seed and the soot of burnt resin. Converted into a volume, these cheap substances "embalm the precious life-blood of master-spirits." Nay, the dead live in them, and the living are ubiquitous.

In this partial survey of an ordinary residence and drawing-room, — omitting, as it does, all notice of landscape-gardening,

which is but painting with actual grass, rocks, and trees, or a sculpturing of ground and trees, instead of marble, — the point aimed at is, not so much that Art is always more excellent than Nature, as that it entered largely into the plan of creation, and is a development of it. And yet, what, in native shapes, unless it be a few select objects, such as the human body, the horse, some kinds of fruit, or the waves of the sea, offers a more exquisite union of utility and beauty than these many productions of man? For the most part, the Almighty Artist has given us beautifully constructed materials, instead of beautiful and finished structures. Agents and materials, — on these he has lavished his creative skill; seldom does he himself directly accomplish a complete result. His most wonderful works are the products of a secondary agency, instinct, which operates under a law of necessity. The bee itself, with all its machinery of nerves and muscles, is not so admirable as the honey-comb it is empowered to build. The former is only an instrument of its Maker, the latter is the perfected result. And had he made an ornate cottage, as well as man and wood and stone, our wonder at Nature would have risen to an eternal, devout surprise. But, as will yet be argued, this surprise should none the less be occasioned by that art which is a more impressive evidence of far-seeing Wisdom, Power, and Goodness, than a created eye, hand, or flower.

The things that commonly remind us of divine perfection are indeed marvellous beyond the capacity of language to utter. To those who are verily awakened to the great worlds of truth and beauty, the universe daily becomes a sublimer miracle. Not a summer cloud sleeps in the blue air, or unfolds its pure fulness, or melts in the distance, but they are dissolved in a luxury of contemplation, and think of Him who spreads above us the glory of cloud-land, wherever we are, and when all around us is tamely wearisome. Not a landscape lies dreaming in the sunshine, and slowly expands itself to the passing gaze, but they are intoxicated with a more fiery sense of beauty, until their vision often swims with tears of gratitude for existence, and the heart is ready to break with a weight of blessedness. Their souls overflow with the "glory of the sum of things." Every flower that looks up, and every

star that looks down, smiles to them the smile of God; and every stream that dimples away, or thistle-seed that floats in the noontide, bears them onward to limitless seas of thought and joy. And yet everlasting Truth, Goodness, and Beauty, as discovered in human art, are amazement added to amazement, evidence multiplied into intenser evidence. That a thing has many complex values and perfections concealed in more simple ones, hidden, perhaps, since the foundation of the world, and just revealed by man's ingenuity, is something the more godlike, as it implies more of infinite resource and reason.

But one class of objects — a house and furniture — has been selected. These are so familiar that they cease to be wonderful; yet so familiar, that, if once beheld in a divine light, they will, as readily as the stars, daily remind us of Him

> "who stoops to paint the insect's wing,
> And wheels His throne upon the rolling worlds."

Such an habitual view of art surrounds us, at home, with tokens of omnipresent Wisdom. It lends dignity to the commonest objects the eye may rest upon; it introduces the God of nature, of the storm and sunshine, of the mountain, the forest, and the sea, to the hearths of men; it gives freshness and significance to in-door scenery, and renders everything an exponent of the universe. The wall, the table, the lamp, to which an infant reaches forth its tiny hand in delighted curiosity, may likewise become ever new and wonderful to the grown-up man. The healthy condition of the soul is one of eternal youth, enthusiasm, and responsiveness to a multiform creation. It should be a divine universe, whether modified by art or not, "unveiling itself in gloom and splendor, in auroral fire-light and many-tinted shadow, full of hope and full of awe, to a young, melodious, pious heart," — a heart that never grows old.

The field of illustration is, of course, an endless one. Ships, vehicles, and bridges might be referred to, and all trades drawn upon. Improvements in agriculture and horticulture might be considered. Nature never works so well in vegetation as when she unites with the industry of man; and not only are her flowers and fruits perfected by his skill, — it brings forth num-

berless new varieties of sweetness and bloom. The Voice that evoked the earth continually and silently declares, "Let the earth bring forth more abundantly through created intelligence"; and the commission lies upon all the sons of the first gardener, to make the world an Eden, and to dress it and keep it. Arable land prophesied grain-crops, and these predicted reaping-machines. Axes were foretold by trees, mills by cascades, railroads by levels and chasms, and steam-ships by oceans. The extreme malleability of gold was a promise of gold-leaf and gilding, and the ductility of iron and copper, together with the swiftness of electricity and its partiality to certain conductors, was creation's certificate of telegraphs. Why should gold have been made susceptible of being beaten into leaves the thousandth of an inch in thickness, and of being drawn into a fineness that seems fabulous? Nature's hints — none of them, perhaps, half understood and applied as yet — are decrees.

Modern invention furnishes the most striking examples in point. Man puts into a machine something of the intelligence which the All-Wise has put in him. Proverbially, the power-press appears to be gifted with reason. And nowhere in nature, except it be in the human body, do we find mechanical principles so admirably combined as in the steam-engine. It was left for man to find one principle here, another there, and to bring together many divinely-appointed laws of matter, by his invention. Art elicits, likewise, the powerful elements and forces of nature. What was the palpable use of magnetism, before it pointed its finger to the north, or of electro-magnetism, before it thought and spoke telegraphically? What the manifest benefit of steam, until it was harnessed? What the apparent work of sunlight, before it turned artist? Human genius summons forth the elements which, in their unseen, omnipresent energy, represent to us the Almighty Spirit, and thus doubly reveal God in art; it shows the amazing force of ethereal, impalpable forms of matter over those which are gross, — the supremacy of the invisible above the visible. And, in the exercise of his derived creatorship, man further represents his Maker, by giving to such forces a body of mechanism. Metals, water, acid, are the flesh and blood of the

genii of nature, — electricity and steam; they wait for their incarnation in muscles of iron and sinews of steel.

The World's Fairs, of the last three years, need only to be mentioned, to flash before the mind all examples of the glory and divinity of art in one bewildering view. The Crystal Palaces are the topmost, magnificent flowers of the sturdy tree of industry, — the aloes of many centuries, grandly blooming at last, — the icy crowns that glorify the mountain of the world's accumulated labors. These scenes of wonder and splendor can be best glanced at through the eyes of Elizabeth Browning; in her description, we see that poetry brings to art, as to inanimate nature, its own vitality, and finds no mere manufacture, but only natural growth and life. Her poetry identifies nature and art, and is good philosophy and theology. Gold is not woven into brocade; it swims to the surface of the silk, she says, and curdles to fair patterns. The steamship — a small model suggesting it — is not propelled; it crushes down the brine, like a blind Jove, who feels his way with thunder. And the vases and carvings, — these are not moulded and cut; Nature herself has brought them forth.

> "You will not match . . . . .
> . . . . . this porcelain! One might think the clay
> Retained in it the larvæ of the flowers,
> They bud so, round the cup, the old spring way. —
> Nor you these carven woods, where birds in bowers,
> With twisting snakes and climbing Cupids, play."

Above all, she affirms, in defending recent artists from the exclusive claims set up for the old, that "nature includes Raffael, as we know, not Raffael nature." Yes, the true artist is a brother of the invisible laws which portray silver forests on the frosted pane, finely touch the tinted flower, and blend pure colors in a sweet, living face. In the scheme of creation there were painters, as well as objects to be painted, — ploughs, no less than soil to be ploughed. The Author of all things supplied the material, strength, instinct, and genius. David calls on men to praise Him with stringed instruments and organs; we might reverently add, Praise Him with pictures, spades, and looms. Sir Godfrey Kneller declared: "When I paint, I consider it as one way at least of offering devotions to my Maker, by exercising the talent his goodness

has graciously blessed me with." Francis I., rebuked by his courtiers for his agitation at the death of Leonardo da Vinci, exclaimed: "I can make a nobleman, but God Almighty alone can make an artist."

We come thus to the other division of the subject, namely, the powers and impulses of created mind, in connection with the properties of matter now adverted to. The latter would have been enough to make art divine, though man had been constituted and guided by some spontaneous force, co-working with the Creator; for still the quality of a thing would have pointed out its use. And though man be Heaven's crowning work, yet the argument for the Divine existence and perfections drawn from his amazing physical constitution is not so strong as that which may be grounded in the endless capabilities of improved reconstruction to be found in every form of matter. The evidences of design and contrivance are far more numerous and exalted in a handful of mere earth — susceptible as its ingredients are of a thousand chemical or artificial transformations to as many uses — than in a human hand itself, endowed with a hundred barely mechanical motions.

The whole argument from design is somewhat out of fashion, as we are well aware. Many affect to despise, or are taught to despise, the Bridgewater style of reasoning. The peerless author of "In Memoriam" writes: —

> "I found Him not in world or sun,
> Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
> Nor through the questions men may try,
> The petty cobwebs we have spun."

In truth, the thoughts now presented are intended not so much to corroborate the Divine existence as to enhance our conception of the Divine glory, and to set forth the true glory of all art. Doubtless it is necessary to reason from our moral nature to establish the being of a personal First Cause. But the common conviction, founded on sensible evidences of supreme skill, is enough for common sense. The transcendental notion that man's soul contains everything, — that the traveller finds only what he brings, — that he must carry Naples with him if he would see Naples, — may be applied to Atheism and to Pantheism itself; we must carry God with us

if we would see him in his works and in art. He who cherishes not the Presence in his heart, will not see the handwriting of a Heavenly Father in anything.

The human mind, and the human body, — that engine of living steel and throbbing marble, alike the workshop and the palace of the soul, — are the highest known examples of creative wisdom. These, with the mysterious principle of life, are infinitely beyond the reach of man's skill. Their wonderful constitution is often made a subject of discourse. Invariably, however, the whole man is taken in pieces, to show his amazing nature; the mind alone, or the body alone, is selected, and then one or another separate part or function thereof. Much is said of the eye and hand, the internal mechanism and outward beauty of the body, — nothing of its entire, complex, harmonious fitness for the production of useful and beautiful things. Much is said of powers of reason, calculation, imagination, — nothing of the grand, combined action of intellect and soul, as in the sphere of art. In all thinking, the whole mind is brought into play, although one faculty be chiefly exercised; in all practical art, much, if not all, of the body and mind is called into activity. The complete interdependence of the spiritual and physical natures, and of every part of each, — the united working of the total man, — is the greatest perfection of his being; for it is the sum of all his perfections. What knowledge, reason, imagination, heart, educated senses, manipulation, various energies, are employed, unconsciously and simultaneously, in working out a picture or a machine; for a great heart even has been sometimes expended in a painting or an invention! And this crowning wonder of man, — his thousand creative resources directed to one end, his numberless activities conspiring together, — this can only be seen in the product, not by any dissection of the soul and of its corporeal instrument. One may hunt through flesh and spirit, yet never find this final, creative energy, which grows out of the oneness of all energies.

Thus it is not so much in the worker as in his work that we best discover his perfection, and that of his Maker. "Tell me what the man can do, not what he is," said Napoleon. The answer to such a demand concerning the human consti-

tution most truly decides what it is. Phrenology has given to the world a symbolical chart, with representations of each organ inclosed in the several compartments of the head; — in one, a painter at his easel; in another, two hungry men at dinner; in another, a bridal party at the altar; and so, a singer with a harp, a chemist with his crucibles. And, not unlike this amusing chart, a human figure, painted from head to foot with pictures of all the arts, would be a better dissection than any anatomical drawings can bring to the illustration of evidences of creative design. Man himself is more fully laid open in the study of a steam-ship than in the examination of any bones, literal or metaphysical, — just as the powers of mind are better seen in a canto of Milton than in any classification of mental philosophy. Throwing out of view our moral nature, and making a syllogism of the argument: — Man is best comprehended in his works; the Creator best in man; therefore the Creator best in the works of man.

Moreover, the Supreme Wisdom is thus set forth more worthily, as well as more clearly. It is worthier to have made a maker, than simply a mind, or a body, a plant, a jewel, or a world. It is a purposing of myriad designs through a designer. It is diviner to create a honey-bee than honey, though it be making honey by means of bees. To adopt Paley's illustration, let it be supposed that Ericsson had invented a machine which would itself have invented caloric engines and a thousand other novelties of genius and ingenuity; all the glory of every piece of mechanism so contrived or made would fitly belong to him. A certain necessity in man's work, as will yet be seen, renders the illustration complete.

And here may be noticed the familiar sense in which the Creator is both more worthily and more clearly reflected in art than in his own immediate products. Man, as a finite creator, images the Infinite one; he has, in his poor degree, the same reason, imagination, perception of beauty and fitness, and the same power of choice. As one who can originate and execute a design, who can appreciate and apply the eternal rules of order, proportion, and excellence by which the worlds were made, he is a "dim miniature" of the great Originator.

A drop of water mirrors the illimitable heavens, and so does the rational creature image the Eternal Reason. It is the height of all perfections to give being to the same perfections in kind, however different in measure. Indeed, were it not for the analogy between the human and the Divine artist, we might never have been able to apprehend the Creator at all.

Passing from the capabilities of man, we find that he has strong instincts and motives pointing to art. So imperative are these, we must recognize every human work, that has not a wrong purpose, as verily, though indirectly, the work of the Great Cause, — everything from the highest to the lowest transformations of nature. The absurd idea that circumstances and wants have developed life from simple to complex organisms, from monads to men and birds, — that external necessities gave gradual protrusion and shape to arm, finger, or wing, — is quite rational when applied to man's artificial extensions of himself. A house, in its essential parts, is as much an outgrowth of man, as the shell is of a fish; and so far as the tenement is conformed to his national, sectional, or individual need and taste, it is his generic and specific shell. Magnifying-glasses, to help imperfect vision, were as truly intended by Nature, as that her eagles should be far-sighted. She claims dress as her own invention, when she makes civilized people delicately surfaced like flowers, and wild men furred like apes. The external inducements of art are too plain to excuse remark. There is no useful thing, or beautiful even, that is not an attempt of creation's lord to bring the outward world into harmony with himself. He is thrown into the world, a drifting, tender creature, like a young barnacle, and must attach himself to the soil, and surround himself with his crustaceous covering. Nay, the soft mollusk, man, having progressed far beyond the mud cabin of a cirriped, rejoices in a civilization more like the wonderful beauty of a nautilus, with its various apparatus, and sails of gauze.

But it is an inner necessity, no less than an outward one, to construct, to shape, to perfect. The child must have a hammer and knife, or, if he have toys, he can never arrange them satisfactorily; and whenever, in after-life, the disposition to do, to make, ceases, it is because some form of evil over-

powers it. And as to the indolent animalism of savage nations, nothing else than the roving habit induced by the freedom and loneliness of a thinly populated country overcomes the impulses of art. So far as his wandering life favored it, the aboriginal of this country had his arts, many of them exquisitely adapted to the ends proposed. Had half a million of Indians, ages ago, been restricted to Manhattan Island, as their only home, doubtless they would have built up a sort of metropolis, with an extensive trade and a solid civilization.

In truth, it is life itself, rather than an instinct, to make and create. Abilities, put in motion, must produce or destroy. Man is the engine, intuitions and rules the track, life the steam; he must work away and play away, on or off the track. The proverbial American propensity to whittle is but an excess of irrepressible vitality, in conjunction with the temptations of a shingle architecture and the various necessities of a new country; it is not an accidental peculiarity. We do not hesitate, in loose language, to call any artificial thing very natural, in its circumstances; all that is human appears quite inevitable, to some moods of mind. The Mormon temple, absurd as it seemed, was but an aerolite thrown westward by the fiery, superabundant energy of the nation. The Egyptian pyramids are the great crystals, formed in the high-tide life of that land. The old Gothic structures of Europe are the stalagmites and stalactites which grew in the cavernous gloom of the Dark Ages. The London Crystal Palace was its own Koh-i-noor diamond among edifices; or, possibly, such mountains of glass are the chemical product of the melting together of sand-like multitudes of men, mixed with the fixed alkali of love, not with the acid of hate. The large American hotels, everywhere rising, are the splendid icebergs suddenly brought upon us by the currents of travel and migration, and sweeping down from the cold arctic of wealth to summer seas of common sympathy and use. Washington Monuments are the necessary craters for the volcano of national glory. Broadway, or Washington Street, or Chestnut Street, is a deep strait for a roaring gulf-stream of Cisatlantic life; vehicles are the drifted shells of many hues, silks the beautiful sea-weed, and brick buildings the red, marble the white, ever-growing coral-rocks. Reaping-

machines are patent whirlwinds. Bowie-knives are the long thorns put forth by the human crab-apple tree, before it is reclaimed to sweetness by cultivation. All is life and growth in the universe, — forces seeking form. Books, statues, pictures, are well called children of the brain; they are unavoidable offspring of it, and of responsible character. The individual instinct of artist or artisan, if it be the predominant trait, is inextinguishable, — even his speciality of excellence in his branch of art is so too. The farm-boy must be a Chantrey; the Quaker child, a West. The impulse may be carried into political, commercial, or professional life, or may be lifted into a higher sphere, so as to expend itself in spiritual reconstructions and moral mouldings of the earth. And, in such case, there is no loss of lower benefits to the world; for, by some inscrutable means, all needed books, pictures, and inventions find authors for themselves.

War, vice, sin, — these alone really deface and destroy, and these occur by some just permission of Providence. But the subjection of matter to any, however imperfect, order, — the impression of any intelligence upon it, in the place of confusion, — this must be referred, more or less directly, to the one great Source of all order and intelligence. And the essential likeness in all departments of production, human and divine, confirms this truth. Knives and ivory tusks are both implements; linen and lion's hide are alike tissues; temple and cave are each an edifice; and so with flute-notes and bird's song, boat-oar and fish-fin, books and volumes of rock inscribed with ripple-marks and petrifactions. Sin is the only thing that sunders any effect from the First Cause. Where that is, we can only say, there God has not secured the good in its place; there he has exerted less power, been less present, for his presence is light and order. His most amazing act of creatorship is the gifting of man with his own sovereign power to originate purposes; but this freedom of moral choice is between motives of different kinds, higher and lower, right and wrong. Now, in the sphere of art, choice lies between motives and ends of the same kind, between greater and less beauty, or use, or economy, or fitness; here is strictly no liberty; the stronger of *like* motives must govern; and hence, in philo-

sophical accuracy, man's work, beyond the line of moral acts, is the work of the Most High.

Art has to do with sin in these ways: first, in the figurative sense that a violation of any rule of taste or utility is a transgression of such rule; secondly, that needless ignorance or neglect of these rules is a sin of carelessness or idleness; thirdly, that to pervert art to evil ends is as wrong as to degrade nature; fourthly, that arts, in themselves divine and dutiful, may interfere with higher duties; fifthly, if any art be a man's evident vocation, he may sin against it by following some other occupation. It is pleasant to observe that critics now recognize a moral element in the artist's style of execution; they speak of him as "sincere, faithful, conscientious," in his drawing or singing. With the above five, or more, exceptions, the one disconnecting thing — a moral choice — does not separate any effect from the great Author.

Even the defects and deformities of human productions, so far as they are not due to culpable neglect, are a part of the ordained progress of the race from knowledge to knowledge. The so-called chaos, and the dragon-period, were no less nature than the present cosmos. Half the glory of a wilderness is in its rubbish, malformation, and desolation. A twisted tree and a ragged cliff are beautiful. In this light, we can discern something of the onward, comprehensive plan in unsightly architecture, awkward utensils, false and poor painting. And since this is so, how much more do we fulfil the Eternal Will in perfecting and beautifying anything!

Whether imperfect or not, a permanent work, still further, accomplishes a Divine purpose by recording the history of one age for the benefit of another. A writer wisely remarks: —

"The Genius of the Hour sets his ineffaceable seal on man's work. . . . . As far as the spiritual character of the period overpowers the artist, and finds expression in his work, so far it will . . . . . represent to future beholders the Unknown, the Inevitable, the Divine. No man can quite exclude this element of necessity from his labor. . . . . The artist's pen or chisel seems to have been held and guided by a gigantic hand, to inscribe a line in the history of the human race."

These true thoughts may be transplanted from their soil of fatalism. We feel that much is inevitable in the work of our

race, and therefore should feel, in view of the sum total of good wrought out, that a conscious Goodness is omnipresent in all things, — not a blind Force. The delightful harmony of the productions of a nation with its time, place, and constitutional peculiarities, even to the minutest details, is quite beyond any individual purpose; and these productions are a record so much more eloquent than written history, that, language being admitted to be of divine origin, there can be no doubt that the specific impulses to other human arts are equally so. A glance at the relics of ancient Egypt is more instructive than Herodotus. The elaborate puerilities, grotesque ornaments, and absurd perspective of the Chinese, were they otherwise than they are, would not be Chinese. Each fresh item of national feature, in art as in act, is received with fresh relish; it is "just what we would have expected." It can hardly be conceived that the metropolis of the United States should have been other than it is; the imposing public buildings of Grecian model, the "magnificent distances" and meagre filling up, the Smithsonian Institute, the statues and the monuments, affect us as matters of course, — the most natural creations possible, all things considered.

More evidently do human works appear in some sort divine, when it is recollected that many individual impulses conspire, often, to a grand result. If a malevolent genius be thought to gather up the little threads of selfish human purpose and weave them into great cables and networks of wrong, certainly a sleepless superintendence is still more manifest in mighty and good issues. The London Exhibition was not due to Prince Albert or to Paxton; ages of private ingenuity tended to that public consummation; it was the splendid Niagara of myriad confluent streams of art and wealth, flowing through all time. All the world, including burglars, invented Hobbes's lock; all the world perfected the winning yacht and the prize reaping-machine. Michael Angelo but directed the hose-pipe of a huge reservoir of treasure, power, national genius and culture, when he played into the air that vast, petrified fountain, — curving down in domes, streaming down in columns, rainbowed with mosaic, — St. Peter's. Such an enterprise as the Western Central or the Pacific Railroad has its roots in a

long series of events and influences. Every man and every hour that contribute to a sublime end, for the most part look only to some immediate, trivial object. None but an All-wise Power brings forth the surpassing grandeurs of civilization.

How is the conclusion, in its most definite applications, hindered by the fact that a created intelligence intervenes? Many things which we regard as operations of nature are ascribed by revelation to angelic instrumentality. It is a charming thought of poetry, that spirits superintend the growth of flowers. And who shall say that unseen beings are not employed in many processes of creation, so that all which we esteem purely natural may not be so strictly? But we already consider some things as quite other than artificial, where mediate intelligence — a degree of reason, in fact — is present visibly. The animal often exhibits wisdom, power of various adaptation, as well as uniform instinct; yet we recognize the honey-comb, spider's web, beaver's structure, as natural, although some difficulty, so rare as to transcend the limits of ordinary instinct, has been overcome in their construction. And because a human, a higher intelligence is added, in any case, — because God has thus exerted more creative power, is more manifestly present, in securing the result, — shall we therefore see less of him? Flowers have been called thoughts of God; so are the good utensil, vehicle, structure, and artificial symbol.

There is danger of running to an extreme on this subject, as on all others. It needs a wary eye not to step off into the slough of modern German and New England pagans, who sink God and nature in man, or God and man in nature, — who have found out that "everything is everything, and everything else is everything, and everything is everything else." Nevertheless, within the limits now drawn, or implied, we may sink art in nature, may at least bathe it in nature. A temple is another form of vegetation or cavern. The white houses on distant hills — their angles sharp in the sunlight — are scattered crystals, left by the onward wave of improvement. The engine is a new beast of draught; proverbially, it is an iron horse. The optical instrument is a new eye; the gar-

ment, an added epidermis; the lamp and household fire, other stars and suns; the watch, a new dial-flower; the statue, another recognized individual; picture and poem, the expressed juice of life and nature; the telegraph, a more powerful ear and tongue; steam-paddles, mightier arms to swim with; and cities, forests of tropical luxuriance, — alas! still of tropical poison and decay.

Who would arrest the inroads of civilization, however imperfect it be? The world will be disfigured at first, but it will be transfigured at last. This beautiful star has been given to that one child made up of all earth's children; let him eat his cake; let him peel and haggle this golden orange of a world; he will grow wiser and stronger by it, and be more fitted for his eternal manhood. This planetary block of granite has been surrendered to that one man composed of all men; let him chip and hew at his pleasure; he strikes boldly, seemingly at random, and splinters off large fragments, as if he would ruin the block; but the work will be perfected ultimately. It is still granite, and can be thrown down and become a rough mass, if need be. All below heaven is nature, however changed. Egypt and Syria are deserts once more; and if the human family, in the wiser time to come, shall prefer a primitive earth, there will be time for the column to crumble, the ivy to grow, the wild to resume its reign; the wounds of spade and drill will be healed, if they be wounds, and not rather the surgery of science. Now, however, may we no more lament the mutilation and ransacking of wildernesses; may we hear no more cant about "desecrating the shrines of Nature." Man is not man until cultivated; Nature is not herself in him, except through the arts of education. To pine disconsolately for her original forms in woods and crags, is consistent only with a yearning for the habits of savage life. Or if valleys and hills are less natural when changed by created hands, they may be more divine; the eternal purpose may be accomplishing itself. The recent and sublime science of physical geography, as well as geology, brilliantly proves that the earth was made for man, not man for the earth. Utility is a deeper beauty, and will yet be wedded to all beauty. Let the clown fell the forest-trees that

should be spared; his children will learn better things, and will plant other trees. Railroads have their unsightly features, but they open tracts of scenery before inaccessible; all the world can now see Westmoreland as well as could its hermit bard. And railroads themselves begin to appear as natural, right, and beautiful, as if beavers had heaped the embankments, spiders spun the bridges, tornadoes levelled the woods, geologic fires left the veins of iron track, and as if the locomotive were a very behemoth, devouring rivers of distance at a breath, and followed by the many-jointed monster of a train. The small stone tower at Niagara humanizes the shaggy, foaming creature; the bridge to Iris Island is a collar on the lion's neck, attesting the empire of man. All the artificial surroundings help the vastness of the cataract, by needed comparison; and it matters not what are the accessories of such a wonder; it is an immense revolving emerald set in the universe, not merely in its own narrow shores and cliffs. Wherever a tenement is desired, let it be built. Sooner may we upbraid the wasps for hanging their paper nests upon any tree, or denounce the African ants for building their tall mounds, with no eye to the effect of scenery, with no respect to its proprieties. Man has a claim to, and is a creature of, the earth, no less than birds and insects. We are placed here, not in the moon; are workers, not simply spectators of land and sea; are not all eye, but hands also. What if the Old World parks be sold for pence and given to the poor; their beauty will live in song and painting. What though every American solitude be overrun; its glory will remain in the lines of poets, the pages of novelists, the canvas of landscape artists.

A missionary, whose writings evince no tendency to mere speculative refinements, recorded these words concerning the strangely picturesque wildernesses of Oregon, before they had begun to be peopled by the recent immigrations: "The wild scenery of nature for a while delights, but it is the scenes of civilized culture which give permanent interest. These are the objects which, with their progressive changes, lend additional charms to stereotyped nature." With this simple utterance of feeling, the most delicate criticism agrees. The sum-

mer letters of an "Howadji" speak of Lake George as a diamond in the rough; it needs to have, like Lake Como, the human impress of art, — "the gleam of marble palaces, or of summer retreats of any genuine beauty, even a margin of grain-goldened shore, or ranges of whispering rushes beneath stately terraces, — indeed, any improvements which Nature has there suggested." And a critic of the "Howadji" is wrong when he thinks that the ideas of confinement and costly exclusiveness are necessarily connected with the artificial, and that we therefore need to escape into the ruggedness and freedom of solitudes. When the present economy of society shall approximate more nearly to an equalization of benefits, we shall not need to flee from suggestions of care and expense. When an innocent freedom shall be realized in speech and intercourse, a childlike individuality in manners, costume, and custom, we will not seek the liberty of rural life. When cities are expanded, instead of condensed, we shall not have to go far to find green trees and grass. When all wheels and pavements are made of gutta-percha, we shall not so much long for rustic quiet. Above all, when we bring the God of nature, of the mountains and the sea, into our cities and dwellings, by recognizing the divinity of art, we shall have less desire to commune with the *genius loci* of rock and woodland. The time may come when men will somewhat reverse their present habit, — will go to the picture and machine to meditate on the Infinite, and seek out solitary places to learn the lessons of art.

There will be enough of the virgin earth left. The Atlantic will not be filled up, nor Mount Washington cultivated to the summit. The Genesee Falls still roar; the mist has not been wholly changed to meal, nor all the foam to flour, nor every bubble to a barrel. Until time is no more, the sun will shine, the lakes sparkle, and the deep glens remain, with their diamond-dripping cascades, the rippled gold in the depth of transparent pools, the gray walls tufted with soft moss, the towering hemlocks, threads of blue light, twilight shadows, and masses of richly fringed evergreens. There will still be mountain summits, where the eye may lose man and his works in dim distance and universal creation. Flowers will

retain their pattern and color, and the clouds remember their own favorite forms. Let the hills, like those of ancient Judæa, be terraced to their tops, and wave with the vine and corn; let the rich build and adorn to their heart's content, inventing new comforts and luxuries which the poor shall yet profit by. Let the deluge of human life rush into all nooks and recesses, and prevail exceedingly, until the high hills under the whole heaven are covered. A poor Canute is he who would roll back the tide of activity and change which is sweeping over the earth.

The reverent spirit of the ancients of the Orient ascribed all invention and skill to Him whose inspiration gives understanding. "Then," it is recorded, "wrought every wise-hearted man in whom the Lord put wisdom and understanding, to know how to work all manner of work for the service of the sanctuary." And not wisdom only, but all strength, is from His inflowing power; the hand that slays is nerved, though not guided, by Omnipotence, — much more the hand that builds and adorns. The speculative dreamer would add to this, that all we truly know of matter is some kind of motion in the organs of sense; that these organs, and the body in which they inhere, have no stronger proof of their objective reality; and that therefore the First Cause may be so intimately present in art, as in nature, that, if the movements of ultimate substance were to cease, the artist and his work would instantly vanish, and spirit alone remain in the void realm of existence.

Throughout these remarks, the mechanical and the fine arts have not been distinguished; and perhaps it is well. One book tells us that the plastic arts are "the game of a rude and youthful people, and not the manly labor of a wise and spiritual nation," — that the instinct of genius now is, "to find beauty and holiness in new and necessary facts, in the field and roadside, in the shop and mill." Another book admits "that it is fit surely to recognize with admiring joy any glimpse of the beautiful and eternal that is hung out for us, in color, in form, or tone, in canvas, stone, or atmospheric air, and made accessible by any sense in this world"; yet this book demands whether all talk about the polite arts be not "in good part a temporary *dilettante* cloud-land of our poor century."

Yet there are peculiar respects in which the beautiful arts are divine. All beauty is essentially so. And the several departments might be spoken of, for instance, music, of which a living writer says: "No other art can so depict to the eyes of the soul all the splendors of nature; all Scotland is in a true Scotch air," etc. And this is the first general way, among many, in which the fine arts concern the Creator; they interpret nature, they reveal its spirit, and thus the heart of its Author. Secondly, as before stated, in their biographical and historical character they embody the artist and his age, and so record the shapings of Providence. Thirdly, in their didactic capacity, they are a language of symbols, and may be eloquent of all truth, which all centres in God, — is his body, to use the figure of Plato. Fourthly, they have power to educate the senses, training them to precision and sensitiveness, so as to make men better observers of the universe. Fifthly, in their vivifying power, they awaken in man his better nature, and stimulate him to love and to act the divinely beautiful. Sixthly, the inspiration of their production is an ascent into a higher sphere of our being, where intuition rules, and the soul directly beholds essential truth, beauty, and goodness. Schefer, in his "Artist's Married Life," declares that it is only as a pure being that a man can really mount into the region of imagination, and that he "must remain a moral being, and may least of all give himself up to the Devil that he may reveal God in his art." Seventhly, in their ideal perfection, the fine arts concentrate the boundless, the infinite; so far as anything is perfect, its contemplation seems to remove all limitations of thought and emotion. Eighthly, in the elements of typical beauty which they possess, as developed by Ruskin, they give us "infinity, or the type of the Divine incomprehensibility; unity, or comprehensiveness; repose, or permanence; symmetry, or justice; purity, or energy; moderation, or law." With these suggestions, this "*dilettante* cloud-land" may be passed by. In Schefer's words, "the great Master in heaven gives the conception of the fair work, the power of accomplishing it, and joy to men in beholding it."

In conclusion, we need not go to so-called Nature alone, —

the fields and woods, — to feel a devout and poetic enthusiasm. We have but to open our eyes on street and roof, and merchandise from far countries, — matter wonderfully designed for such transformations by means of men wonderfully made for the work, — a wonder doubly divine. Let us look not only through telescope and microscope, but also at the instruments themselves, to behold the All-glorious. The sound of bell and organ, and the roar of machinery, are as vocal of Him as are cataract and avalanche, when they "in their perilous fall shall thunder God." Nor is the climax of any art required to this end, — the webs of Persia, the spires of Europe, the Herschelian reflector, or Atlantic steamship. The commonest reproductions of matter are full of this poetry and natural theology, — the barest walls no less than painted ceilings, — the coarse raiment of the laborer no less than laces subtile as frost-work, or silks of changing hues that undulate like a purple sunset on a billowy sea. Everything in city or country, in earth or heaven, is lustrous with the light of Him whom we think of, in childhood, as a human person; in youth, as a superhuman one, who speaks in thunder and descends in the mystery of night; in manhood, as the unseen Reality who shines through all appearances. As we walk onward in the gathering darkness of care and sorrow, one ray after another struggles through the visible, until, as in the annual illumination of a great cathedral, every line of the temple of existence flashes forth the omnipresent Light; we read the mighty plan in touches of fire, and gaze upon the infinite Light, Love, and Beauty.

And let it be noticed that the final triumph of truth, the union of heaven and earth, is represented, in inspired vision, in terms of art, not of nature. It is a city of pearl and gold, descending out of heaven. May it not picture the descent of knowledge, as well as holiness, to earth, — the union of art with nature, as well as of God with man? However this may be, there is a point of view, if not on earth, yet high in the heavens, where the whole universe, material and spiritual, natural and artificial, is embraced in one complex purpose, — one great thought of God.

ART. II. — 1. *Poems.* By JOHN G. WHITTIER. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. 1849.
2. *Margaret Smith's Journal.* Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1849.
3. *Old Portraits and Modern Sketches.* By JOHN G. WHITTIER. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1850.
4. *Songs of Labor.* By JOHN G. WHITTIER. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1850.
5. *Chapel of the Hermit, and other Poems.* By JOHN G. WHITTIER. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1853.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, the Boanerges of American poets, was born in 1808, of Quaker parentage, in the romantic outskirts of Haverhill, a beautiful Massachusetts town on the Merrimack, where we recognize the scenes of many of the incidents which form the groundwork of his ballads. His ancestors had suffered not a little from Puritan intolerance, and he consequently comes honestly by the bitterness towards the early Puritans so observable in his writings. Every one must be struck by the contrast between the peaceful tenets of his professed Quakerism and the martial vehemence of his denunciation against the old persecutors of his family, — a fact showing the irrepressibleness of the combative principle of human nature under the restraints of mere theory. The spot of his birth, which had been inhabited by his family for four or five generations, he has thus described in "The Yankee Zincali."

"The old farm-house nestling in its valley; hills stretching off to the south, and green meadows to the east; the small stream which came noisily down its ravine, washing the old garden wall, and softly lapping on fallen stones and mossy roots of beeches and hemlocks; the tall sentinel poplars at the gateway; the oak forest, sweeping unbroken to the northern horizon; the grass-grown carriage-path, with its rude and crazy bridge; the dear old landscape of my boyhood lies outstretched before me like a daguerreotype from that picture within, which I have borne with me in all my wanderings. I am a boy again."

Until about his eighteenth year Whittier lived upon his father's farm, diversifying his agricultural labors by attendance

upon the winter's country school, by occasional essays at verse, which were duly communicated to the Haverhill Gazette, the paper which, as he says, "once a week diffused happiness over our fireside circle, making us acquainted in our lonely nook with the goings-on of the great world," and, it must be confessed, by a somewhat irregular attention to the more prosaic business of shoe-making. Indeed, upon the strength of this, "the gentle craft of leather" have laid an especial claim to him as one of their own poets; but we are afraid that mankind would go barefoot if St. Crispin had never had a more devoted disciple. It is characteristic of the thrift of New England farmers to provide extra occupation for a rainy day, and during the winter season, or when the weather is too inclement for out-of-door work, the farmer and his sons turn an honest penny by giving their attention to some employment equally remunerative. For this purpose they have near the farm-house a small shed stocked with the appropriate implements of labor. But from what we know of Whittier's life, it could not have been long before he violated the Horatian precept which forbids the shoemaker to go beyond his last.

For two years after his eighteenth, Whittier attended the town academy, acquiring some classical knowledge, eagerly devouring all the reading which came within his reach, especially historical (whence his profuse references to historical events and personages), and contributing constantly in prose and verse to the weekly newspaper of the town. Most of these poems are omitted in his published works, though some of them merit insertion. Among them we recall several in the Scotch dialect, to which his early admiration of Burns may have given him a bias, and in which he found a zealous though friendly rival in "the Rustic Bard," Robert Dinsmore, a Scotchman whose life he has commemorated in a graceful essay contained among his prose writings. His extending reputation soon led to his being called to the editorship of "The American Manufacturer," a journal devoted to the advocacy of a protective tariff. He was at this time an ardent admirer of Henry Clay, and supported his claims to the Presidency. From "The American Manufacturer" he

went to "The New England Weekly Review" in Hartford, — a literary and political sheet, which had previously been conducted by his friends, J. G. C. Brainard and George D. Prentiss. These two papers were managed with such ability, that he was generally hailed as a great accession to the literary force of the country.

In 1831, Whittier resumed his agricultural pursuits in his native town, and in the years 1835 and 1836 represented it in the legislature of Massachusetts. In 1836 he was elected one of the Secretaries of the American Antislavery Society, and since then has devoted a great part of his time to the Antislavery movement, which had been begun in the year 1833 by Mr. Garrison and his followers, and in which he had taken an interest from its commencement. He soon removed to Philadelphia, where he remained until 1840, engaged during most of the time in editing "The Pennsylvania Freeman," an Antislavery journal. He was in the city during the unrelenting persecution to which the Abolitionists were for a season subjected, and in 1838 was present at the burning by a mob of Pennsylvania Hall, a handsome structure erected by the contributions of English and American Abolitionists for purposes of free discussion. For the opening of this hall, Whittier wrote an address, one of the poorest of his productions, and certainly in a literary point of view unworthy of preservation. Unlike most of his compositions, it is diffuse and wordy, and it shows but little of his customary vigor. He there intimates the possibility of a future growth of ivy on the walls of the edifice, which hope was frustrated by its destruction within a week after its completion. During his residence in Philadelphia he was so absorbed in the Antislavery reform, that literature was greatly neglected. In 1840 he removed to the town of Amesbury in Massachusetts, where he has since resided, having been connected, for the last few years, as corresponding editor, with "The National Era," a literary and Antislavery paper published at Washington.

His first book appeared in 1830, entitled "Legends of New England," of which few copies are now extant. It was succeeded a year or two afterwards by "Moll Pitcher," — a poetical tale of the celebrated witch of Nahant; and in 1836, by

"Mogg Megone," an Indian story in verse. A volume of poems followed, in 1838; these, and "The Lays of my Home," were collected, with others, in his "Miscellaneous Poems," which appeared in 1845, the same year with "The Stranger in Lowell," a collection of fugitive essays. These last were written while he was editing a political paper, during the excitement of a Presidential campaign, when, to use his own words, "being necessarily brought into collision with both the great political parties, he felt it at once a duty and a privilege to keep his heart open to the kindliest influences of nature and society; and they are a transcript of impressions made upon his mind by the common incidents of daily life." The subjects are such as these: "Factory Girls," "A Mormon Conventicle," "The Yankee Zincali," "Father Miller," "Modern Magic," "The Training," and other matters which he found at hand in the city of spindles. The essays are written with a freshness of style which prevents their being tedious, and they give him an opportunity to evolve his peculiar and mystic views of a future life, and kindred topics. The nature of the speculations of the lonely enthusiast are particularly apparent in the essays entitled "Hamlet among the Graves," and "Swedenborg."

"Supernaturalism of New England," given to the public in 1847, is a treatise upon the popular superstitions of New England. Though not scientifically arranged, it shows a certain method, and is interspersed with acute reflections, such as would naturally be suggested to a man of a highly poetical temperament well acquainted with his theme. His materials were evidently collected at first hand, — the legends existing among a rural population, and supplied by the wrinkled crones around the wintry fireside of the farmer. The too evident scepticism of the narrator detracts somewhat from the charm of the volume, though less than if it were not compensated for by the exhibition of the quaint and humorous side of the incidents. He prefaces the work with a dedicatory poem to his sister, offering in the last stanza an excuse, if an excuse could be needed, for diversifying his reformatory labors with literary recreations.

"And knowing how my life hath been
A weary work of tongue and pen,
A long, harsh strife with strong-willed men,
Thou wilt not chide my turning,
To con, at times, an idle rhyme,
To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,
Or listen, at life's noonday chime,
For the sweet bells of morning!"

"Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal" was issued in 1849. The idea of this book was perhaps suggested by the "Diary of Lady Willoughby," which had preceded it by a short interval. The visit of a cultivated and engaging English young lady to the Colony of Massachusetts, in the year 1678, forms the basis of the story, of which the chief merit claimed by the author is, that it presents a tolerably lifelike picture of the past, and introduces us familiarly to the hearths and homes of New England at the time of the Salem Witchcraft and the persecutions of the Quakers, when Puritanism was at its height. But this is not its sole merit. The story is simple, the characters are natural and well sustained, and the style has a quaintness and antique flavor in keeping with the time, and a feminine delicacy and humor appropriate to the supposed narrator. The Journal is written for her cousin Oliver, in England, to whom she is betrothed, and she begins it, as she says,—

"Not from any vanitie of Authorship, or because of any undue confiding in my poor abilitie to edify one justly held in Repute among the Learned, but because my Hearte tells me that what I write, be it ever so faultie, will be read by the partial eye of my Kinsman, and not with the critical Observance of the Scholar, and that his Love will not find it difficult to excuse what offends his Clerkly Judgment. And, to embolden me withal, I will never forget that I am writing for my old Playmate at Hide and Seek in the Farm house at Hilton,—the same who used to hunt after Flowers for me in the Spring and who did fill my Apron with Hazle-nuts in the Autumn, and who was then, I fear, little wiser than his still foolish Cousin, who if she hath not learned so many New Things as himself, hath perhaps remembered more of the Old."

The scenery of New England is described with enthusiasm

and with the coloring of reality, and some appropriate passage from the Scriptures is never wanting to give utterance to her simple piety, or her delight in contemplating the outward aspects of nature.

"The fields and roads are dustie in August, and all things do seem to faint and wax old under the intolerable Sun. Great Locusts sing sharp in the hedges and bushes, and Grasshoppers flie up in clouds, as it were, when one walks over the dry grass they feed upon, and at night-fall the Musketoes are no small torment. Whenever I doe look forth at noon day, at which time the air is all aglow, with a certain glimmer and dazzle, like that from an hot Furnace, I see the poor flie-bitten Cattell whisking their tayles to keep off the venemous insects, or standing in the water of the low grounds for Coolness, and the panting sheep lying together under the shade of Trees."

Here is a description of the woods in October: —

"As far as mine Eyes could look, the mightie Wilderness, under the bright westerly Sun, and stirred by a gentle wind, did seem like a Garden in its Season of flowering; green, dark, and light, orange, and pale yellow, and crimson leaves, mingling and interweaving their various hues in a manner truly wonderful to behold. These colors did remind me of the Stains of the Windows of Old Churches, and of rich Tapestrie. The Maples were all aflame with crimson, the Walnuts were orange, the Hemlocks and Cedars were well nigh black, while the slender Birches with their pale yellow Leaves seemed painted upon them as Pictures are laid upon a dark ground. I gazed until mine Eyes grew wearie, and a sense of the wonderful Beautie of the visible Creation, and of God's great goodness to the Children of Men therein, did rest upon me, and I said in mine Heart with one of old: '*O Lord! how manifold are thy Works: in Wisdom hast thou made them all, and the Earth is full of thy Riches.*'"

There are also contained in this volume a number of excellent poems, particularly the Irish ballad "Kathleen," and the fine "Verses, writ by Sir Christopher Gardiner."

Other persons figure, in the slight story of Margaret Smith's Journal, besides herself. They are sketched, if without any elaborate completeness, yet with no little felicity of delineation. The only thing which gives to the book the air of a regularly connected story has a basis of historical truth, — namely, the

tragic tale of Rebecca Rawson, one of the most romantic episodes of New England Puritanic life. This giddy and beautiful girl, as the story goes, was the daughter of Secretary Rawson, a prominent magistrate in the Massachusetts Colony. Dazzled by the splendor of an unprincipled adventurer named Ramsey, who represented himself to be a nephew of Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England, she discarded Robert Pike, to whom she was betrothed, and married his more showy rival. On arriving in England she was abandoned by her graceless husband, to whom, as it turned out, a lady in Kent with two children had a prior right. After supporting herself and her child for some time by her needle, Rebecca went with a relative to Port Royal, with the intention of returning to her parental home. She there met her old lover, Robert Pike, now a sea-captain, who renewed his addresses with a better prospect of success, but a memorable earthquake, occurring at that time in Port Royal, sank the vessel in which the two had embarked.

"Old Portraits and Modern Sketches" is a series of biographical notices of men with the purposes and principles of whose lives the author discovers grounds of sympathy in his own career, — the vindicators of political and religious freedom, — John Bunyan, Thomas Elwood, James Nayler, Andrew Marvell, John Roberts, Samuel Hopkins, Richard Baxter, William Leggett, and Nathaniel P. Rogers, — a noble army of martyrs, and nobly commemorated by a spirit capable of appreciating their virtues and services to mankind. Whittier has done a good work in rescuing from oblivion some of the old Quaker worthies, and in presenting vividly to our minds, unencumbered with tedious and useless details, the prominent characteristics of the men, subordinating the facts of their history to the exhibition of the guiding motive of their lives. The author must have read many folios, and gone through a great deal of rubbish, to give so interesting an account of Bunyan, Baxter, Hopkins, and his old Quaker friends. We wish that he had included among his portraits those of Fox and Penn, and especially that of the old saint of Quakerism, John Woolman, whose Journal Lamb so much admired. It seems to us that considerations of personal friendship must

have biased Whittier's judgment when he inserted the sketch of Rogers, especially when he ranked him with the author of Elia. Rogers appears to have been an irregular and eccentric genius, but decidedly lacking in the culture and unerring taste of the inimitable humorist with whom he is compared. Another deviation from the spirit of the work, for similar reasons, in the introduction of Robert Dinsmore among this goodly company, we can more applaud. Dinsmore is "the Rustic Bard" to whom we have before alluded, — a plain, old Scotch farmer, living near Haverhill, whose simplicity and shrewd wit are sometimes embodied in a rustic poem which does credit to his Scotch descent, and the tenderness of whose "Stanzas to a Sparrow," on accidentally crushing its nest in his corn-field, reminds the reader of the pathos of Burns.

We give, as a specimen of the style of this work, and as containing a sagacious and probable explanation of the war-like phrases which interlard Quaker discourse, the following passage from the life of John Roberts: —

"From the Puritan yeomanry of England the Quakers drew their most zealous champions; men who, in renouncing the 'carnal weapons' of their old service, found employment for habitual combativeness in hot and wordy sectarian warfare. To this day, the vocabulary of Quakerism abounds in the military phrases and figures which were in use in the Commonwealth's time. Their old force and significance are now in a great measure lost; but one can well imagine that, in the assemblies of the primitive Quakers, such stirring battle-cries and warlike tropes, even when employed in enforcing or illustrating the doctrines of peace, must have made many a stout heart to beat quicker, under its drab covering, with recollections of Naseby and Preston; transporting many a listener from the benches of his place of worship to the ranks of Ireton and Lambert, and causing him to hear, in the place of the solemn and nasal tones of the preacher, the blast of Rupert's bugles, and the answering shout of Cromwell's pikemen: 'Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered!'"

One of the most vigorous sketches in the book is that of William Leggett, a gentleman once remarkable for his ability and influence as a political writer, and for the intrepidity with which he maintained his Antislavery views in despite of the opposition of the Democratic party of which he was a member,

and of the bulls of excommunication thundered at his head from the Democratic head-quarters in Tammany Hall.

His death was commemorated in the verses of his friend and co-editor, Mr. Bryant;—and Whittier, too, upon the proposition coming from Tammany Hall to erect a monument to the deceased, gave vent to his feelings in an indignant sonnet, prefaced with the text, "Ye build the tombs of the prophets," and concluding with these lines:—

> "Well is it now that o'er his grave ye raise
> The stony tribute of your tardy praise,
> For not alone that pile shall tell to Fame
> Of the brave heart beneath, but of the builders' shame!"

Whittier's latest publications are two volumes of poems, issued in 1851 and 1853, entitled "Songs of Labor," and "The Chapel of the Hermits." The first of these is a series of spirited ballads illustrating the nobility of labor. For the purpose of presenting the poetical aspects of his theme, the poet was obliged to take pretty wide excursions into the domains of his fancy. In glorifying the Ship-builders we recognize the propriety of sailing off to the "frozen Hebrides," or even farther, to "sultry Hindostan"; but it is going a good way from his subject, in the tribute to "The Shoemakers," to maintain that,

> "For you, the dark-eyed Florentine
> Her silken skein is reeling";

Or that,

> "For you, round all her shepherd homes,
> Bloom England's thorny hedges."

In fact, throughout this poem the excursion into foreign parts to indicate the origin of waxed ends and shoe-pegs is rather more ingenious than poetical, making the song a song of labor in more senses than one. The best of the pieces, both in the subject and its treatment, appears to us to be "The Huskers," and the Dedication is superior to any other portion of the book.

"The Chapel of the Hermits," as we understand it, is an

elucidation of some of the author's religious and metaphysical ideas, founded on an incident related in St. Pierre's Studies of Nature. Its design, if we may speak prosaically, is to inculcate the importance of attention to the monitions of the inward principle of conscience, and the possibility of thereby reaching that degree of perfection which will answer the end of our being. Of course the confession of faith, like all similar announcements, is, as a whole, dull; but it is relieved by passages of unmistakable beauty. "Questions of Life" is an admirable poem, and illustrates the seriousness of tone pervading this volume.

Before attempting to specify the qualities which distinguish Whittier as an author, it will be well to consider the predominating influence which bore upon him almost at the outset of his career. This was his participation in the spirit of Anti-slavery agitation; and in order to make our view of his writings more complete, it may not be inappropriate to take a survey of this movement in its inception, and of the different phases which the public mind in this country has from time to time assumed upon the question of slavery.

At the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, enlightened men in all quarters were opposed to slavery, regarding it as an evil entailed upon us by the mother country, unprofitable in an economical point of view, and at variance with the spirit of our political institutions; and its extinction at no distant day was deemed certain. That this was so, is abundantly manifest from the debates in the Convention which formed the Constitution, where the subject was fully discussed, the views of Northern and Southern statesmen recorded, and a provision inserted in the Constitution itself prohibiting the importation of slaves after the year 1808. Shortly before the commencement of the present century the cotton-gin was invented by Eli Whitney, prodigiously facilitating the preparation of cotton for manufacture. The consequence of its introduction was so to augment the consumption of this material as to elevate it into the chief staple of the country, and to enhance the value of that species of labor which was best adapted to its cultivation. This naturally effected a gradual revolution in the opinions of the people

among whom slavery existed, and their interests, in consequence of this stimulus, were identified with its growth and extension. When the institution became profitable in the cotton-growing States, it of course became profitable also in those States that could assist in supplying the demand of the others for new laborers. Moreover, the occasional opposition to slavery manifested on the part of the North, where it was unprofitable and had by degrees disappeared, conspired with other causes to excite that *esprit du corps* or pride in the institution, which at this time unites in its defence all the States within whose borders it exists. Whenever, therefore, new territory was to be acquired upon the line separating the regions where slavery could and could not be profitably maintained, the South took care to lose nothing by default; and since the discussions upon the Missouri Compromise in 1819, fixing the northern limit of the system at 36° 30′, it has by a mutual and tacit understanding been distinctly before the national legislature, to be protected and guarded as one of the great interests of the country.

When, therefore, in 1833, Mr. Garrison established the American Antislavery Society, and announced as his watchword "Immediate and Unconditional Emancipation," he came into conflict with a doctrine settled and considered essential to the stability of the Union, and also with the commercial interests of the North, which had become dependent upon the prosperity of the South. In consequence, an excitement was produced wholly disproportionate to the importance of the exciting cause. In maintaining their positions, the Abolitionists were guilty of many unnecessary extravagances; but the persecutions to which they were subjected, and the tenacity with which they held to their convictions, won for them some admirers outside of their ranks, who regarded them as the vindicators of that liberty under which

> "free-born men,
> Having to advise the public, may speak free."

One noticeable effect of the Abolition agitation has been the promotion of the freedom of individual inquiry. Most of the new theories contemplating radical changes in politics, religion,

and social life, which agitate us at the present time, have appeared in the wake of the Antislavery reform; and it must be confessed that in this country men have since moved less in masses, and been less prone to take their opinions at second hand, upon the authority of others.

Whittier's ardent and poetical temperament predisposed him to take part in the Antislavery reform. In fact, the poetical temperament is naturally anarchical in its tendencies. Accordingly, he did enter it from the outset, and became the Tyrtæus of the new movement. He shared all the feelings of exultation and discouragement elicited during the progress of the struggle, and we can imagine the powerful effect his vehement appeals must have had upon his fellow-reformers, when, even to those who read them now, with but a faint idea of the circumstances under which they were written, they stir the blood like the sound of a trumpet. An anti-Abolition mob, the movements of any political or ecclesiastical body upon the subject of slavery, an election favorable or unfavorable to his cause, was sure to arouse his lyric genius, so that his poems may be read as a commentary chronicling events as they bore upon the struggle, and were looked upon as such by those with whom he was in communion.

In considering Whittier's merits as an author, it is quite manifest that we should mention, first, his intensity, — that vivid force of thought and expression which distinguishes his writings. His verses sometimes bear marks of extreme haste, but the imperfections which would result from this cause are in a great measure obviated by the strength and simplicity of his conceptions. He begins to write with so clear an apprehension of what he intends to say, that in many cases his poems come out at first heat with a roundness and perfection which would lead one to suppose that they had passed through the fires of revision. But at times this vehemence is overdone, and needs a restraint which longer consideration would have supplied. This vividness, which Whittier possesses in a greater degree than any other living author with whom we are acquainted, is in part a natural peculiarity of his mind, and in part arises from the urgent circumstances under which he wrote. His object was to produce an immediate effect upon the popular

mind, — to stimulate his readers to immediate action, — and in consequence his productions have a business-like directness and cogency which do not belong to ordinary poetic effusions. Whittier's genius is essentially lyrical. It would be out of his power to write in a strain so purely imaginative as that of Keats "To a Grecian Urn," or other similar productions. Besides, mere devotion to the poetical art, mere exercise of the imagination for its own sake, seems inappropriate to him who considers, as he says,

> "Life all too earnest, and its time too short,
> For dreamy ease and Fancy's graceful sport."

One short, vigorous blast suffices him. He himself has frequently shown that he is aware of this characteristic, as, for instance, in the modest Dedication of his larger volume: —

> "The rigor of a frozen clime,
> The harshness of an untaught ear,
> The jarring words of one whose rhyme
> Beat often Labor's hurried time,
> Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.
>
> "Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
> No rounded art the lack supplies;
> Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
> Or softer shades of Nature's face,
> I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.
>
> "Yet here at least an earnest sense
> Of human right and weal is shown;
> A hate of tyranny intense,
> And hearty in its vehemence,
> As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own."

Like every other true lyric poet, Whittier does not lack his multitude of friendly critics, who advise him to concentrate his efforts upon some great work, instead of dissipating his energy upon what they consider mere ephemerals, — to devote himself to some gigantic undertaking, which shall loom up like the Pyramids to tell posterity his fame. But in our opinion the author has unwittingly best consulted his genius and reputation in the course which he has adopted. His shortest productions are his happiest. There is no doubt that

the writing of long poems is sanctioned by many eminent examples; but they are the least read of an author's works, and are known to most people only by certain favorite extracts. Readers in general look upon a great poem in the same light in which Leigh Hunt regarded a great mountain, — as a great impostor. The majority of the lovers of Homer and Dante and Virgil, in any given community, except schoolboys *qui amant misere*, might find accommodations in an omnibus of reasonable size. They are mistaken who measure the greatness of a poem by its length; for length is very little to be considered in estimating durability. Provided that a poem be vital in every part with true inspiration, and exhibit a perfect finish throughout, it matters very little for the permanency of its fame how many pages it covers.

The compactness which oftentimes results from Whittier's intensity is well illustrated in the ode entitled "Our State," indicating the sources of the pride and prosperity of Massachusetts: —

"Nor heeds the sceptic's puny hands,
While near her school the church-spire stands;
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her church-spire stands the school."

The "Reformer" is an instance to the same purpose: —

"All grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a strong one in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

"Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old, accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept, to find
His seat o'erthrown

"Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold:
'Why smite,' he asked, in sad surprise,
'The fair, the old?'

"I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled, —
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Upspringing from the ruined Old
I saw the New."

These lines, "To Pius IX.," were written immediately after the bombardment of Rome by the allied armies of the Pontiff: —

"Yet, scandal of the world! from thee
One needful truth mankind shall learn, —
That kings and priests to Liberty
And God are false in turn.

"Not vainly Roman hearts have bled
To feed the Crosier and the Crown,
If, roused thereby, the world shall tread
The twin-born vampires down."

The natural vehemence of Whittier's poetry has at times run into declamatory excess. This failing is discoverable principally in his earlier verses upon political and reformatory subjects, written while his judgment was still immature, and unduly influenced by his passions. Thus, upon reading the sentence of death passed on John L. Brown for assisting a female slave to escape, (which sentence was afterwards commuted,) a series of stanzas were written, the first one of which makes the following insinuations against the clergy, addressing them in this style: —

"Ho! thou who seekest late and long
A license from the Holy Book
For brutal lust and hell's red wrong,
Man of the pulpit, look! —
Lift up those cold and atheist eyes,
This ripe fruit of thy teachings see;
And tell us how to Heaven will rise
The incense of this sacrifice, —
This blossom of the Gallows Tree!"

The poem entitled "Clerical Oppressors" was called forth by a meeting of the citizens of Charleston, which the clergy attended in a body, and has some good round invective, equally unfair, but rather more telling than that quoted above: —

"Pilate and Herod, friends!
Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine!
Just God and holy! is that church, which lends
Strength to the spoiler, Thine?"

The first stanza of "The Pine-Tree" contains an inspiring appeal, and a graphic picture of the old Roundheads in council: —

"Lift again the stately emblem on the Bay State's rusted shield,
Give to Northern winds the Pine-Tree on our banner's tattered field!
Sons of men who sat in council with their Bibles round the board,
Answering England's royal missive with a firm 'THUS SAITH THE LORD,'
Rise again for home and freedom! — set the battle in array! —
What the fathers did of old time, we their sons must do to-day."

A wider experience, and the more charitable judgment which generally accompanies increasing years, have had their effect in modifying the tone of his recent verse. Without losing any of its fire, it shows in a more chastened style and temperate spirit marks of a greater culture and a more Christian forbearance. The exquisite sonnet, "Forgiveness," is an index of this change of feeling: —

"My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
One summer Sabbath-day, I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level, — and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of one common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart, —
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and, trembling, I forgave."

A poem bearing the name of "Ichabod," provoked by the supposed recreancy of a great statesman, under circumstances which would have once called forth all the denunciation of which the author was capable, is an impressive example of the same kind.

We forbear to quote, in further exemplification of our remarks, the impressive "Lines suggested by a Visit to Washington," and "What the Voice said," in order to make room for two specimens which will bring into striking contrast his

earlier and his later views. The first is from "Stanzas for the Times" of 1836, when an anti-Abolition meeting was held in Faneuil Hall.

"Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought
Which well might shame extremest hell?
Shall freemen lock the indignant thought?
Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?
Shall Honor bleed?—shall Truth succumb?
Shall pen and press and soul be dumb?"

The second is from "Stanzas for the Times" of 1850, the date of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law.

"Not mine sedition's trumpet-blast
And threatening word;
I read the lesson of the Past,
That firm endurance wins at last
More than the sword."

The Quakerism in which Whittier was reared, and which he has always professed, stands, as we have already said, in strange conflict with the belligerent tone of many of his writings. We should hardly have expected so rude and martial a strain from the quiet, drab-coated professor of the mild tenets of his sect. Perhaps his tone is more in accordance with the spirit of the early founders of the denomination, than the comparatively uninteresting dulness of the modern type. Of late years, the Quakers have lost their desire for propagandism, and have become more accommodating and worldly-wise. But in early times, no sect had so zealous and wide-awake champions as the Society of Friends. George Fox, James Nayler, and even William Penn, show that their Quakerism had not wholly subdued their combative tendencies. The admirers of Whittier need not regret that he is not formed upon the more modern and respectable pattern.

We are naturally led, from the consideration of our author's Quakerism, to that strong religious fervor which is manifested in every part of his writings. So deeply rooted is it, and apparently so blended with his imaginative powers, that, in some of his productions, one can hardly tell which predominates. His religious views embrace a simple faith in the Quaker doc-

trine of the inward light, combined with an intense apprehension of the brotherhood of man. In order to show his devotional spirit, we quote the concluding stanza of "The Quaker of the Olden Time."

"O, spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true!
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.
Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer!"

The poems entitled "Follen," "Questions of Life," "My Soul and I," and others of a similar kind, are exquisite in their delicacy of thought and expression, and show a wrestling with some of the gravest and most perplexing questions that come under the consideration of meditative minds.

Whittier rarely writes without being so impressed with some strong feeling, that he cannot fail to awaken a corresponding emotion in his reader. Of this, his verses written in memory of his friends bear witness. We would refer emphatically to the "Lines to a Friend on the Death of his Sister," and to the perfect poem entitled "Gone." For the same reason, he writes with such energy, as not to give himself much concern about the customary ornaments of poetical diction. His imagery, when he introduces it, comes without an effort, as the natural accompaniment of his verse, never obtruding itself on the reader's attention, or seeming other than an essential part of the whole.

In the fine ballad of "Cassandra Southwick," (a young woman of Puritan times, who for non-conformity narrowly escaped being sold into slavery at Barbadoes,) he has happily described that transfiguration which nature seems to undergo in the eyes of one under the influence of some sudden and overpowering emotion. Immediately on leaving her prison-cell Cassandra exclaims:—

"Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed beneath my eye,
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky,
A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and woodland lay,
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay."

One peculiarity of Whittier's imagery is, that so much of it is drawn from the Bible. This book is so the common property of Christendom, that to resort to it for purposes of poetical illustration is as justifiable as to resort to the book of Nature. He shows a very great familiarity with every part of holy writ, and an exceeding aptness in its citation. Of a brother reformer and poet he speaks as

"Like Nehemiah, fighting as he wrought."

The conjunction of the clergy and laity against the Abolition agitation he characterizes as

"Pilate and Herod friends!"

So the North complains to the South of supposed injustice and oppression: —

"What though Issachar be strong,
Ye may load his back with wrong,
Over much and over long."

In "Margaret Smith's Journal" he says: "We also found grapes both white and purple hanging down in clusters from the trees, over which the vines did run, nigh upon as large as those which the Jews of old plucked at Eschol." His graphic description will recall to every one the picture in the old family Bible of the two Israelites staggering under the weight of an enormous bunch of grapes. Other and perhaps better instances might be readily selected.

The free and dexterous use of proper names is another characteristic of our poet. With an affluence of these his extensive knowledge supplies him, and he displays uncommon skill in weaving them harmoniously into his verse. Even the long sesquipedalian Indian words present no insuperable difficulties. There is something strangely impressive in the effect of the introduction of a melodious or sonorous name, particularly if it indicates a place of which we have no personal knowledge. The imagination is touched in that vague and mysterious way in which it delights, and the burden is put upon the reader of supplying the requisite beauty or sublimity to fill out the supposed conception of the author. In this art Milton is the great master, and he had his originals in the epic

poets of antiquity, while Goldsmith furnishes a rather ludicrous instance in the well-known line,

"On Torno's cliffs or Pambamarca's side,"

the locality of Pambamarca never having been precisely ascertained. In "The Bridal of Pennacook," Whittier, describing the Indian marriage feast, gives us the following tempting bill of fare: —

"Steaks of the brown bear, fat and large,
From the rocky slopes of the Kearsarge;
Delicate trout from Babboosuck brook,
And salmon speared in the Contoocook;

"Squirrels which fed where nuts fell thick,
In the gravelly bed of the Otternic;
And small wild hens, in reed snares caught,
From the banks of Sondagardee brought;

"Pike and perch from the Suncook taken,
Nuts from the trees of the Black Hills shaken,
Cranberries picked in the Squamscot bog,
And grapes from the vines of Piscataquog."

This introduction of proper names, generally felicitous in Whittier's writings, is in some instances overdone, and gives an air of stiffness and pedantry; as in the enumeration of nations in "The World's Convention."

As a consequence of the seeming haste in which many of these poems are written, the author is betrayed into occasional inaccuracies of grammar and rhyme. Many of these, which we had observed in his earlier volumes, we are glad to see corrected in the revised collection. But some still remain. Speaking of the tendency of youth to look on the best side of everything, he says: —

"Turning, with a power like Midas,
All things into gold."

The first line is not in accordance with the idiom of the language, and even if it should be corrected by the addition of an apostrophe after Midas, it would remain clumsy. An obvious improvement would be to substitute

"Turning with the power of Midas."

We have noticed several inadmissible rhymes, — "dawn" with "scorn," "curse" with us," "war" with "saw" and "draw," &c.

Instances of anything resembling the use of other people's thoughts are seldom to be found in Whittier's poems. The following, from "The Chapel of the Hermits," is hardly a plagiarism: —

> "That all of good the Past hath had
> Remains to make our own time glad."

But Lowell's version is better: —

> "The Present moves attended
> By all of brave and excellent and fair,
> That made the old time splendid."

In closing our notice of Whittier's poetry, we forbear extended remark upon the great variety of his metres, and his unusual success and facility in the management of them.

Of his prose style we have already spoken at some length. It is classical, vigorous, and never dull, with a vein of humor running through it, which lacks *abandon* and seems somewhat inflexible and metallic. We subjoin, as favorable specimens of his humor, two anecdotes from "Supernaturalism of New England": —

"Nearly opposite to my place of residence, on the south side of the Merrimack, stands a house which has long had a bad reputation for ghosts. One of its recent inmates avers most positively, that, having on one occasion ventured to sleep in the haunted room, she was visited by a child-ghost, which passed through the apartment with a most mournful and unbaby-like solemnity. Some of my unbelieving readers will doubtless smile at this, and deem it no matter of surprise that a maiden's slumbers should thus be haunted. As the old playwriter hath it: —

> 'She blushed and smiled to think upon her dream
> Of fondling a sweet infant (with a look
> Like one she will not name) upon her virgin knees.'"

"There was a print of the enemy, which made no slight impression upon me when a boy; it was the frontispiece of an old, smoked, snuff-stained pamphlet, the property of an elderly lady (who had a fine col-

lection of similar wonders, wherewith she was kind enough to edify her young visitors), containing a solemn account of the fate of a wicked dancing-party in New Jersey, whose irreverent declaration that they would have a fiddler if they had to send to the lower regions after him, called up the fiend himself, who forthwith commenced playing, while the company danced to the music incessantly, without the power to suspend their exercise until their feet and legs were worn off to the knees! The rude wood-cut represented the demon fiddler, and his agonized companions literally *stumping* it up and down in cotillions, jigs, strathspeys, and reels."

In a different vein are his reflections upon the sight of a parson, showing his tendency to wander from the most commonplace suggestion into the remote regions of his favorite speculations: —

"In certain states of mind, the very sight of a clergyman in his sombre professional garb is sufficient to awaken all the wonderful within me. My imagination goes wandering back to the subtle priesthood of mysterious Egypt, — I think of Jannes and Jambres, — of the Persian Magi, — dim oak groves with Druid altars and priests and victims rise before me. For what is the priest even of our New England, but a living testimony to the truth of the Supernatural and the reality of the Unseen, — a man of mystery walking in the shadow of the ideal world, — by profession an expounder of spiritual wonders?"

Whittier is a writer whose sentiments are thoroughly American; — not that he is always in harmony with the prevalent opinion of his countrymen, but that his productions are deeply imbued with the spirit of our institutions. They contain the genuine American doctrines of freedom and humanity, brought up to the latest and highest standard. His unmeasured sympathy for his kind has led him into a field new and entirely his own, and given him an unquestionable title to the name of an original author. It is the crowning and distinguishing glory of Wordsworth to have raised to notice the humblest objects of organic and inorganic life, and to have evolved from them latent beauties and significancies, which the many never could have discovered; and Whittier, by yielding to his own generous and ardent instincts, and following the slave, not in himself an inviting object, and with no claims upon the poet except those of a common humanity,

through the various vicissitudes of his sad lot, has enlarged the domain of our sympathies and won for himself the benediction, —

> "Blessings be on him and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler hopes and nobler loves!"

Art. III. — 1. *Records of the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England.* Printed by Order of the Legislature. Edited by Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, M. D. Boston: From the Press of William White, Printer to the Commonwealth. 1853.

2. — *Archæologia Americana. Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society.* Vol. III. Part I. Cambridge: Printed for the Society. 1850.

The publication of the early records of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay has been often urged upon the government of the State of Massachusetts; but the State has only just now completed it. Meanwhile, all students of her history, from Hubbard downward, had used the manuscripts. It was well known that they were full, drawn up with care, and comprising much valuable detail in illustration of the early history of New England.

The manuscript volumes themselves have been of late years very carefully preserved. But it has been certain, that, in the face of all possible care, their illegibility increased. And as long since as May 29, 1844, the American Antiquarian Society, finding that the State was not disposed to attempt the preservation of its own records, took measures to procure a careful copy of the first volume, and directed its publishing committee to publish it, with notes and illustrations.

In his valuable collection of works bearing on Massachusetts history, Dr. Young printed that part of the record which related to the operations of the Company in England, that is, as far as the period when the charter was brought to America by Winthrop, in 1630. In 1850 the publication by the An-

tiquarian Society began. The text was printed with the original spelling, with illustrative notes, and with a very valuable introductory essay by Mr. S. F. Haven, to whose care the whole work had been intrusted by the Society. In this essay he gives the history of the "Origin of the Massachusetts Company"; and, after clearing up much which had been very obscure about the overlapping of the lines of patents, and the rights of successive companies, he traces, in some detail, as far as is possible, the lives of the several persons, nearly one hundred, who formed the original Massachusetts Company, under whose auspices the State of Massachusetts began to be. The first part of the Antiquarian Society's publication ended, like Dr. Young's, with the transfer of the charter to New England. The Society proposed to print the entire contents of the first volume, the whole of which had been copied for this purpose.

Before this was done, however, Governor Clifford having called the attention of the Council of the State to the decaying condition of its oldest original records, and, on the report of a committee of that body, sent a special message to the Legislature recommending earnestly that the first two volumes should be printed by the State, the Legislature passed a resolve in pursuance of his recommendation, on the 2d of May, 1853. The Secretary of State, who was intrusted with the superintendence of the work, committed it to the hands of Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, certainly the most fit person, from the union of various essential qualifications, to carry it out promptly and thoroughly; and it was begun at once, and, with an expedition very unusual in such affairs, was completed before the end of the year. We shall have occasion, as we examine it, to speak of the singular accuracy and beauty with which it is printed.

This authentic and unabridged edition of the official records of the Company, and the invaluable Journal of Governor Winthrop, make up a mass of material for the early history of Massachusetts, complete to a degree almost without precedent. There are also several early letters, and other printed tracts, which furnish valuable illustrations and supply some deficiencies. If, then, the history of Massachusetts is not written, it

is not now for want of material readily accessible for its first pages.

Those most competent to judge, indeed, most competent to write it, declare that it is not yet written. Mr. Haven, in his paper on the Origin of the Company, says: —

"It is a just remark of the author of the Life of Sir Harry Vane, that the history of the Long Parliament has never been written. It is equally true that the history of Massachusetts remains to be written. What extreme of our united nation is there that has not an interest in its history? For where have not the descendants of its primitive settlers carried the moral and political principles they inherited? The 'genius for government' of its founders must be traced in the records of their legislation, and the elements of its public character be deduced from an analysis of the characters of its prominent men."

Mr. Willard says, to the same point, in his recent Lancaster Address: "The history of Massachusetts is still a fresh subject, — in hackneyed phrase, is yet to be written. We now want the man. Heaven grant that he may be raised up to us, who will buckle on the armor for this great work."

In reviewing the new edition of Winthrop last October, we took the occasion for a sketch of the development of constitutional institutions in the Colony, and the growth, under the somewhat inconvenient mechanism of the charter, of the germs of a representative government. The published records more than sustain the views we then expressed as to the good sense and sound political judgment of the founders of this State. It is only when they are read with their own illustration of their own meaning, that they can show, in its full extent, the judgment of these men. It has been very easy, for one glancing over the manuscript records, to select an absurd enactment here, and another there, — to copy them without their connection, even without the repeal which very likely followed at once, — and, calling them specimens of the early legislation, to give the impression that Puritan statesmanship in New England was as ludicrous as the monarchical writers represented it at home. In fact, we have never seen the records of nineteen years of legislation which show progress so steady, and purpose so firm in the consolidation of a state, as these indicate. They begin as the records of a commercial company might be

expected to begin. On its transfer to this country, the record continues, again, as might be expected of the record of the only governing body of a little group of newly settled towns. There is nothing absurd in the collocation of the choice of a Governor and the fine of a sleepy watchman in the same day's proceedings of the General Court. But regularly — with an advance really solemn from its simplicity and dignity — the government disposes of various portions of its duty to proper officers; the division of labor appears in the work of administration; the various scattered functions of the commonwealth array themselves in fitting and beautiful forms in their respective departments; and, out of the chaos of the mixed business of the Directors' meetings, the constitution of a state is born. It would be well, indeed, if the students of government would become conversant with this record, in which not only the vestiges of the creation of a state are presented, but every step in its progress is carefully laid open in exact order.

We wish now, however, to call attention to the interest which attaches in England to the history of the Massachusetts Company, and to the influence of the men who united in it on the fortunes of England. Here we see their efforts on a small scale, unimpeded and successful. There we see their efforts, against the prejudices of ages, in reforming a constitution which had elements entirely hostile to their own principles, and in contest with a king who was false to every principle and every promise. Yet there, with such difficulties, they achieved what measure of success was achieved in the Great Rebellion. We mean to speak carefully when we say *they;* for it is indeed true, that the very men who in 1630 united to build up New England were the men who were turned to with most confidence, and who responded most heartily, when, in 1642, it became necessary to build Old England anew.

Mr. Haven, in his History of the Origin of the Company, carefully illustrates this point, and shows how indissolubly united are the histories of the short-lived Commonwealth of England and the long-lived Commonwealth of Massachusetts. After his short biography of the various members of the Company,

— both those who remained in England and those who came out to America, about one hundred in all, — he says, very truly, that historians have, in general, lost sight of the influence exerted by those who remained at home. But

"the amount of political influence that can be traced directly to members of the Company is a fact of striking significance, and leads to an inference of combined action, as well as community of sentiment. The town of Dorchester, where the Company had its origin, has been described as one of the earliest positions fortified against Charles I.; as 'particularly disaffected to the royal cause, more so than any place in England'; and as 'the magazine whence the other places were supplied with the principles of rebellion.'

"When the adventurers from the two counties of Dorset and Lincoln had united to establish their head-quarters at London, they were joined by many of the most prominent and wealthy citizens, as well as by men of standing from most of the country shires. Clarendon says of London, that it was the 'sink of all the ill-humor in the kingdom'; meaning, that the revolutionary tendencies existing in the kingdom were there concentrated and strengthened. If Parliament never became, like the National Assembly of France, the servant of the populace, it was often impelled by the popular voice of the city, while it was sustained by its physical strength and pecuniary resources. When we find in our Company the wealthy merchants, the commanders of the military bands, and the chief municipal officers [of London], we may form some estimate of the amount of public sentiment they would be likely to control. Samuel Vassall* was one of the first to resist the payment of illegal taxes. Hampden's case was only more conspicuous from having been selected for trial by the King's Council; an honor that Lord Say made great efforts to secure for himself. John Venn,* commander of the train-bands, led the six thousand citizens who surrounded the House of Peers during the trial of Strafford, and shouted 'Justice! Justice!' Thomas Andrews,* the Lord Mayor, assisted by Alderman Bateman* and others, proclaimed the abolition of kingly government, his predecessor having declined to perform that office. We refer to these cases now, merely to exemplify the character and position of the London members. Owen Rowe,* 'that fire-brand of the city,' and John Hewson,* the bold shoemaker, might be adduced for the same purpose. Not only the corporate authorities and organized bodies, but the masses of the metropolis, must have had great weight in the affairs of the

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* Of the Massachusetts Company.

period; and many of the most active agitators in the various classes of society were connected with the Massachusetts Company." — *Arch. Amer.*, Vol. III. p. cxxvi.

The influence of English members of the Company in the Long Parliament appears very distinctly. Clarendon names, as the leading members of its little House of Lords, Viscount Say and Sele, Lord Warwick, and his son-in-law. The two former were both closely connected with the Company, perhaps members. Warwick had given up his patent for its territory, that its new patent might be granted. Both were patentees of other parts of New England. Of about seventy members of the Company who remained in England when Winthrop emigrated in 1630, many, of course, were dead before the Long Parliament was chosen in 1640. But of those who survived, twelve were members of that celebrated body, and besides them, Sir Henry Vane, who had been Governor of Massachusetts in the mean while, was among its prominent leaders. Vane, Pym, and Nathaniel Fiennes held, according to Clarendon, the first place in point of influence; and Pym was a patentee of Connecticut, while Fiennes was son of Lord Say and Sele.

Mr. Haven follows this line of observation through the whole current of the history of the rebellion. At the trial of Charles, twenty years after the Massachusetts Company was formed, six at least of its members were appointed judges. Three of these were in favor of his execution, two declined acting on the trial, and one refused to sign the death-warrant. A seventh, Hugh Peters, who spent some time in America, was afterwards executed as a regicide, though he was not a member of the court.

Social influences, which were not so distinctly parts of the action of government, showed members of the Massachusetts Company active and forward in the rebellion in other walks of life.

"In 1643," says Mr. Haven, "the fortunes of Charles appeared to be in the ascendant. His troops were victorious, and his opponents were weakened by disunion. The Scotch and English Presbyterians hated the Independents, almost as much as they hated Episcopacy; much more than they disliked Monarchy. A combination of sagacity

and decision were on the other side. In that crisis of affairs, Parliament sent commissioners to Scotland, with ample powers to treat for a nearer union and confederacy. These were the Earl of Rutland, Sir William Armyne, Harry Vane, Thomas Hatcher, and Henry Darley; attended by Philip Nye, and Stephen Marshall, whose daughter Nye had married. It was, however, upon the diplomatic subtlety of Vane, and the great shrewdness of Nye, [both members of the Massachusetts Company,] who was 'seldom, if ever, outwitted,' that Parliament depended for the success of the mission. When it was ascertained that no conciliation could be effected without an adoption of the Scottish Covenant, Sir Harry Vane contrived to render the bitter alternative more palatable to the English, by inserting phraseology which admitted of double construction. By this means the two houses of Parliament, and the Westminster Assembly of Divines and Laymen, were induced to meet, for the purpose of signifying their concurrence. At this point, we find John White, the minister, [also of the Company,] and Philip Nye, combining their efforts to smooth the way for a disagreeable act of necessity. Mr. White's prayer, an hour in length, and Mr. Nye's introductory speech, are all the ceremonies noticed, before taking the question on a measure that manifestly turned the dubious scale against the king." — *Arch. Amer.*, Vol. III. p. cxxviii.

Two major-generals of the Parliament's army, Brereton and Hewson, were of the Massachusetts Company, and several others of its members were in the service. Stephen Winthrop, who succeeded Harrison in the office of Major-General, was son of our Governor Winthrop; and Robert Sedgwick, who held the same office under Cromwell, was a Charlestown man. He was with Governor Winslow of Plymouth in the commission of three which Cromwell sent with his unsuccessful enterprise against the Spanish West Indies. Leverett, afterwards Governor of Massachusetts, had been a captain under Cromwell, having returned to England after some years spent in this country.

It is not merely true, then, as has been often suggested, that the New-Englanders found their Colonies and themselves patronized by the new government. They and their old associates belonged to the very class of men, and were the very men themselves, who had made the new government. It was therefore quite a matter of course that emigration from the old motive should end suddenly with the success of the Par-

liament. It was quite a matter of course, that, when, in 1642, Harvard College sent out its first sons, most of them, even before the success of the Parliamentary struggle, should return to the home where their friends were men of influence. It was quite a matter of course that Cromwell should always regard the Colonies with favor. In fact, it would be no exaggeration to say, that from the time when Henry VII. gave John Cabot ten pounds because he had discovered the New World, down to the time when George III., his great-great-granddaughter's great-great-grandson, succeeded in alienating his North American Colonies, and throwing them away, Cromwell was the only sovereign of England who appreciated the importance of her American possessions.

The gallantry of the Colonial government, considering its extreme weakness, in tendering its support to the Parliament, is, indeed, almost pathetic.

"Whereas," says the Record, "the civill warrs and dissentions in our native country, through the seditious words and carriages of many evill affected persons, cause divisions in many places of government in America, some professing themselues for the king, and others for the Parliament, not considering that the Parliament themselues professe that they stand for the king and Parliament against the malignant Papists and delinquents in that kingdome, it is therefore ordered, that what person soever shall, by word, writing, or action, endeavor to disturbe our peace, directly or indirectly, by drawing a party, under pretence that he is for the king of England, and such as adioyne with him, against the Parliament, shalbe accounted as an offender of an high nature against this common wealth, and to be proceeded with either capitally or otherwise, according to the quality and degree of his offence; provided alwayes, that this shall not be extended against any marchant, strangers, and shipmen that come hither meerly for matter of trade and marchandize, albeit they should come from any of those ports that are in the hands of the king, and such as adhere to them against the Parliament, carriing themselues here quietly, and free from raising or nurishing any faction, mutiny, or sedition amongst us, as aforesaid." — *Col. Rec.*, Vol. II. p. 69.

This was on May 29, 1644, at which session the General Court put its arrangements for defence or offence upon a more scientific footing than they had before rested on. Major-General Dudley was commissioned to command the army of the

little commonwealth. Dudley had learned the military art under so distinguished a leader as Henry IV. of France. Thus singularly do the names and the influence of the leading characters of the Old World appear in the early annals of the New. In the Records, we think we find a desire to veil the various military preparations under more talk of the Indians than there was real necessity of. There was no naval power except that of the king of England, which, in 1644, the Colony had immediate reason to fear. So highly did Cromwell appreciate the Colony's sympathy, that, while the other plantations, Virginia, Maryland, and the Bermudas, were compelled to submit to the provisions of the Navigation Act, to receive all their imports in English ships, and to ship all their exports to England or her colonies, the New England colonies retained their old freedom of trade, and were permitted to do so, simply, it would appear, by special favor of Cromwell and the Parliament.

Indeed, the Colony's loyalty to the Commonwealth was much more demonstrative than had ever been its loyalty to the king. Sir Ferdinando Gorges had very early intimated that the intention of its leaders was to set up for themselves. They never avowed this intention publicly, and probably scarcely did in private. But without distinct avowal of it, they were no doubt constantly looking at the possibility or the necessity of an independent state. There is scarcely an allusion to the home government in the Records before the outbreaking of the civil war. Such allusion as there is, is anything but loyal. The difficulty about using the cross in the standards borne by the troops is an instance. The Commonwealth's men afterwards bore the cross in their standards, and stamped it upon their coin. But Roger Williams and Endicott cut it out of the ensigns here, as idolatrous; and though the General Court professed to reprove them, yet it appears from Winthrop, that the matter was adjusted, in 1635, by a vote not to use the ensign at all. In fact, in Vane's administration, when it had been agreed, after long discussion, that the colors should be shown on the fort, the Colony had no colors to show, — a remarkable position for a British colony in the sixth year of its existence.

Another instance where the home government is alluded to during this period, though not named in the Records, is in the preparations for fortifying the seaports in 1634, in the fourth year of the Colony. The Records do not speak of the naval enemy feared. Undoubtedly, there were reasons for fortification in the neighborhood of the dissatisfied French in Nova Scotia. But it is to be remarked, at the same time, that a rumor had just come that an English Governor-General for the Colonies was to be appointed. The magistrates had taken advice of the ministers, and appear to have acquiesced in their decision, which was, that "if a General Governor were sent, we ought not to accept him, but defend our lawful possessions if we were able, otherwise to avoid or protract." Hutchinson suggests, indeed, in his history of the next year, 1635, when Vane came over, and, as he thought, Pym, Hampden, Haslerigg, and Cromwell meant to come, that the Royalist party in England then would not have been sorry "to have been rid of the heads of what was deemed a faction in government, and to have had no further connection with them." Be this as it may, the success of that faction in England was the confirmation of the loyalty to England of the Colony here. It had never been loud in professions of loyalty to Charles, nor had it any reason for being so.

There is not much, it is true, which can be quoted from the Records, to substantiate the impression that the Colonists cared little for the royal government, and were very glad to keep out of its notice and out of its way. But the very fact that there is next to nothing about that government is remarkable. That, in the infancy of their enterprise, they make no appeal to it at all, is important, though indefinite, testimony. The whole legislation is that of a state which had complete powers within itself. No favor, no aid, is asked of the government at home. The Governor and Assistants, in the first forms of the oaths, are sworn to be faithful to King Charles; but he is not mentioned in any of the oaths of other offices. And it now appears, that in the form drawn up in 1643, as soon as the civil war began, the oath of allegiance to the king was omitted even in those instances. This was long before allegiance to the king was omitted from any similar oaths in England. In-

deed, almost the only other allusion to the king, in the first twelve years, is the half-way compliment of an order, in 1636, six years after the settlement, that "the Kings majesties armes shall be erected in all places of judicature soe soon as they can be hadd."

In this view of the relations of the Colony, we see nothing improbable in the story, repeated by most of the older writers, that in 1636, 1637, or 1638, Hampden, Haslerigg, Pym, and Cromwell proposed to join it. There is no doubt that their associate, Rowe, did. Mr. Bancroft rejects the story, because it has no Puritan authorities in its support, and because it argues a desertion of the good cause by those men. This latter view cannot be sustained, if, in their minds and in the minds of its leaders, the ultimate prosperity of the Colony was regarded as quite independent of the favor of the king.

In 1643, the House of Commons passed the statute under which the Colony enjoyed free trade with the mother country, with a decided compliment to the value of the Colony to England.

Our limits do not permit us to extend these illustrations of the unusually close connection of the rulers and politics of the two commonwealths. It seldom happens that the same body of political experimenters have the opportunity to test their principles in two fields. The Puritans were thus favored. They had started Massachusetts well, when Providence gave them a chance to try their skill in England. In the larger experiment, after magnificent successes, they were swept away at last, by the latent power of English conservatism, to make room for rulers as manly, as religious, as skilful in statesmanship, and exhibiting such divine right to rule, as Charles II. and his brother James. In Massachusetts, the little experiment, they were more successful. When, a few years ago, the English Parliament, in ordering that the statues of the sovereigns of England should be set up in its new palace, thought fit to omit the statue of Cromwell, — that sovereign to whom England owes it that she ever ruled the seas, — we could not but think that it would be a fit memorial of the services which that great man rendered to the men of Massachusetts, and which the men of Massachusetts rendered to him,

if his statue should be erected in some public place in her capital. It is true that his system did not survive long in England. It is as true that it has survived to this day here. The statue might stand in Boston till it was wanted in London.

We must pass by many of the curious details of early Colonial customs which come to light on the perusal of the Records for the first twenty years. The encouragement early given to internal improvement, in cutting a canal in Cambridge from the river, enlarges into an effort to make Cape Ann an island, and shows itself afterwards in other forms. The encouragement of manufacturing industry is curious, beginning with an effort on the wild hemp (*Apocynum cannabinum*), and passing to salt, saltpetre (so essential for "gunpowder, the instrumentall meanes that all nations lay hould on for their preservations"), glass-works, iron-works, wool, shipbuilding, wine-making, and leather; and its history in so short a time shows a speedy development of real independence here. The rapid growth of the foreign commerce of the Colony has often been remarked. It was as early as 1645, that its noble protest against the slave-trade was uttered: —

Oct. 1, 1645. "The Court thought fit to write to Mr. Williams, of Pascataqua, (understanding that the negers which Capt. Smyth brought were fraudulently & iniuriously taken & brought from Ginny, by Capt. Smith's Confession, & the rest of the Company,) that he forthwith send the neger which he had of Capt. Smyth hither, that he may be sent home, which the Court doth resolve to send back without delay."

Nov. 4, 1645. "The Generall Corte, conceiving themselves bound by the first oportunity to bear witness against the haynos & crying sinn of man stealing, as also to prescribe such timely redresse for what is past, & such a law for the future as may sufficiently deterr all others belonging to us to have to do in such vile & most odious courses, iustly abhorred of all good & just men, do order, that the negro interpreter, with others unlawfully taken, be, by the first oportunity, (at the charge of the country for present,) sent to his native country of Ginny, & a letter with him of the indignation of the Corte thereabouts, and iustice hereof, desireing our honored Governor would please to put this order in execution." — Vol. II. pp. 136, 168.

It must be observed, that for authorities regarding the English associations of the founders of the Colony, we have been

drawing chiefly from Mr. Haven's paper, which serves as an Introduction to the Records. The State's edition of the Records very properly omits all notes of whatever sort, except such as are necessary in explaining the handwriting of the manuscript, or other mechanical peculiarities. The two volumes are admirably printed, and are said to be the most precise reproduction of manuscript ever attempted in type. This is what the Massachusetts edition of the Massachusetts Records should be. All the ancient spelling is exactly followed. Even the abbreviations are copied, in type arranged for the purpose. If a bit of short-hand appears in the margin of the text, a *fac-simile* of it is in the printed book. And, as the book has been stereotyped, it has been possible, we learn, to secure, by successive revisions, a degree of accuracy which could not have been otherwise attained, and which leaves no danger of error. A very good *fac-simile* of the ancient seal is on the title-page. It is the same as the present seal of the State, but that now the State arms bear a crest, — the right arm holding a sword, — and that the old motto, "Come over and help us," so hospitable and at the same time so modest, is changed for Sydney's line (of which the arm is the nominative case): —

"Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem."

A change of motto could hardly be expected to show so well the change from a colony to a state.

We can conceive no motive but curiosity which shall ever induce any student henceforth to refer to the venerable manuscripts.

A small edition only has been printed, but the General Court itself is so well satisfied with the manner in which the task has been performed, that it has ordered a second edition, and directed that the next three volumes, and the beginning of the sixth, shall be printed in the same way. These bring up the records to the time of President Dudley, in 1686. For the presidency of Dudley in 1686, and for the first year of the usurpation of Andros, the records have recently been restored by copies from the State Paper Office in London. But from December 29, 1687, to the overthrow of Andros, there is a gap, — the only important gap in the records of the State, —

amounting to rather more than a year. The resolve now passed contemplates the printing of these copies, so as to bring the records up to the time when the folio edition of "The Acts and Laws, published in 1699 by Order of the Governor and Council," begins.

Such an authentic and complete monument of history as the two volumes which are now published make, is so interesting, when read with Mr. Haven's careful Introduction and his and Dr. Young's notes, and with Winthrop and the "Chronicles of Massachusetts" for guides, illustrations, and lighters where the text is heavy, that the "Records" lose the character of a statute-book, and assume much more that of volumes of annals.

It is an honor to Governor Clifford's administration, that he has opened them to his constituents. It would be impossible to ask that the work should be better done.

ART. IV. — 1. *Reports of the Trustees, Steward, and Superintendent of the Insane Hospital.* [Maine.] 1854.

2. *Reports of the Trustees, &c. of the Butler Hospital for the Insane.* Providence, R. I. 1854.

3. *Twenty-first Annual Report of the Trustees of the State Lunatic Asylum.* [Massachusetts.]

4. *Thirty-sixth Annual Report on the State of the Asylum for the Relief of Persons deprived of the Use of their Reason.* [Frankford, Pa.] 1854.

5. *Report of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, &c.* 1854.

6. *Annual Report of the Officers, &c. of the New Jersey State Lunatic Asylum.* 1854.

7. *Eleventh Annual Report of the Managers of the State Lunatic Asylum.* [New York.] 1854.

8. *Sixteenth Annual Report of the Ohio Lunatic Asylum.* 1854.

9. *Twenty-sixth Annual Report of the President, &c. of the Western Lunatic Asylum.* [Virginia.] 1854.

10. *Annual Reports of the Commissioners, &c. of the Indiana Hospital for the Insane.* 1854.
11. *Report of the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital.* 1854.

These documents remind us of a class of charitable institutions among us, strongly indicative of the philanthropy and science of our times. Those worthy people who see, in the future progress of the race, only a steady increase of selfishness and vice, would do well to consider the history of the noble enterprise which has been so rapidly and satisfactorily accomplished. Eighty years ago we had not a single establishment devoted exclusively to the care and treatment of the insane. Now they number nearly thirty, and contain about six thousand patients, supported, more or less, at the public expense. If modern humanity had no greater triumph to record than this, it would be amply sufficient to redeem the character of the age from the imputations which the faithless and desponding have been too ready to cast upon it. Such is the contrast between the management of the insane now, and what it was fifty years ago, that one can scarcely help suspecting that even the most faithful description of the latter is heightened by exaggeration and false coloring. But it is a fact, abundantly verified, that this unfortunate class has always included many who, long before the impress of the Divinity was entirely erased from their minds, were banished from the sight, and sooner or later, from the kindly sympathies of friends and relatives, and dragged on a wretched existence in jails and poor-houses, in cold and filth, in solitude and chains, abandoned to the tender mercies of ignorant and irresponsible keepers. Insanity is a terrible calamity at best, but then it was the climax of all human woes, for it contained an ingredient unknown in any other misfortune, — exclusion, not only from hearts and homes to which nature gave a claim, but from the sight of familiar faces, from the ministrations of kindness, and from every circumstance of hope or of joy. In this condition, the process of derangement and destruction was rapidly hastened, until nothing but a clod of the valley, a *caput mortuum* of humanity, remained. Now, on the con-

trary, in most parts of our country, the humblest individual, when stricken down by this calamity, receives the benefit of all the means and appliances which science has discovered and philanthropy brought into active operation, for the purpose of restoring him to himself and mitigating the evils incident to his lot. In comfortable apartments expressly designed for meeting the exigencies of his case, enjoying the pure air and light of heaven, perhaps in the midst of agreeable scenery, expending his surplus energies in useful employment, and guided in the ways of propriety by kind voices and gentle restrictions, he passes through the various stages of his disorder, whether terminating in recovery, or hopeless, chronic disease. And even when made fully aware of the magnitude of this contrast, few can properly appreciate the means by which the change was effected.

When Pinel entered the cells of the Bicêtre, and struck off the chains of the furious maniacs, he manifested that kind of courage, of self-reliance, and of superiority to the current notions of the age, which is indispensable to the success of any enterprise that is to constitute an epoch in the history of the race. Without precedent and against the remonstrances of his friends, guided and supported only by a faith, enlightened by the results of observation, no doubt, but still, no less wonderful nor sublime than the highest inspirations of genius, he dealt the first and the decisive blow at a treatment which, repulsive as it was, seemed to be required by an imperious necessity. About the same time, similar views were successfully acted upon in England, by a true-hearted Quaker, Benjamin Tuke, who, in the spirit of his faith, conceived that the insane, as well as the sane, would be best managed by methods of kindness, conciliation, and good-will. Aided by the benevolence of his sect, he established an institution near York, the management of which was distinguished by the complete, systematic exclusion of everything harsh, whether regarded as punishment or necessary restraint. Of course, some time was required before the influence of these experiments could be thoroughly impressed upon the management of the insane. Long after the fame of the York Retreat had spread over the kingdom, and nobles had solicited the privilege of sharing its

benefits, men were slow to believe that there was no natural affinity between insanity, and chains and stripes, and one could not traverse a lunatic hospital even in England, without witnessing whips, fetters, or iron collars. To inspire the patient with fear, and break his will, at all hazards, by blows, confinement, and every species of contumely, if milder means could not effect the object, was the cardinal principle in the moral treatment of the insane, up to a very recent period. Within the memory of the present generation, and within two hours' ride of this city, was a private establishment where bleeding and purgatives were not more relied upon, than harsh words, whipping, and partial drowning. The more refractory were inclosed in a coffin-like box pierced with holes, and then lowered into a well where they were kept submerged in the water, until the bubbles of air ceased to rise, when they were brought up, and by rubbing, warmth, and other restoratives, fully resuscitated. No attempt was made to conceal these practices. They were well known in the community, and supposed to belong to the most approved methods of treatment. In the infancy of even our most distinguished hospitals there was a deficiency of furniture and of other little conveniences, and a cheerlessness in all their appointments, which would scarcely be tolerated now.

In this country, the history of hospitals for the insane is comprised, for the most part, within a comparatively recent period. To the Old Dominion belongs the honor of possessing the first institution devoted exclusively to the care of the insane. It originated in an act of the Colonial government in 1769, and the building was opened for patients in 1773. Into the general hospitals founded in the principal cities, the insane had been admitted, with more or less special provision for their treatment. In some instances, one or two wards, in others, a distinct structure on the premises, was appropriated to their exclusive use. Insanity in its recent state was supposed by medical men to require, like other acute diseases, an active medication and a low diet, and to this end their attention was chiefly directed. Its mental element was very little regarded, and consequently the idea of operating directly upon the mind could seldom be discerned in the treatment of the physician. The

general fact that such operation is beneficial was undoubtedly admitted, and remarkable instances thereof had been recorded, but all this was very far from a recognition of the great principle, that the restoration and comfort of the insane require, in addition to drugs and diet, a special management of the moral and intellectual faculties. When this principle began to be recognized in our country, the inappropriateness and inefficiency of the existing arrangements became obvious, and thus originated the opinion, now universally received, that the proper care and treatment of the insane require that they should be associated together in establishments devoted exclusively to them, at a little distance from populous communities, and endowed with the necessary means for an efficient moral treatment. Coincident with this opinion there arose another equally important to the accomplishment of great results, namely, that the pauper insane are morally, if not legally, the wards of the State, and that, in order to fulfil the duties of this relation, the State must provide institutions expressly designed for their custody and cure. Next to Virginia, Massachusetts recognized her obligation as a State to provide for the insane, and the generous style in which she began to discharge it was shown in the hospital at Worcester, which was opened in 1833. From time to time other States followed the example, and now more than half of the whole number that compose the Union possess hospitals for their insane, supported, more or less, by their respective governments, while in several others the munificence of individuals has rendered the action of the State unnecessary.

Any account of American institutions for the insane, without particular mention of an individual whose labors, if measured by their results, are unparalleled in the history of benevolent enterprise, would be like acting the play with the part of Hamlet left out. During the last twelve or fifteen years, this indefatigable woman, without the advantages of fortune or even of robust health, but relying solely on her own strong will and the goodness of her cause, has made particular investigation of the condition of the insane in at least a dozen of the States and three or four of the British provinces; visiting, for this purpose, a large proportion of their jails, poor-houses,

and other receptacles of misfortune and disease. No obstacle has ever been allowed to deter her from pursuing and completing her inquiries. Steadily and quietly she has traversed the length and breadth of the land, and neither opposition nor reproach, neither the rigors of climate nor the pestilence that walketh at noonday, neither fatigue nor sickness, has found her, for a moment, faltering in her course. "In this voyage of discovery, this circumnavigation of charity," probably no other individual ever witnessed so much physical and mental suffering as she has, for the sole purpose of gauging its dimensions and preparing the proper measures for its relief. The facts thus obtained have been laid before the Legislatures of the respective States, and have proved to be an irresistible appeal, without a single exception, to their sense of humanity and justice. In most instances an act establishing a hospital has been passed and carried into effect without unreasonable delay. On no other occasion have the State Legislatures so promptly and effectively responded to the benevolent instincts of the heart, as they have, during the last twenty-five years, in providing for the welfare of this unfortunate and helpless class of our fellow-men.

It is to be regretted, however, that the movement has been too much controlled by economical considerations, and that too often the question has been, not how well, but how cheaply, the thing can be done. To meet this spirit, estimates of cost have been made too low, and consequently, points have been sacrificed that were absolutely necessary to the perfect attainment of the object. Hence ensued lame and unsatisfactory results calculated to discourage the benevolent and to fill the ignorant with suspicion and distrust. Of course, in undertakings of this kind economy is not to be disregarded, but when allowed to frustrate or mar an important end, it is no longer a virtue. The most superficial inspection of our lunatic hospitals will furnish abundant illustrations of this principle. Little conveniences that have become associated with every one's ideas of domestic comfort may have been omitted; the service is laborious, perhaps, and therefore imperfectly performed, for want of suitable arrangements; the classification of the patients may be poorly provided for, or the fixtures

frail and inadequately secured, or the supply of water deficient, or the ventilation trusted to nature. The whole establishment has a narrow and cramped appearance, probably with a mean exterior, presenting, perhaps, some abortive attempts at architectural display, while the grounds have been suffered to remain very much as Providence left them. The lunatic hospital does not exist among us, in which nothing is wanted to fit it completely for its destined purpose. It is far from being generally understood how important a part architectural arrangements act in the custody and cure of the insane. They are a substitute, in some degree, for human vigilance and care, and in many ways are intimately connected with the comfort of the inmates. Instead of being a matter of secondary consideration, to be determined by the fancy of the builder, they are in fact of the highest importance, and if managed in a spirit of niggardly economy, the institution is deprived, to that degree, of its power to accomplish its purpose, and is as clearly a specimen of folly as a mill with an inadequate supply of power, or a vessel with too large a draught for the stream it is to navigate.

The time will come, we hope, when nations will feel that their honor is more deeply affected by the condition of their benevolent institutions, than by those achievements in science or art which enable them to injure one another, or which, at most, only advance their material interests. If Brother Jonathan sends to his kindred over the water a reaper that creates an epoch in the history of agricultural improvements, or a yacht that outsails the fleetest craft, or a fire-arm that does unparalleled execution, Mr. Bull immediately sets about getting up a better reaper, or a swifter yacht, or a more destructive fire-arm. This only induces the younger brother to gird up his loins, and determine to outstrip himself. But when a hospital has been established by either, capable of fulfilling its proper objects to an unprecedented degree, we have never heard of any wonderful alacrity being displayed by the other in excelling or even imitating it. Had it been otherwise, we should not now be obliged to record the fact, that, within half a dozen years, lunatic hospitals better than some of ours which we have been pleased to call models have been pulled

down in England, to make way for others embracing the improvements of the time. That every existing establishment should, in its turn, be left behind by the progress of improvement, is just what might be expected, and furnishes no ground of complaint. But when they go up, not only without those improvements which have been introduced elsewhere, but disfigured by wretched contrivances and arrangements strictly original, we cannot help being chagrined and discouraged. Still we have faith to believe that we are not to be left behind in this sphere of benevolent enterprise, and that the nation which beats the universe in clippers, reapers, locks, and pistols, is not to be beaten without an effort in those institutions which are designed to accomplish a great work of humanity.

From an undue regard for economy, and deficient information, a bad model for our lunatic asylums was early adopted, and we have gone on ever since, with an occasional exception, repeating all its defects, and dropping, one after another, its better features. The central part of the building was appropriated to the officers, the domestics, and the various services required in a large household. To each end of it was joined that portion of the structure designed expressly for the patients. It had three stories, each containing two continuous ranges of bedrooms opening upon an intermediate hall or gallery as it is called, eight or ten feet in breadth and from fifty to a hundred feet in length. If additional means of accommodation were required, a similar structure was repeated, either joining the other at right angles, or lapping on at its end and extending in a parallel line. Smaller structures, at a little distance, were erected for the violent and noisy classes. Day-rooms and dining-rooms were obtained by omitting the partitions between two or three bedrooms, though frequently the gallery itself served as a day-room. Bathing-rooms and water-closets were forced into some obscure corner, though the latter were not always found anywhere, in the older structures. The room appropriated to the attendant was one of the range of bedrooms, with no especial facilities for observation. The galleries were low, and imperfectly lighted at one or both ends, and the staircases by which they communicated were winding and narrow. The building was warmed by

means of stoves, cockles, or furnaces in the cellar, which imparted their heat to an inadequate amount of fresh air, and also furnished no stinted supply of smoke or gas. A few flues in the walls, capable of carrying off a cupful of air, and terminating in the attic, performed the office of ventilation. The dread of expense and distrust of the patients led to a scanty supply of furniture, so that, beyond a bed by night and a bench by day, most of the patients had nothing around them but naked walls and a monotonous succession of bedroom doors. Even the rooms of the better classes were not always furnished with tables, looking-glasses, or wash-stands, and a carpet was something the wildest imagination had never dreamed of. The whole scene was cheerless, dismal, and forbidding; and if the patient were cured, it was not, certainly, in consequence of any favorable influence exerted by objects immediately around him.

The desire of obtaining something better has been occasionally felt, but from causes already adverted to, aided perhaps by a remarkable complacency in what had been actually done, the progress of improvement has been slow and fitful. The erection of the McLean Asylum, in this vicinity, opened in 1818, gave the first notable impulse to the art of hospital construction in this country. True, the old model, such as we have described, was used, but all its better qualities were retained, and some of its imperfections improved. Comfortable day-rooms, eating-rooms, bathing-rooms, and water-closets were provided, the fixtures were convenient, substantial, and well finished, and the whole interior had a tolerably light and cheerful aspect. But it was in the addition subsequently built, under the direction chiefly of Dr. Wyman, the superintendent, that the greatest advance was made. Besides the mental qualities desirable in one having charge of the insane, this gentleman possessed a constructive genius which was abundantly indicated in all his architectural arrangements. These he adapted to the peculiar exigencies of the insane with a degree of success which, under the circumstances, was certainly remarkable. He was not a man blindly to copy his model, but every feature of it was studied, and, generally, improved. The building which thus embodied the results of his ingenuity

and mechanical talent, and at the same time provided the means of carrying into effect his views of moral management, presented a great advance upon any previous structure of the kind. Many of its mechanical contrivances have never been surpassed, for the object was perfectly attained, though occasionally in a somewhat awkward and circuitous manner. Unlike too many who have labored in the same field, he never troubled himself with makeshifts. Whatever he did was designed for the future, and it bore indications of the substantial and the enduring. The lighter, frailer style of building, now so prevalent, may be cheaper in the outset, but it unquestionably is dearer in the end, and finally becomes not very agreeable to behold.

The establishment which next followed the McLean Asylum was erected by the State of Massachusetts, at Worcester, and though, in its general character, not very different from the former, yet it wanted many of the details designed to meet definite and important ends, while its cheap and flimsy style of construction presented a striking contrast to the finished, massive features of the other. Being intended for the poorer classes, it was unwisely concluded that every subordinate object might be disregarded, provided the principal one — the custody of the patient — were secured. It was the first considerable example of very cheap construction, and one, unfortunately, which building-committees have been too ready to imitate. A few years afterwards, a hospital for the insane was erected near New York, and another near Philadelphia, — offshoots from the General Hospitals of those cities. They are both highly creditable to the country, and in many of their details could scarcely be improved. In the latter, the provisions for the violent classes have been carried to a degree of excellence that has never been surpassed. At both institutions much attention has been given to the improvement of the grounds by judicious planting, until they have become uncommonly beautiful. This is a point which has been deplorably neglected among us, and nothing could be more barren or cheerless than the grounds around many of our hospitals for the insane. Few persons — sane or insane — have so little sense of beauty as not to be favorably impressed by trees and

shrubs, groves, gardens, walks and fountains, tastefully disposed; and such impressions may be regarded as among the most salutary that can be made upon the disordered mind.

It will be unnecessary to allude particularly to the hospitals that have been erected within the last eight or ten years. While the most of them have each some particular merit of its own, they labor under the common defect of being more or less behind the times. Desirous of avoiding this fault, the Trustees of the Butler Hospital in Providence, R. I., before erecting their building, engaged Dr. Bell, the superintendent of the McLean Asylum, to visit Europe, in 1845, and gather such information as would be available for their purpose. Guided by the results of his observations abroad, as well as of his own practical experience in the care of the insane, he digested a plan differing in many important features from any other among us, and differing, we believe, for the better. It was adopted by the Trustees, with a few unessential changes required by their pecuniary means, and we doubt not it has exerted a favorable influence upon the progress of hospital construction in this country. Its lofty ceilings, its broad galleries with only a single range of bedrooms, its appropriate arrangements for attendants, its commodious associated dormitories, and its graceful elevation, have been more or less copied in subsequent establishments, which, but for this example, might have been only repetitions of the old model.

These institutions have now become so numerous that their proper functions and true position will soon, we trust, be more correctly appreciated than they have been hitherto. For several years past, the medical gentlemen who have charge of them have met together annually, in different places, to confer upon the various subjects connected with their calling, to exchange ideas, and from their mutual communications to derive fresh light and vigor in the prosecution of their work. Their conclusions, especially when sanctioned by the unanimous voice of the association, are justly entitled to a degree of confidence that would scarcely be claimed for the views of any individual. At their convention in 1851, they put forth unanimously a series of propositions relative to the construction of hospitals for the insane, embodying the results to

which the progress of knowledge had unquestionably led. These have already been regarded with some deference by building-committees, and it is to be hoped that their authority will soon be universally recognized. Availing ourselves of their suggestions as well as the results of our own experience, we shall describe the most prominent of those arrangements which are desirable, if not indispensable, in a hospital for the insane.

The general form now usually adopted for these establishments, being unquestionably the best adapted to our circumstances, while it also combines the greatest number of advantages, is what is called the linear, — the different portions of the edifice joining one another at their extremities, in regular succession. The method somewhat common abroad, of building in several quadrangles of a single story, though well enough in such regions as France and Italy, where much of the patients' time can, and indeed must be, spent in the open air, is inadmissible with us, where many circumstances, especially facilities of warming and ventilation, require a more concentrated arrangement. Whether the different portions of the edifice should be placed on the same or parallel lines, or join one another at right angles, is a question of subordinate importance, for each has its advantages, and in neither is any important point sacrificed. In this country they have usually been three stories high, but in an establishment designed for two hundred or two hundred and fifty patients, — and that should be the extreme limit of capacity, — every purpose of convenience, to say nothing of architectural effect, can be obtained with two stories, excepting in the projections and extremities, which might be carried up an additional story, to be used for dormitories, or work-rooms. The kitchen, laundry, &c. are often placed in the basement, but, for many reasons, they had better be in a separate structure, either joined to or a little remote from the main one. If the former plan is adopted, the communication may be sufficiently interrupted to prevent the transmission of odors, by discontinuing the masonry at the point of junction, and substituting a lattice of iron or stone, provided with shutters. A current of air would then pass from one side to the other, and thus prevent, in a

great measure, an evil of no trifling magnitude in an establishment where pure air is a necessary of life.

The cellar may be used for store-rooms, warming-apparatus, &c., but never for patients' rooms. The association declares, in the propositions just referred to, that no lodging-room for patients should be below the level of the ground. Such rooms must always be badly lighted, and often so damp as to be unhealthy. In one of our largest hospitals, where they were extensively provided, it was found by several years' experience that the inmates were prone to diarrhœa and dysentery, and they were finally abandoned. A more unfortunate attempt at economy has seldom been made, and we trust that no future building-committee will be fool-hardy enough to repeat it.

The space on which the bedrooms open, called by the various names of hall, gallery, and corridor, is, in most of our institutions, a passage-way eight or ten feet wide, between two ranges of bedrooms, and imperfectly lighted at one or both ends. This gallery is something more than a means of access to the bedrooms, for it usually serves as a day-room. It should never be less than twelve feet wide, and should have but one range of rooms opening upon it. On the other side, the light should be admitted through spacious windows, and thus the inmates should have constantly before their eyes the surrounding country, which is, certainly, a more agreeable object to behold, than a monotonous range of doors in a dreary expanse of brick wall. This form of gallery has always prevailed in Great Britain, and we have abandoned it solely from considerations of economy.

It is always desirable that there should be connected with the gallery an apartment to be used especially as a day-room. Where the gallery is merely a walk between two ranges of rooms, this is indispensable; and even where there is but one range, such a room is required for the inmates to retire to when the gallery is washed or swept. It has a more domestic look than a long gallery, and that alone makes an agreeable impression.

Besides the single bedrooms, provision should be made for lodging a portion of the patients in associated dormitories.

They have been but recently introduced in this country, and form a very important improvement in our modes of accommodation. This has always been the method in general hospitals, but it was supposed to be improper for the insane, under the apprehension that they would disturb, if not injure, one another. This objection, however, is found in practice not to be well grounded. Disturbances may occasionally occur, but when restless and irritable subjects are kept out, and the attendant is at hand, as he always should be, they must be exceedingly rare, and easily quieted. The apprehension of danger from sudden outbreaks or mischievous impulses is felt only by those who have had but little practical acquaintance with the insane, since accidents of this kind have seldom occurred. The advantages possessed by associated dormitories over single ones, in regard to some classes of patients, have been too clearly exhibited to those who have been conversant with their operation, to leave any room for doubt on the subject. To the timid, who fear to be alone, they are far more agreeable than single rooms, and for the suicidal, as well as many others who require some supervision in the night, they are preferable, because the necessary watching can be more easily and effectually performed. Not only so, but it is questionable whether the objections urged against these rooms are not actually outweighed by those which lie against single rooms. The proportion of inmates for which they are suitable must vary, in some degree, with their social condition; and we can only say it should range from one fifth to one third of the whole number. They should be designed for not less than four nor more than twelve, and should always be contiguous to a water-closet and an attendant's room.

The attendants' rooms, as usually located, present no facility for observation, nor any other advantage. In the Butler Hospital they are placed at the right angle formed by the junction of two galleries, and thus are equally accessible from both galleries, while the attendants are thus enabled the more readily to act in concert. The room too forming a thoroughfare between the two galleries, the attendants are themselves subject to an easy supervision, and this is no slight advantage.

The common practice has been to provide every gallery

with a bathing-room; but for the most part such rooms should be placed in the cellar or basement. We thus save room for more important purposes, and avoid the dampness and exposure which render the bathing operation so disagreeable in the gallery. For similar reasons and with similar limitations, the dining-rooms, which are usually contiguous to the gallery, may be placed in some other part of the house. This is the arrangement at the Philadelphia Hospital, and though on some accounts approved, it is, we believe, open to objections that more than counterbalance all its advantages. But whichever plan may be adopted, each group of patients occupying a gallery should be kept distinct from the others, while at their meals, as well as at other times. The objects of a proper classification would be frustrated by intercourse there as effectually as anywhere else. This result would seem to be quite obvious; but in the new hospital at Taunton, all the patients upon each story, some forty in number, and occupying three different galleries, are brought to their meals in a common room. If such an arrangement do not prove highly inconvenient, to say the least of it, then, certainly, we shall have a new fact in the art of managing hospitals for the insane.

The disposal of the violent and noisy class has always been a subject of much diversity of opinion, because every practicable mode involves some unavoidable disadvantage. The course adopted to some extent in Europe, and generally here, is to place them in smaller buildings at a little distance from the main edifice. In this way, perhaps, their noise is not so audible to others, but there is reason to fear that this result is obtained by the sacrifice of more important considerations. Any arrangement which withdraws the patient from the easy and effectual supervision of the officers is inadmissible, except from the clearest necessity. No class requires such supervision more than the one in question. Being the least capable of caring for themselves, they most demand the interposition of the attendant, who, moreover, is most likely to abuse his power, under the trials of temper incident to the care of such patients. Their condition is not only more variable, but the superior discernment of the physician is often needed, to perceive the changes in their sanitary state, which, as well as

their common wants, might otherwise sometimes escape observation. That the kind of supervision which is indispensably necessary to the welfare of these patients is prevented, in a great degree, where they are placed in separate buildings, none will deny who have been conversant with both arrangements. Can any one suppose that a part of the establishment which can be reached only by going into the open air, and encountering such weather as may happen to offer, will be as often and as closely inspected, as those which are under the same roof? Besides, the transference of patients from the principal building to these outhouses cannot always be effected, without improper exposure of the person and irritation of the feelings. To enter a patient's room in the night, hastily put on his clothes, and bear him off to another place of confinement, is an act well adapted to excite his fears and to leave disagreeable impressions. By having the galleries designed for this class of patients component parts of the main building, we avoid all these unpleasant results, while it is not quite certain that we need to encounter that which is most strongly apprehended, — the annoyance supposed to be inevitably caused by their proximity to others. Where these apartments are placed at the extremities of the building, the transmission of sound may be almost entirely prevented by interposing a range of closets and entries; or, what is still better, by having the walls entirely separate, but connected by some lattice contrivance. Apartments for violent patients need differ but little, in appearance, from others, excepting one or two on the male side. It is of immense importance that the impressions made upon patients in the more active stage of the disease should be as little calculated as possible to excite the idea of imprisonment, or to connect their recollections of this period with painful associations. In their calmer intervals, when capable of observing what is around them, they should not be reminded of a jail, nor even miss the little conveniences which they can appreciate. For the most part, their sleeping-rooms should be provided with ordinary windows properly guarded, and if the door is battened, and the walls plastered with mortar made of hydraulic lime, they will have all the necessary strength, without its being obtrusively apparent.

In furnishing them, as well as the halls on which they open, everything should be avoided that would tend to produce disagreeable impressions. The fixtures and the finishing should be strong, no doubt, but it does not follow, as the common practice among us would indicate, that no other consideration need be cared for. Nothing could more effectually nourish the suspicions and alarms that torment the insane mind, than the apartments too often allotted to the patients in question. We have seen some grievous specimens of this kind, which we were disposed to attribute to the imperfect notions that would naturally attend the earlier stages of this enterprise; but it has been reserved for our own time and our own Commonwealth to outdo them all, in every quality capable of suggesting ideas of wretchedness and degradation. In the new hospital at Taunton, the apartments for the violent classes consist of a block of cells — no other term can give a better idea of their peculiar form and aspect — entirely surrounded by a narrow walk. To complete their resemblance to the cells of a jail, the walls are of brick neither plastered nor painted, the floors of stone, and the doors formed of round iron bars. They are lighted indirectly from the windows that open on the walk, and warmed, ostensibly, by hot air admitted through the door from the walk. How hot this air must be made in order to warm the stone floors, on which the inmates frequently lie entirely divested of clothing, is a question which was probably never considered by the building-committee. We are also obliged to add, that in this part of the house, where, of all others, is required the amplest provision for cleanliness, not a bathing-room nor a water-closet is to be found. True, these accommodations are not far off, but they are placed in a different gallery and designed for thirty or forty other patients. In short, if it had been the actual intention to make this portion of the establishment as nearly like a jail as possible, — as strong and as repulsive, — the attempt could not have been more successful.

Nothing in the arrangements of a hospital for the insane is more closely connected with the comfort and health of the inmates, than the method of warming and ventilation. Within a few years this has been a subject of much discussion and

experiment, and some diversity of opinion still prevails. Everybody understands that, in apartments occupied by a considerable number of persons, the air becomes vitiated by their respiration and perspiration, especially if they are sick; and everybody admits that this vitiated air must somehow be expelled, and replaced by pure air. How this change can be best effected is the question sought to be answered in the various methods of ventilation which have been introduced or proposed. Next to the primitive method, which leaves the matter to the doors and windows, the oldest and most prevalent in our hospitals is to make flues in the walls, leading from each apartment to the attic, through which the vitiated air is supposed to rise, and thence to escape by openings in the roof; while the fresh air is admitted from without into a chamber in the basement or cellar, and thence distributed, by flues in the walls, to the different apartments. In cold weather, the fresh air is first warmed by coming into contact with some heating apparatus. This contrivance is probably better than none, though very far from accomplishing the object. If the foul air would *always* rise, and the fresh air *always* follow it, this method would be tolerably satisfactory, though the current might not be rapid enough to maintain the purity of the air. But neither theory nor experiment shows that such is actually the fact. Whether the internal air ascends or not, must depend entirely on its temperature as compared with that of the external air. So long as the former is the warmest, as it often is, undoubtedly, it will rise and escape; but otherwise the current is just as likely to be in the opposite direction. But even under the most favorable circumstances, there are always, in apartments arranged like those of a hospital, local or temporary draughts, sufficient to prevent the regular and uniform discharge of the vitiated air. This fact is sufficiently evident to the senses, in all those parts of the house where the condition of the patients requires the most active ventilation. It may now be regarded as one of the established facts of science, that no method of ventilating a hospital is really entitled to the name, which does not depend on some artificial force. By the arrangement which has proved most efficient and economical, the foul-air flues lead to a central shaft heated by

fire or steam, the rarefaction of the air thus produced becoming a strong exhaustive power. Several hospitals and prisons in England are ventilated in this way, and the principle has just been admirably applied in a part of the McLean Asylum and in the hospital at Taunton, although in the latter the foul-air flues are quite too few and small for the work, and, what is still more objectionable, the foul air of the halls must pass through the sleeping-rooms in order to escape. Instead of a special structure for this purpose, the chimney which serves for the kitchen, bakery, laundry, &c. may be constructed with a ventilating-flue so connected with the smoke-flue as to be warmed by its heat. Thus we obtain a sufficient power, day and night, summer and winter, without the slightest expense for maintenance.

A method of warming the air in hospitals, almost universal until recently, is to introduce it into a chamber in the basement, where it is heated by a furnace or stove of some kind, and thence distributed by flues to the different parts of the house. By this means, the air is often vitiated by coming in contact with red-hot iron, the smoke and ashes escape through leaks in the apparatus, and find their way into the apartments, the moving of fuel and ashes is a noisy and dirty process, and the numerous fires increase the danger of conflagration. For these reasons, in several of our recently erected hospitals, steam or hot water, circulating through pipes laid in the air-chamber, is used for imparting heat to the fresh air, the boiler being placed in a separate structure.

The use of steam and of hot water for warming buildings is so recent, that their relative merits are not yet satisfactorily settled. Steam requires more expensive fixtures, and the cost of its production is greater. It needs to be managed by a person somewhat skilled in the apparatus, whose unexpected absence would be followed by great inconvenience,—a contingency not to be disregarded in a community not abounding in this class of men. The fixtures for hot water are much less expensive, and its management can be easily learned. The only point open to doubt is the efficiency of this plan, for it has not been so extensively tried as to render its success in cold climates unquestionable. In a part of the McLean Asy-

lum it has been used for the last three years, with satisfactory results, and in the Maine Hospital at Augusta it has been found quite adequate to the purpose. These instances would seem to remove any reasonable doubt of the practical efficiency of hot water in any part of New England. In those states of the weather when a little, and but a little, warmth is required, and especially in our Southern States, in the coldest seasons, this method of warming seems to be peculiarly suitable, because the amount of heat can be more easily regulated than by any other mode.

The external appearance of the hospital may be supposed to have but little, if any, connection with its principal objects, — the comfort and restoration of the patients. As it regards the greater part of them, certainly, this may be true, but there are some on whom the aspect of the building leaves a strong impression. This class of persons is steadily increasing with the general progress of refinement, and especially with the growing conviction of the superior advantages possessed by these institutions over every other method of managing the insane. It is a matter of duty, therefore, to prevent the unpleasing associations which a factory or prison-like aspect is adapted to excite, by giving to the buildings such forms, proportions, and arrangements as are calculated to gratify a correct taste. This has seldom been done among us, for most of our hospitals not only exhibit the mean and ungraceful appearance which characterizes our public buildings in general, but they have an additional ugliness peculiarly their own. It is one of our national fallacies to believe that the graceful and pleasing in architecture is necessarily expensive, under the impression that it depends entirely on costly decorations. Hence, with our proclivity to economy, it would seem as if we had determined to make our hospitals as unsightly as possible. With few exceptions, they weary the eye with their monotonous walls of brick or stone, three or four stories high, pierced with numerous apertures for letting in light, and unrelieved by hood-moulding or drip-stone, pilaster or arch, projection or recess. When, by chance, some outlay is decided upon for a mere matter of taste, it is lavished, most probably, upon a row of trumpery pillars over the prin-

cipal entrance, or a dismal cupola perched like an incubus on the roof. Our people have yet to learn that such decorations, even when faultless in themselves, impart no architectural beauty to an edifice otherwise devoid of it. The ugliest pile of brick and stone among our lunatic hospitals needed only its row of noble columns in front, that cost enough to have made it one of the finest buildings in the country, to force its ugliness irresistibly upon the spectator. It needs to be impressed upon this generation, that a pleasing architectural effect can be produced, not by a special ornament thrust in here and there, as if to monopolize the admiration of the beholder, but only by the harmonious arrangement of the different parts, by correctness of proportion, by the graceful forms of the essential members, and especially by a unity of spirit and purpose pervading the whole structure.

The enormities that have been committed on our public buildings, in the shape of unmeaning ornament, have probably oftener been prompted by an uncultivated taste than by any regard for economy. Not many months since, the most eminent architect in our country was requested to furnish a design for the elevation of a lunatic hospital about to be erected not far from this city. The design was prepared, and, as might have been expected, was peculiarly appropriate and beautiful. Nobody supposed that it would prove expensive, but the building-committee were more taken with that of the contractor, in which the ornamental work consisted of a series of pilasters projecting from the wall at intervals of some fifteen or twenty feet, and of a set of cupolas of assorted sizes; and accordingly this plan was forthwith embodied in wood and brick. Insanity is bad enough at best; but to oblige the unhappy sufferer, whose sense of the beautiful in nature or art may not be impaired, to behold, day after day, an exhibition of architectural ugliness, is to put a new element of bitterness into his bitter cup. In hospitals for the insane, the elevation must be necessarily subordinate to the ground plan; but the latter, if well adapted to its purpose, will admit of all the freedom the architect could wish. The style of building which will be found to meet the various ends of a hospital for the insane in the best manner, while it gratifies the most fastidious taste, is what is techni-

cally called the Elizabethan. It has, both from association and use, a strongly domestic character, and therefore is peculiarly appropriate to these establishments, in which it is desirable to avoid whatever might suggest the idea of something special and public. Frequent interruptions in the line of the ground plan find no impediment in the elevation, the projections of which, by throwing large masses of the building into shadow, give it an air of dignity and grace not to be found in any considerable extent of unbroken surface. Towers, which belong to this style of construction, would be a convenient receptacle for stair-cases, water-closets, bathing-rooms, &c., and the diversity of size and shape admissible in the doors and windows is admirably calculated to meet the diversity of uses for which they are required. The same kind of flexibility in regard to more important portions of the edifice, renders their enlargement easy when required, without affecting their mutual adaptation and dependence. The roofs too, which are apt to be unsightly objects, may be rendered quite pleasing by means of dormer windows and clustered chimneys. In England, the Surrey Asylum, near Wandsworth, and in our own country, the hospital just erected in Nashville, Tennessee, which in point of architectural merit may challenge comparison with any similar American building, show what a pleasing effect may be produced by the tasteful introduction of the distinctive features of the Tudor style. The Lombard style, recently brought into notice by Mr. Hope, is also beautifully appropriate to buildings which, like lunatic hospitals, are composed of several extensive ranges. An example of this kind may be seen in the railway station at Providence, designed by a rising artist, who has the rare merit of seeking to please, rather by investing the essential parts of the structure with graceful forms and proportions, than by a profuse display of decoration having no reference to anything else.

If any class of buildings in the world should be constructed with reference to security against fire, it certainly is hospitals for the insane, while, in fact, none are more deficient in this respect. The question is now beginning to be agitated, whether the public good does not require the exclusive employment of incombustible materials in the construction of stores and other

similar buildings in crowded streets, and it is not improbable that, within a few years, wood will be but little used for this purpose. If the protection of property demands this kind of security against fire, much more should that of human life, under the extraordinary exposure to which it is subjected in a hospital for the insane. Iron, stone, or bricks could be substituted for wood in all parts, unless, perhaps, we except the flooring, which, in our cold climates, would be hardly comfortable if made of any other material than wood. Wooden floors, however, should always be laid upon bricks or tiles. Provision should be made for keeping a considerable quantity of water in the attics, for the exclusive purpose of arresting fires. It should be conducted to the cellar in metallic pipes connected with hydrants in every gallery, to which hose may be applied. By this means, the expense of which is trifling, every part of the building may be flooded, with scarcely a moment's delay. It would, in all human probability, have prevented the deplorable conflagration which destroyed the lunatic hospital of a neighboring State, and with it a score or more of helpless beings. Other provisions should not be neglected, but they will vary with the circumstances of the different establishments. Where a steam-engine is used, it should be able, by means of a suitable contrivance, to draw water and throw it wherever it might be needed. At the Butler Hospital, in addition to both of these provisions, a rotary pump placed in front of the building and worked by horses, draws water from cisterns in the cellar, and, with sufficient length of hose, can throw it on any part of the roof.

We are unwilling to leave the subject without a word upon the kind of supervision and direction usually provided for the building of lunatic hospitals. Here is the source of most of their deficiencies, and while it continues, it would be idle to expect a better class of institutions. The first step is the appointment of a building-committee, whose business it is to procure a plan, make the contracts, and superintend the work. Their most common qualification for the office is a little political notoriety; their least common, a practical acquaintance with these institutions, and a familiarity with the details of construction. In fact, most of them, had they been appointed

to build a clipper-ship or to codify the laws of the State would have been as well fitted for the service by their previous habits or pursuits. As a sort of preparatory exercise, they visit similar institutions within a few hours' ride, look at the arrangements, question the superintendents on one point and another, and perhaps take notes of what they see and hear. Apparently, this is a very proper way of attaining their object; but actually it is often useless, and sometimes worse. Not knowing exactly what to observe, or, rather, observing everything with equal attention, having no clew to the points most entitled to inquiry, incapable of distinguishing the essential from the accidental, or a defect from a merit, the result is only an accumulation of irrelevant and undigested facts. Puzzled and perplexed with conflicting views, unable to analyze the evidence before them, and to fix its relative value, completely bewildered in a maze of new and peculiar facts, they become ready at last to catch at any suggestion that promises, in any way, to extricate them from their embarrassment; and the conclusion of the whole matter is a patched-up plan for which nobody is willing to be responsible. The physician appointed to take charge of the institution, finding arrangements totally unsuitable for certain purposes, in addition to general unfitness and deficiency, calls upon the Directors, or Trustees, to whom the committee have given up the building, for alterations absolutely necessary, in his opinion, to render the inmates safe and comfortable. Of course, something is done, but an ungrateful work like this is never thoroughly effected, and thus every year brings with it a host of fresh wants which should have been provided for in the beginning, and many of which can never afterwards be properly met. Water-closets and wash-basins that would be torn up within a week can be easily replaced by more substantial fixtures; but many a blunder embodied in brick or stone will always remain, defying every attempt at change. All this arises from a fundamental mistake of the building-committee, in supposing that the proper discharge of their duty requires that they should make themselves acquainted with points of a strictly professional nature. These personal investigations, as they are usually and almost necessarily pursued, may afford some gratification,

but can never accomplish the object sought for. It is a very significant fact, that some of the most imperfect lunatic hospitals in our country were preceded by the most diligent and extensive personal investigations on the part of the building-committee. True, no other method would be likely to be followed by entire success, but flagrant and intolerable errors might be avoided. Let building-committees advertise for plans, submit them, when offered, to the examination of men practically conversant with these institutions, and obtain their views respecting the plans, and their reasons for or against each of them; and then they are in a position to decide satisfactorily upon conflicting opinions. Their decision may be erroneous in many respects, but it will have the merit of being intelligent and well matured. This is the course adopted with regard to other edifices, and we see no reason to believe that it is not equally applicable to hospitals for the insane.

ART. V. — 1. *The Works of* JOSEPH ADDISON. *Edited, with Critical and Explanatory Notes, by* GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1854. 5 vols.
2. *The Spectator; a New Edition, carefully revised, with Prefaces Historical and Biographical, by* ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1853. 6 vols.

THERE is not a name in the annals of English literature more widely associated with pleasant recollections than that of Addison. His beautiful hymns trembled on our lips in childhood; his cheerful essays first lured us, in youth, to a sense of the minor philosophy of life; we tread his walk at Oxford with loving steps, — gaze on his portrait, at Holland House or the Bodleian Gallery, as on the lineaments of a revered friend, — recall his journey into Italy, his ineffectual maiden speech, his successful tragedy, his morning studies, his evenings at Button's, his unfortunate marriage, and his holy death-

bed, as if they were the experiences of one personally known, as well as fondly admired; and we muse beside the marble that designates his sepulchre in Westminster Abbey, between those of his first patron and his most cherished friend, with an interest such as is rarely awakened by the memory of one familiar to us only through books. The harmony of his character sanctions his writings; the tone of the Spectator breathes friendliness as well as instruction; and the tributes of contemporaries to his private worth, and of generations to his literary excellence, combine with our knowledge of the vicissitudes of his life, to render his mind and person as near to our sympathies as they are high in our esteem. Over his faults we throw the veil of charity, and cherish the remembrance of his benevolence and piety, his refinement and wisdom, as the sacred legacy of an intellectual benefactor.

This posthumous regard is confirmed by the appreciation of his coevals. Not only did Addison find a faithful patron in Halifax and a cordial recognition from the public; but these testimonies to the merit of the author were exceeded by the love and deference bestowed on the man. Sir Richard Steele, with all his frank generosity, was jealous of Tickell's place in the heart of their common friend, to whom Tickell's elegiac tribute has been justly pronounced one of the most feeling and graceful memorials of departed excellence in English verse. When Budgell, a contributor to the Spectator, became a suicide, he endeavored to justify the rash act by the example and reasoning of Addison's Cato. When Pope turned his satirical muse upon the gentle essayist, he polished the terms and modified the censure, as if involuntary respect chastened the spirit of ridicule. Dryden welcomed him to the ranks of literature, and Boileau greeted him with praise on his first visit to France. Throughout his life, the distinction he gained by mental aptitude and culture was confirmed by integrity and geniality of character. Even party rancor yielded to the moral dignity and kindliness of Addison; and his opponents, when in power, respected his intercession, and would not suffer difference of opinion to chill their affection. Lady Montagu thought his company delightful. Lord Chesterfield declared him the most modest man he

had ever seen. When he called Gay to his bedside and asked forgiveness, with his dying breath, for some unrecognized negligence with regard to that author's interest, the latter protested, with tearful admiration, that he had nothing to pardon and everything to regret. Swift's jealousy of Addison is an emphatic proof of his merit; — the literary gladiator, unsatisfied with his triumphs, obviously turned a jaundiced eye upon the literary artist, whose object was social reform and intellectual diversion, instead of party warfare and intolerant satire. "I will not," said the cynical Dean, "meddle with the Spectator, let him *fair sex* it to the world's end." The allusion to the improvement of women, to which this new form of literature so effectually ministered, is unfortunate, as coming from a man who, at the very time, was ruthlessly trifling with the deepest instincts of the female heart. Woman is, indeed, indebted to Addison and his fraternity, for giving a new impulse to her better education, and a more generous scope to her intellectual tastes. So much was this aim and result of the Spectator recognized, that Goldoni, in one of his comedies, alludes to a female philosopher as made such by the habitual perusal of it. Johnson's observations on Addison are reverent, as well as critical; he pays homage to his character, and advises all who desire to acquire a pure English style, to make a study of his writings. Nor have such tributes ceased with the fluctuations of taste and the progress of time. Of all the eloquent illustrations of English literary character which Macaulay's brilliant rhetoric has yielded, not one glows with a warmer appreciation, or more discriminating, yet lofty praise, than the beautiful Essay on Addison's Life and Writings, prefixed to the edition before us, which is the most complete and best annotated that has yet appeared.

All the early editions were based upon Tickell's, which was the first published by authority. Subsequent issues differed only in some additional material, — as, in one case, the play of "The Drummer," and, in another, the "Comparison of Ancient and Modern Learning," — until Bishop Hurd's edition made its appearance. He was too exclusively a polemic and verbal critic to be a desirable editor of Addison. Many of his notes are like the corrections which a schoolmaster makes

in a boy's theme. As this edition, however, has been a standard one, the American publisher has perhaps wisely made it the basis of the present; and his choice of an editor is amply justified by the admirable notes appended to the text. The American editor's extensive classical and historical knowledge has enabled him to supply omissions, to explain incongruities, and to illustrate, by reference to the times of Addison, the significance and point of many of his allusions. In these handsome volumes, we have, in addition to the more familiar writings of the author, "The Old Whig," never before included in his works; and to make this more intelligible, Steele's "Plebeian," to which it is a reply, is added. Both of these series of papers are very rare. Johnson had never seen them. All the letters of Addison that could be discovered have also been collected; and thus we have, for the first time, in a single work, the entire published writings of this favorite British classic. The volumes are neatly printed, but, not being of uniform size, are somewhat inconvenient, and the engraved portrait is unworthy of the work; though in all other respects the edition reflects the highest credit on the judgment of the publisher and the literary skill of the editor.

The new edition of the Spectator, named at the head of this article, is one of the best specimens of typography that has lately appeared; and the work supplies a desideratum, there having been previously no handsome edition of this standard periodical in the book-market. We are gratified to record these instances of good taste and conservative enterprise; and the ready sale which both works have found is a hopeful sign of the times, and evinces a general integrity of appreciation in relation to what is truly excellent in English literature, which should rebuke the less graceful and more piquant school of writers at present so much in vogue.

The tranquil and religious atmosphere of an English parsonage chastened the early days of Addison; and although a few traditions indicate that he was given to youthful pranks, it is evident that the tenor of his character was remarkably thoughtful and reserved. During his ten years' residence at Oxford, he was a devoted and versatile student, and it is to the discipline of classical acquirements that we owe the fastid-

ious correctness of his style. The mastery he obtained over the Latin tongue revealed to him the nice relations between thought and language; and he wrote English with the simplicity, directness, and grace which still render the Spectator a model of prose composition. Seldom has merely correct and tasteful verse, however, been so lucrative as it proved to him. His Latin poems first secured his election to Magdalen College; his translations of a part of the Georgics, and their inscription to Dryden, drew from that veteran author the warmest recognition; his poem to King William obtained for him the patronage of Lord Somers, Keeper of the Great Seal, to whom it was addressed; his poetical epistle to Montagu from Italy was but the graceful acknowledgment of the Chancellor's agency in procuring him a pension of three hundred pounds; his poem of "The Campaign," written at the request of Lord Godolphin, to celebrate the victory of Hochstadt, gained him the office of Commissioner of Appeals; and thenceforth we find him appointed to successive and profitable offices, from that of Keeper of the Records in Birmingham's Tower, to that of Secretary of State, from which he retired with a pension of fifteen hundred pounds. Besides official visits to Hanover and Ireland, soon after his literary qualifications had won him the patronage of Halifax, he made a tour abroad, remained several months at Blois to perfect himself in French, mingled with the best circles of Paris, Rome, and Geneva, and surveyed the historical scenes of the Italian peninsula with the eyes of a scholar. These opportunities to study mankind and to observe nature were not lost upon Addison. He was ever on the alert for an original specimen of humanity, and interested by natural phenomena, as well as cognizant of local associations derived from a thorough knowledge of Roman authors. We can imagine no culture more favorable to the literary enterprise in which he subsequently engaged, than this solid basis of classical learning, followed by travel on the Continent, where entirely new phases of scenery, opinions, and society were freely revealed to his intelligent curiosity, and succeeded by an official career that brought him into responsible contact with the realities of life. Thus enriched by his lessons of experience and disciplined by

accurate study, when Addison first sent over from Ireland a contribution to his friend Steele's Tatler, he unconsciously opened a vein destined to yield intellectual refreshment to all who read his vernacular language, and to ally his name to the most agreeable and useful experiment in modern literature.

Never did the art of writing prove a greater personal blessing than to Addison. His knowledge, wit, and taste were not at his oral command, except in the society of intimate friends; the presence of strangers destroyed his self-possession, and as a public speaker he failed through constitutional diffidence. Yet no one excelled him in genial and suggestive conversation. The fluency and richness of his colloquial powers were alike remarkable; but the world knew him only as a respectable poet and scholar and a faithful civic officer, until the Spectator inaugurated that peculiar kind of literature which seemed expressly made to give scope to such a nature as his. There he talked on paper in association with an imaginary club, and under an anonymous signature. No curious eyes made his tongue falter; no pert sarcasm brought a flush to his cheek. In the calm exercise of his benign fancy and wise criticism, he made his daily comments upon the fashion, literature, and characters of the day, with all the playful freedom of coffee-house discussion, united to the thoughtful style of private meditation. Thus his sensitive mind had full expression, while his native modesty was spared; and the Spectator was his confessional, where he uttered his thoughts candidly in the ear of the public, without being awed by its obvious presence. Taste, and not enthusiasm, inspired Addison; hence his slender claim to the title of a poet. His rhymes, even when faultless and the vehicles of noble thoughts, rarely glow with sentiment; they are usually studied, graceful, correct, but devoid of poetic significance; and yet, owing to the dearth of poetry in his day and the partialities incident to friendship and to faction, Addison enjoyed an extensive reputation as a poet. There are beautiful turns of expression in his "Letter from Italy," — usually considered the best of his occasional poems; the famous simile of the angel and some animated rhetoric redeem "The Campaign" from entire mediocrity; and scholars will find numerous instances of felici-

tous rendering into English verse, in his translations. Yet these incidental merits do not give Addison any rank in the highest department of literature to readers familiar with Burns and Byron, Coleridge and Wordsworth. He was an eloquent rhymer, but no legitimate votary of the Muse. It is the dying soliloquy of "Cato" alone that now survives; and yet few English tragedies, of modern date, were introduced with such eclat or attended by more tributary offerings. Pope, Steele, and Dr. Young sounded its praises in verse; the Whig party espoused it as a classic embodiment of liberal principles; and its production has been called the grand climacteric of Addison's reputation. On the night of its first representation, we are told that the author "wandered behind the scenes with restless and unappeasable solicitude." So far as immediate success may be deemed a test of ability, he had reason to be satisfied with the result. The play was acted at London and Oxford, for many nights, with great applause. "Cato," writes Pope, "was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours." What revolutions in public taste have since occurred; and how difficult is it to reconcile the admiration this drama excited with the subsequent appreciation of Shakespeare! Even as a classic play, how inferior in beauty of diction, grandeur of sentiment, and richness of metaphor, to the Grecian theme which the lamented Talfourd vitalized with Christian sentiment and arrayed in all the charms of poetic art! Neither the fifty guineas that Bolingbroke presented to the actor who personated Cato, nor the Prologue of Pope, could buoy up this lifeless, though scholarly performance, on the tide of fame. The whole career of Addison as a writer of verse yields new evidence of the inefficacy of erudition, taste, and even a sense of the beautiful, and good literary judgment, where poetry is the object. There must be a divine instinct, a fervor of soul, "an idea dearer than self," or the mechanism of verse is alone produced.

Addison was not a man of ardent feelings. The emotional in his nature was checked and chilled by prudence, by discipline, and by reflection. We can discover but one native sentiment that glowed in his heart to a degree which justified its poetical expression, and that is devotion. Compare

his hymns — evidently the overflowing of gratitude, trust, and veneration — with his frigid drama and his political verses. There is a genuine and a memorable earnestness in these religious odes. They were the offspring of his experience, prompted by actual states of mind, and accordingly they still find a place in our worship and linger in our memories. "The earliest compositions that I recollect taking any pleasure in," says Burns in a letter to Dr. More, "were 'The Vision of Mirza,' and a rhyme of Addison's, beginning 'How are thy servants blest, O Lord!' I particularly remember one half-stanza, which was music to my boyish ear: —

> "For though in dreadful whirls we hung
> High on the broken wave.'"

The hymn referred to was suggested by the writer's providential escape during a fearful storm encountered on the coast of Italy.

An able critic remarks, that the love scenes are the worst in "Cato"; and there is no rhymer of the time who exhibits so little interest in the tender passion. In "The Drummer" and "Rosamond" there are indications of a playful invention and fanciful zest, which, like the most characteristic passages of the Spectator, evince that Addison's best vein was the humorous and the colloquial. In this his individuality appears, and the man shines through the scholar and courtier. We forget such prosaic lines as

> "But I 've already troubled you too long,"

with which he closes his "Letter from Italy," and think of him in the more vivid phase of a kindly censor and delightful companion.

The "Dialogues on Medals" is the most characteristic of Addison's works prior to the Spectator. The subject, by its classical associations, elicited his scholarship and gratified his taste. Regarding "medallic history" as "a kind of printing before the art was invented," he points out the emblematic and suggestive meaning of coins with tact and discrimination, and illustrates the details of numerous medals by reference to the Latin poets. In the style we recognize those agreeable turns of thought and graces of language which soon

afterward made the author so famous in periodical literature. His contemplative mind found adequate hints in these authentic memorials of the past, and it was evidently a charming occupation to infer from the garlands, games, costume, ships, columns, and physiognomies, thus preserved on metal, the history of the wars and individuals commemorated. His numerous translations, political essays, and letters are now chiefly interesting as illustrative of the transitions of public opinion, and the studies and social relations of the author. In his "Remarks on Italy" there are curious facts, which the traveller of our day may like to compare with those of his own experience. The tone of the work is pleasant; but its *specialité* is classical allusion, and to modern taste it savors of pedantry. The comparative absence of earnest poetical feeling is manifest throughout. The reader who has wandered over the Italian peninsula with Childe Harold or Corinne, finds Addison rather an unattractive *cicerone*. It is remarkable that he was so rarely inspired, during the memorable journey, by those associations which the master-spirits of Italian and English literature have thrown around that classic land. At Venice he is not haunted by "the gentle lady wedded to the Moor," nor does the noble Portia rise to view; he passes through Ferrara without a thought of Tasso or Ariosto; and at Ravenna, does not even allude to the tomb of Dante. He seems to have looked upon Fiesole oblivious of Milton, and passed through Verona heedless of Juliet's tomb. The saints and Latin authors won his entire regard. He copied a sermon of St. Anthony, at Bologna, and a letter of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, in the Vatican. His observations on local characteristics, however, are intelligent; he was the first English writer to describe San Marino; and, to appreciate this work, we should remember that it was published before the age of guide-books and steam, and in accordance with the taste for classical learning and the need of information then prevalent.

To the majority of readers, at this day, the Spectator is doubtless a tame book. They miss in its pages the rapid succession of incidents, the melodramatic display, and the rhetorical vivacity which distinguish modern fiction and criticism. Life is more crowded with events and the world of

opinion more diversified, society is more complex, and knowledge more widely diffused, than at that day, and therefore a greater intensity marks the experience of the individual and the products of literature. But it is in this very direction that popular taste is at fault; the over-action, the moral fever and restlessness of the times, have infected writers as well as readers. Both are dissatisfied with the natural and the genuine, and have recourse to artificial stimulants and conventional expedients; and these are as certain to react unfavorably in habits of thought and in authorship, as in scientific and practical affairs. It is to this tendency to conform the art of writing to the standard of a locomotive and experimental age that we ascribe the tricks of pencraft so much in vogue.

Constable, the painter, used to complain of the *bravura* style of landscape, — the attempt to do something beyond truth, — and he defined the end of art to be the union of imagination with nature. This is equally true of literature. It is now faint praise to apply such epithets as "quiet," "thoughtful," and "discriminating" to a book; but is it not the very nature of written thought and sentiment to address the contemplative and emotional nature through the calm attention of the reader? Can we appreciate the merits, even of a picture, without a long and patient scrutiny; or enter into the significance of an author, without abstracting the mind from bustle, excitement, and care? A receptive mood is as needful as an eloquent style. Paradise Lost was never intended to be read in a rail-car, nor the Life of Washington to be written in the form of a melodrama.

An author or reader whose taste was formed on the Addisonian or even the Johnsonian model, would be puzzled at the modifications our vernacular has undergone; the introversion of phrases, the coining of words, the mystical expressions, the aphoristic and picturesque style adopted by recent and favorite writers would strike the novice, as they do every reader of unperverted taste, as intolerable affectations or mere verbal inventions to conceal poverty of ideas. The more original a man's thought is, the more direct is its utterance. Genuine feeling seeks the most simple expression. Just in proportion as what is said comes from the individual's own

mind and heart, is his manner of saying it natural. Accordingly, the verbal ingenuity of many popular writers of the day is a presumptive evidence of their want of originality. Truth scorns disguise, and an author, as well as any other man, who is in earnest, relies upon his thought, and not its attire. The priceless merit of Addison is his fidelity to this law of simplicity and directness of language; and those who cannot revert to his pages with satisfaction may justly suspect the decadence of their literary taste. The true lover of nature, when released awhile from the crowd and turmoil of metropolitan life, rejoices, as he stands before a rural scene, to find his sense of natural beauty and his relish of calm retirement unimpaired by the pleasures and the business of the town. His mind expands, his heart is soothed, and his whole self-consciousness elevated, by the familiar and endeared, though long-neglected landscape. Thus is it with books. If we have remained true to the fountains of "English undefiled" amid the glaring and spasmodic allurements of later authors, the tranquil tone, the clear diction, and the harmonized expression of Addison will affect us like the permanent effulgence of a star when the flashing curve of a rocket has gone out in darkness. There are in the style of writing, as well as in the economy of life, conservative principles; and the return to these, after repeated experiments, is the best evidence of their value. Already a whole group of writers of English prose, whose books had an extraordinary sale and a fashionable repute, are quite neglected. When libraries are founded or standard books desired, the intelligent purveyor ignores these specimens of galvanized literature, and chooses only writings that have a vital basis of fact or language. This quality is the absolute condition of the permanent popularity of books in our vernacular tongue. There is a certain honesty in its very structure, which recoils from artifice as the presage of decay. The manliness, the truth, and the courage of the Anglo-Saxon race exact these traits in their literature. Coarseness, such as deforms De Foe's graphic stories, elaborate phrases, like those that give an elephantine movement to Dr. Johnson's style, fanciful conceits, such as occasionally dwarf the eloquence of Jeremy Taylor, are all defects that are referable

to the age or the temperament of the respective authors, and do not, in the least, affect the reality of their fame, which rests on a sincere, original, and brave use of their mother tongue; but when inferior minds attempt to perpetuate commonplace sentiments or borrowed thoughts in a harlequin guise made up of shreds and patches of the English language, joined together by a foreign idiom or a mosaic of new and unauthorized words, the experiment is repudiated, sooner or later, by the *veto* of instinctive good taste.

Addison commenced writing when literature was mainly sustained by official patronage, — in the age of witty coteries, of elegant dedications. Chiefly in political and scholarly circles were the votaries of letters to be found. The Spectator widened the range of literature, rendering it a domestic enjoyment and a social agency; it organized a lay priesthood, and gradually infused the elements of philosophy and taste into conversation. Although the Observator of L'Estrange, the Rehearsals of Leslie, and De Foe's Review, preceded the Tatler, those pioneer essays at periodical writing were mainly devoted to questions of the hour, and to the wants of the masses; they did not, like the work which Addison's pen made classic, deal with the minor morals, the refinements of criticism, and the niceties of human character. No literary enterprise before achieved exerted so direct an influence upon society, or induced the same degree of individual culture. Its singular adaptation to the English mind is evinced not more by its immediate influence, than by the permanent form of instruction and entertainment it initiated. It was the prolific source of the invaluable array of publications, which reached their acme of excellence in the best days of the Edinburgh Review and Blackwood's Magazine, and which continue now, in the shape of Household Words, and of the choicest monthly and quarterly journals, to represent every school of opinion and class of society, and to illustrate and modify the ways of thinking and the style of expression of two great nations. No works have ever gone so near the sympathies of unprofessional readers, or reflected more truly the life and thought of successive eras; none have enlisted

such a variety of talent, or more genially tempered and enlightened the common mind.

When the Spectator flourished, the stern inelegance of the Puritan era and the profligate tone which succeeded it, yet lingered around the written thought of England; while the French school represented by Congreve, the coarseness and spite of Swift, and the unsparing satire of Pope, frequently made literary talent the minister of unhallowed passions and depraved taste. To all this the pure and benign example of Addison was a delightful contrast: his censorship was tempered with good feeling, his expression untainted with vulgarity; he was familiar, without losing refinement of tone; he used language as a crystal medium to enshrine sense, and not as a grotesque costume to hide the want of it; he was above the conceits of false wit, and too much of a Christian to profane his gifts; in a word, he wrote like a gentleman and a scholar, and yet without the fine airs of the one or the pedantry of the other. He first exposed the lesser incongruities of human conduct, which no law or theology had assailed; he discussed neglected subjects of value and interest; and gave new zest to the common resources of daily life by placing them in an objective light. Then, too, by giving a colloquial tone to writing, he brought it within the range of universal sympathy, and made it a source of previously unimagined pleasure and instruction.

Addison's relation to Steele was one of mutual advantage; for, although the improvidence of "poor Dick" gave his virtuous friend constant anxiety, on the other hand, Sir Richard's easy temper and frank companionship lowered his classic Mentor from stilts, and promoted his access to their common readers. It is obvious that the social tone of the Spectator is as much owing to Steele as its grace and humor are to Addison. Indeed, their friendship, like those of Gray and Walpole, Johnson and Goldsmith, and, as a more recent instance, Wilkie and Haydon, was founded on diversity of character. Steele's vivacious temperament and knowledge of the world supplied the author of Cato with the glow and aptitude he needed, while the latter's high principle and rigid taste felicitously modified his companion's recklessness. If the one was a

fine scholar, the other was a most agreeable gentleman; if the one was correct, the other was genial; if the one had reliable taste, the other had noble impulses; — so that between them there was a beautiful representative humanity. Macaulay attributes the execution which Addison levied on Steele's house to resentment at his ungrateful extravagance; but the editor of the edition now before us justly modifies, in a note, the extreme language of the text. We think, with him, that Addison's severity, in this instance, was more apparent than real; for he declared that his object was to "awaken him [Steele] from a lethargy which must end in his inevitable ruin." That no alienation occurred is evident from the preface that Steele wrote for his edition of "The Drummer," which is eloquent with love and admiration for his departed friend.

In that delectable creation of Addison, Sir Roger de Coverley, we recognize, as it were, the first outline or cartoon of those studies of character which have since given their peculiar charm to English fictions and essays. In no other literature is discoverable the combination of humor and good sense, of rare virtue and harmless eccentricities, which stamp the best of these productions with an enduring interest. Before the advent of Sir Roger, delicate shades of characterization had not been attempted, satire was comparatively gross, and the excitement of adventure was the chief charm of narrative. But Addison drew, with a benignant yet keen touch, the foibles and the goodness of heart of his ideal country gentleman, and thus gave the precedent whereby the art of the moralist was refined and elevated. Compared, indeed, with subsequent heroes of romance, Sir Roger is a shadowy creature; but none the less lovable for the simple *rôle* assigned him, and the negative part he enacts. He is the legitimate precursor of Squire Western, Parson Adams, the Man of Feeling, and Pickwick. In the portrait gallery of popular English authors, we gratefully hail Addison as the literary ancestor of Fielding, Sterne, Mackenzie, Lamb, Irving, and Dickens. The diversity of their style and the originality of their characters do not invalidate the succession, any more than Leonardo's clear outlines and Raphael's inimitable expression repudiate the claims, as their artistic progenitors, of Giotto and Perugino. It is a curi-

ous experiment, however, to turn from the brilliant characters which now people the domain of the novelist, and revert to this primitive figure, as fresh and true as when first revealed at the breakfast-tables of London in the reign of Queen Anne. Addison thus rescued the lineaments of the original English country gentleman, and kept them bright and genuine for the delight of posterity, ere their individuality was lost in the uniform traits of a locomotive age. It is surprising that features so delicately pictured, incidents so undramatic, and sentiments so free from extravagance, should thus survive intact. It is the nicety of the execution and the harmony of the character that preserve it. Walpole compares Sir Roger to Falstaff, doubtless with reference to the rare humor which stamps and immortalizes both, however diverse in other respects.

We seem to know Sir Roger as a personal acquaintance and an *habitué* of some manorial dwelling familiar to our school days; there is not a whim of his we can afford to lose, or a virtue we would ever cease to honor and love. His choice of a chaplain who would not insult him with Latin and Greek at his own table, and whose excellence as a preacher he secured by a present of "all the good sermons that had been printed," — his habit of prolonging the psalm-tune a minute after the congregation were hushed, of always engaging on the Thames a bargeman with a wooden leg, of talking pleasantly all the way up stairs to the servant who ushered him into a drawing-room, of "clearing his pipes in good air" by a morning promenade in Gray's Inn Walks, of inquiring as to the strength of the axletree before trusting himself in a hackney-coach, of standing up, before the play, to survey complacently the throng of happy faces, — these and many other peculiarities are to our consciousness like the endeared oddities of a friend, part of his identity, and associated with his memory. Gracefully into the web of Sir Roger's quaint manners did Addison weave a golden thread of sentiment. His relations to his household and tenants, his universal salutations in town, and his "thinking of the widow" in lapses of conversation, are natural touches in this delightful picture. We see him alight and take the spent hare in his arms at the close of a hunt, — shake the *cicerone* at the Abbey by the hand at part-

ing, and invite him to his lodgings to "talk over these matters more at leisure," — chide an importunate beggar, and then give him a sixpence, — order the coachman to stop at a tobacconist's and treat himself to a roll of the best Virginia, — look reverently at Dr. Busby's statue because the famous pedagogue had whipped his grandfather. These anecdotes give reality to the conception. It would not be thoroughly English, however, without a dash of philosophy; and we are almost reconciled to Sir Roger's ill-success in love with "one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no farther consequences," by its influence on his character. "This affliction in my life," says Sir Roger, "has streaked all my conduct with a softness of which I should otherwise have been incapable." We envy the Spectator the privilege of taking this "fine old English gentleman" to the play, and enjoying his "natural criticism"; we honor Addison for his veto upon Steele's attempt to debauch this nobleman of nature, and deem it worthy of a poet to resolve upon his hero's final exit, rather than submit to so base an alternative; and we feel that it would have been quite impossible to listen, at the club, unmoved by the butler's epistle describing his tranquil departure, from the moment he ceased to be able "to touch a sirloin," until the slab of the Coverley vault closed over his remains.

The zest of this favorite creation of Addison is increased by the remembrance we have of a tendency to more spirited life in youth, when Sir Roger went all the way to Grand Cairo to take the measure of a pyramid, fought a duel, and kicked "Bully Dawson." This lively episode brings into strong relief the long years of quiet respectability, when his chief pastime was a game of backgammon with the chaplain, and his architectural enthusiasm was confined to admiration of London Bridge, and a bequest to build a steeple for the village church. His habits are so well known to us, that, if we were to meet him in Soho Square, where he always lodged when in town, we should expect an invitation to take a glass of "Mrs. Trueby's water"; and if the encounter occurred under those trees which shaded his favorite walk at Coverley Hall, we should not feel even a momentary surprise to hear him

instantly begin to talk of the widow. If Steele gave the first hint, and Tickell and Budgell contributed part of the outline, the soul of this character is alone due to Addison; his delicate and true hand gave it color and expression, and therefore unity of effect; and it proved the model lay figure of subsequent didactic writers, upon which hang gracefully the mantles of charity and the robes of practical wisdom. Sir Roger in the country, at the club, the theatre, or at church, in love, and on the bench, was the herald of that swarm of heroes whose situations are made to illustrate the varied circles of society and aspects of life in modern fiction.

It was in the form and relations of literature, however, that Addison chiefly wrought great improvement; and there is reason for the comparative want of interest which his writings excite at the present day, when we pass from the amenities of style to the claims of humanity and of truth. A more profound element lurked in popular writing than the chaste essayist of Queen Anne's day imagined; and since the climax of social and political life realized by the French revolution, questions of greater moment than the speculations of a convivial club, a significance in human existence deeper than the amiable whims of a country gentleman, and phases of society infinitely higher than those involved in criticism on points of manners and taste, have become subjects of popular thought and discussion. Accordingly, there is more earnestness and a greater scope in periodical literature. Minds of a lofty order, sympathies of a deep and philosophic nature, have been enlisted in this sphere. Carlyle, Stephens, Foster, and De Quincey have given it a new character. The copious knowledge and eloquent diction of Macaulay, the rich common-sense and ready wit of Sydney Smith, the brilliant analysis of Jeffrey, the subtile critiques of Hazlitt and Lamb, the exuberant zest of Wilson and a host of other writers, have rendered the casual topics and every-day characters of which the Spectator often treats, unimpressive in the comparison. It is therefore mainly as a reformer of style, and as the benevolent and ingenious pioneer of a new and most influential class of writers, that we now honor Addison.

It was at first his intention to enter the clerical profession;

but all of aptitude for that office he possessed found scope and emphasis in his literary career. He ministered effectually at the altar of humanity, not indeed to its deepest wants, but most seasonably, and with rare success. The license and brutality of temper were checked by his kindly censure and pure example; the latent beauties of works of genius were made evident to the general perception; manners were refined, taste promoted, the religious sentiment twined into the daily web of popular literature; while spleen, artifice, vulgarity, and self-love were rebuked by a corps of lay preachers, whose lectures were more influential, because conveyed under the guise of colloquial and friendly hints rather than sermons. Addison gave to literature a respectability which it seldom possessed before. He became the ideal of an author. His studies, observation, and benevolence were turned into a fountain of usefulness and entertainment open to the multitude. He helped to dig the channel which connects the stream of private knowledge with the popular mind, across the isthmus of an aristocracy of birth, of education, and of society; thus creating the grand distinction between the Anglo-Saxon and the Southern European nations, as to intelligence, activity, and the capacity of self-government. It is in this historical point of view, and as related to the improvement of society and the amelioration of literature, that Addison deserves gratitude and respect. He was not a profound original thinker; he did not battle for great truths; timid, modest, yet gifted and graceful, his mission was conservative and humane, rather than bold and creative; yet it was adapted to the times and fraught with blessings.

Addison, therefore, illustrates the amenities, and not the heroism, of literature. The almost feminine grace of his mind was unfavorable to its hardihood and enterprise. Both his virtues and his failings partook of the same character; kindliness, prudence, and serenity, rather than courage and generosity, kept him from moral evil, and won for him confidence and love. He was reserved, except when under the influence of intimate companions, or "thawed by wine"; could ill bear rivalry or interference, and even when consulted, would only "hint a fault and hesitate dislike"; and thus in letters and in

life he occupied that safe and pleasant table-land unvexed by the storms that invade mountain heights and craggy sea-shore. Such a man, at subsequent and more agitated epochs in the history of English literature, would have made but little impression upon the thought of the age; but, in his times, an example of self-respect and gentleness, of refinement and Christian sentiment in authorship, had a peculiar value. There are two excellences which have chiefly preserved his influence, — his rare humor, and the peculiar adaptation of his style to periodical literature. Lamb traces the latter, in a degree, to Sir William Temple; but Addison declared that Tillotson was his model. The description of Johnson is characteristic and just: "He is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates; his sentences have neither studied amplitude nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy." It is, however, the colloquial tone, fusing these qualities into an harmonious whole, that renders Addison's style at once popular and classic. His conversation was not less admirable than his writing; and when we consider how large a portion of time was given by the English authors of that day to companionship and talk, we can easily imagine how much the habit influenced their pencraft. Both the humor and the colloquialism of the Spectator were fostered by social agencies. Addison, says Swift, gave the first example of the proper use of wit; and, as an instance, he remarks, "it was his practice, when he found any man invincibly wrong, to flatter his opinions by acquiescence, and sink them yet deeper into absurdity."

Even partisan spite could ascribe to Addison no greater faults than fastidiousness, dogmatism, and conviviality; and for these, circumstances afford great excuse. The oracle, as he was, of a club, referred to as the arbiter of literary taste, conscious of superior tact and elegance in the use of language, and impelled by domestic unhappiness to resort to a tavern, we can easily make allowance for the dictatorial opinions and the occasional jollity of "the great Mr. Addison"; and when we compare him with the scurrilous and dissipated writers of his day, he becomes almost a miracle of excellence.

There was in his character, as in his writings, a singular evenness. In politics a moderate Whig, prudent, timid, and somewhat cold in temperament, his kindliness of heart and religious principles, his wit and knowledge, saved from merely negative goodness both the man and the author. Yet a neutral tint, a calm tone, a repugnance to excess in style, in manners, and in opinion, were his characteristics. He lacked emphasis and fire; but their absence is fully compensated by grace, truth, and serenity. It is not only among the mountains and by the sea-shore that Nature hoards her beauty, but also on meadow-slopes and around sequestered lakes; and in like manner human life and thought have their phases of tranquil attraction and genial repose, as well as of sublime and impassioned development.

ART. VI. — 1. *Cuba and the Cubans. Comprising a History of the Island of Cuba, its present Social, Political, and Domestic Condition; also its Relation to England and the United States.* New York: Samuel Hueston and George Putnam. 1850.

2. *Letter of Mr. Everett to the Comte de Sartiges. Department of State.* Washington, Dec. 1, 1852. 32d Congress, 2d Session. Senate Ex. Doc., No. 13.

CUBA is fitly called the *Queen of the Antilles.* Proudly does she stretch her long coast, indented with fine harbors, easterly into the broad ocean, and westerly into the very mouth of the Gulf of Mexico, as if intended by Nature to be the motherly protector of the Caribbees and of an immense extent of continental coast. The island is also extraordinarily rich in soil, and very equable and generally salubrious in climate, the sea-breeze springing up in the forenoon with great punctuality as soon as the freshness of the morning has departed, and continuing till the curtain of night shuts out the solar rays. Months may elapse without a sprinkling of rain; and yet there is an elasticity of atmosphere equal to that

of our October, while the heat cannot be surpassed by the dog-days of our August. We may have been accustomed to regard the rainy season as most intolerably gloomy. But not so. It is very commonly spoken of as even pleasanter than the winter or dry season; for though there is daily and very copious rain, it seldom continues more than an hour at a time, and though the soil of the island forms a soft mud, often a foot or two deep, yet the air is invigorating and vegetation most luxuriant.

The three kinds of soil — the black, the red, and the mulatto — are all of surpassing richness, and may all be seen by the traveller on the line of the railroads, and they have almost the softness of flour as tested by the thumb and finger. The red soil is as red as brick-dust, and at first deceives the foreigner into the belief that it cannot be fertile. But he cannot fail to see the growth of palm, plantain, oranges, coffee, and cane which it nourishes, and he is provokingly convinced of its impalpable fineness by the way in which it penetrates even glossy starched linen and the pores of his flesh, and by finding himself completely reddened from head to foot, beyond easy relief by soap or scrubbing-brush. We quite laughed at the idea that we should redden our washing-water and our towels by it for many days after returning to our Havana lodgings; but we found it even so. The soil, though thus fine, is not clayey; but the black has all the appearance of an exceedingly rich loam, as have the red and mulatto also, except in point of color. It readily crumbles under the hoe, yet retains the moisture well, and is often of almost immeasurable depth. One may travel for miles over the extensive savannas, and not meet with a stone; and then, on ascending a hill, may be jolted over innumerable loose masses of limestone, often as large and angular as paving-blocks of granite. We ascended to the summit of one such hill, perhaps a thousand feet above the surrounding plains, and feasted our eyes with a view that was perfectly enchanting. The principal features of the landscape were the cane-fields, often of hundreds of contiguous acres, the palm-trees, occasional lofty ceibas, the tall white chimneys of the sugar-houses, and the residences of the planters surrounded by the barracoons of the negroes.

And though the palms sometimes weary the eye with their identity of form, so strikingly contrasting with the infinite variety of our noble elms, yet they have a cleanness, luxuriance, and stateliness which cannot be surpassed; and the ceiba or cotton-tree rises to a height of a hundred feet or more, and then sends forth its horizontal branches covered with foliage and peculiarly fitted to shelter the earth from the parching rays of the tropical sun.

Travellers have said that there is no more beautiful scenery on the island than in the neighborhood of Matanzas, and surely there need not be, to satisfy the most scrutinizing lovers of nature. The ride upon the Cumbre, a high ridge of land that lies between the city and the ocean, commanding a view of both, as also of the valley of the Yumuri and of the high mountain ranges that stretch back into the interior, affords to the stranger almost all varieties of scenery in the space of a few hours. It was in this lovely vicinity, on a plantation belonging to an American, that takes the name of Cumbre from its locality, that our late Vice-President sojourned while in Cuba, and it was there that he took the oath of office. The valley of the Yumuri is so surrounded by abrupt hills, that it is difficult to gain access to it except along the banks of its river. But the river is very beautiful, and the deep gorge in the rocks through which it passes as it emerges from the valley is wonderfully grand, in some parts scarcely wide enough to admit of a carriage-way beside the stream, and solemnly darkened by the overshelving rocks.

One can hardly give a correct impression of society in Cuba without some description of the style of building in the cities and the character of the streets. Havana, the capital of Cuba, contains about one hundred and thirty-five thousand inhabitants, and with its suburbs not less than two hundred thousand. Its appearance is that of an Oriental city. As in the great emporiums of the East, the buildings are chiefly of stone and stucco, and the streets narrow, in order that they may be kept well shaded, — often so narrow that no room whatever is appropriated for sidewalks. Where sidewalks are constructed, they are of stone, sometimes but one foot and rarely three feet wide, while the carriage-way is a con-

glomeration of limestone and cement very white and dazzling, and ground on the surface into a fine dust, exceedingly irritating to the eyes and gritty to the mouth. To prevent these annoyances, many of the principal streets are in the process of being paved with New England granite, which is imported at considerable expense. The houses are of as great variety of height as the hills of the country, — generally of one, not uncommonly of two, but rarely of three stories. The principal rooms are often from fifteen to eighteen feet high. The windows are generally without glass, those on the ground floor being covered with a heavy iron grating to keep out intruders. It is hard to rid one's self of the impression that he is in a city of jails, though the convicts certainly look remarkably well-dressed and happy. In the evening everybody within doors seems exposed to passers-by. It is said the ladies regard it as a compliment to be looked at, so that strangers and stragglers may stare as much as they please without incurring the charge of impudence or verdancy. The large double doors to the main entrance of the Havana dwelling admits the volante, horse and all, or, what is rarely used, the carriage and pair. The vehicles are kept just within the entrance when not in use, and the horses, it may chance, under some of the best dormitories of the tenement. Yet everything is so clean that the custom is no nuisance. What strikes one strangely in Havana is, that there is no Beacon Street or Fifth Avenue, no aristocratic row. A most palace-like house will be found opposite or adjoining a mean and filthy hut, and indeed it is customary for a rich man to buy out his neighbor's right to build a second story, in order to have the more "extensive" view and the purer air. Women wear veils, but no bonnets, and those of the higher classes are rarely seen on the streets, except in volantes or other carriages.

The population may be divided into several classes, — the Spaniards, the Creoles, the free-colored, the slaves, and the foreigners.

Of these, the natives of old Spain are the most aristocratic, holding all important offices of government, often possessing titles of nobility, and including in their number the most wealthy of the merchants and planters. They regard the Cre-

oles, though entirely of Spanish extraction, as another and very inferior race; and though they mingle with them and employ them in business, they have very little social affinity with them. There is, however, no such thing in Cuba as a rank high enough to cut one off from attendance upon the bull-fights and cock-fights, or from participation in the lottery or even in the slave-trade.

On all the railroads there are three classes of cars, in which the prices are nearly in the proportion of one, two, and three. The first class are rarely occupied except by the Castilians and foreigners, — not often by the latter, unless they are ignorant of the customs of the country. The Yankee, of course, thinks that he must ride in the first-class car, that is, must do as he would at home; but respectability requires it no more in Cuba than in England, and his spirit of economy and his republican sentiments will chime in together to make him better contented even with the hard benches and rickety cars of the second or third class. These being entirely open at the sides, he receives no annoyance to the olfactories, as with us, unless he sits to the leeward of fumigations of strong tobacco.

Foreigners, judging from the obvious and public vices of the Cubans, are apt to paint their character in dark colors. According to the statistics of crime in the city of Havana for 1853, two thousand seven hundred and nine persons were imprisoned, of whom seventy-seven were convicted of murder, four hundred and seventy-nine of wounding with dangerous weapons, forty-five of rape, twenty-seven of abduction, two hundred and twenty-one of robbery, and seven hundred and ninety of minor offences. There were during the same year one hundred and sixty-three suicides.* The gambling propensity which is universally indulged must occasion some recklessness in other respects. The billiard-rooms and the cock-pits, which are found everywhere, are of course accompanied by their correlatives, — dram-shops and still darker dens of depravity. In Cuba, but perhaps no more than elsewhere, these are places of intense attraction for the viciously disposed of

* In Boston, with a population differing very little in numbers from that of Havana, there were committed, during the year 1853, on the charge of murder, eight; of rape, three; of robbery, sixteen; and there were fifteen cases of suicide.

all classes, not excepting those whose means and education would procure for them the highest, purest, and most delightful employment.

The women of all conditions engage in the lottery almost as freely as the men, and those of the middle and lower classes are addicted to smoking. We now recall with disagreeable vividness the remembrance of a white woman who smoked incessantly on the railway, in company with a colored man. In what relation the latter stood to her, we could not certify. It might have been the nearest; for though the amalgamation of the races is forbidden by law, it is often practised under a pretence, on the white side, of a slight mixture of negro blood. But the ease with which the woman whiffed the cigar-smoke, the carelessness of habit with which she fingered off the ashes, and her bold hale-fellow-well-met manners were unspeakably disgusting. Yet she was doubtless one of the low-bred, in a country where there is a vast distinction between high and low breeding. Well is it that with us the use of tobacco by the gentler sex is confined to the old crone with her pipe in the chimney-corner. The boldness of young ladies in Cuba is a matter of common remark with all strangers. Very beautiful they are, if you will exclude from your definition of beauty the expression of intellect and animation; and they have that comfortable consciousness of beauty, which courts admiration without repelling by haughtiness. It is certainly extraordinary, that with steady eye and unblushing cheek they can expose themselves, while riding on the *paseo* or sitting by their open windows, to the bold and free gaze of the young men. This boldness may be attributable to habit. But if it does not grow out of character, some peculiarities of character may arise from it. It does not strike a foreigner agreeably, whatever satisfaction he, from a fresh curiosity, may derive from it. He, at least, concludes that the resources of the young people are of a frivolous character. One writer says, and we suppose with much truth: —

"The daily life of a Cuban lady is monotonous in the extreme. It is utterly devoid of intelligent exercise of mind or body, and, as a natural consequence, both deteriorate sadly. A host of nervous diseases attest the truth of this. Early rising is a virtue common to all ranks;

but the manner in which they contrive to kill time without reading, household occupations, or, in fact, any employment, except, perhaps, a little embroidery, is indeed a mystery." — *Cuba and the Cubans*, p. 147.

The indolence of women which unavoidably accompanies the system of slavery is doubtless unfavorable to morality, and there is a strict surveillance exercised over the Cuban women which quickens one's suspicions almost into conviction. Either because of prudishness, or from sad experience, society threatens the good reputation of a lady who ventures to ride with any other gentleman than her husband.

Among the nobility there is said to be oftentimes a reckless extravagance altogether disproportioned to their means. Rank demands that all the display of a grand establishment shall be sustained, no matter in how ruinous a condition the fortune may be.

"The full payment of debts is avoided by assembling the creditors (some of whom are of the family or fictitious), and agreeing upon yearly instalments by a vote of the majority, while the extravagant living of the family is regarded as necessary expenditure. The poor creditor is forced into compliance, and must take all his satisfaction in seeing the renewed extravagance of the marquis's or count's family, and the successful applications of numerous poor relatives and dependants." — *Cuba and the Cubans*, p. 140.

The native of Old Spain, from the high-titled count to the meanest soldier, feels a superiority over the Creole and treats him with contempt, though he would meet a foreigner with marked civility. The native of Cuba is rarely admitted to any office, civil, ecclesiastical, or military, and naturally regards with jealousy and hatred those who are sent from the mother country to rule over him and enrich themselves by his gains. He often becomes wealthy on the plantation or in the counting-room; but all his property is at the mercy of those who have few interests in common with him, and with whom cruelty seems to be a natural characteristic.

The Creole's hatred of the Castilians, and consequently of the government to which he feels constrained to submit, is nourished from early childhood, and he is constantly reminded of his inferiority, or his supposed inferiority, to the very end of his days. That the government fears this class of the popula-

tion there can be no doubt, and yet it has wonderfully succeeded in keeping them ignorant, cowering, and pusillanimous. To retain the masses in ignorance is the policy of a despotic government as well as of the Romish Church, and Spain has always looked with jealousy upon any attempt to enlighten the lower classes. Where they have been instructed, it has been by private philanthropy. Knowledge necessarily tends to elevate social standing and to increase political power, — ends to be desired where the people are their own rulers, but much hazarding public peace where the people are to be kept under by arbitrary force. Cuba can never make all its resources known, till its agriculture and commerce are under the control of an enlightened and energetic, because free, people.

An interesting portion of the inhabitants of Cuba, to us of these United States who have an eye towards that island in anticipation of its annexation, is the colored population. According to the census of 1846, upwards of four hundred and seventy thousand were blacks and mulattoes, about one third of whom were free; while the whole number of whites was four hundred and twenty-five thousand. The number of free blacks is surprising, and must be attributable to some cause which does not operate in our Southern States. The truth is, that the blacks become free by their own efforts, favored by the laws of the country. The master is compelled to give the slave a portion of his time bearing a fixed ratio to such amount as he may have paid towards his liberty, provided that payment reach the sum of one hundred dollars; and he must also let him have all his time, if he wishes it, at the rate of a rial or twelve and a half cents per day for each hundred dollars of the balance of his value remaining unpaid. It is rare for the slaves on plantations to purchase their freedom, though common field hands are hired at the rate of from twenty-three to twenty-five dollars per month besides their food and clothing. The slaves in the city, who work upon the wharves, or in the streets and market-places, have much better opportunities of liberating themselves. One means of emancipation, oftener of course unfortunate than successful, is the lottery. Instances have occurred, however, of slaves suddenly coming to wealth by this means, and these rare

cases are the only argument we ever heard in defence of the morality of the lottery system.*

The laws permit slaves who belong to different planters to intermarry, and require the masters to buy or sell, so that the parties can live together. Yet, as elsewhere where slavery exists, there is little regard for the marriage vows, and so severely are slaves overworked, and so little cared for are they by their masters, that the loss by death exceeds the natural increase. A sugar plantation during the dry season (at which time only can sugar be manufactured) presents a busy scene. The cane in the fields often far exceeds what the mills can possibly grind, if it be not more than can be cut and carted by all the hands the planter can spare or procure for the purpose; and then it is that every contraction of the negro's muscles affords additional clear profit to the master, and every moment cut from the hours of sleep or meals is so much gain. Then it is that every crack of the mayoral's whip, driving the negro up to the extent of his ability, is counted as a piece of gold. And the poor menial works all day, except an hour for dinner, snatching his breakfast and supper as best he can, in the sugar-house or the field; and as if that were not enough for flesh and blood, he must labor half the night also. The steam must be kept up, and the mills must continue in operation, incessantly, till some lucky day when the boilers need cleansing or the engine must be repaired; and only then does the slave have a respite from his sixteen or seventeen hours of daily work. Many years ago, before the introduction of the steam-engine, the annual loss by death was said to be fully ten per cent. No doubt it is much less now; but a comparison of the census taken in the years 1841 and 1846 will show that it is still very great, especially when we consider that the annual importation of blacks from Africa is estimated at about

* The only lottery allowed on the island is public property, — the profits going towards the support of the government or the emolument of its officers. Its highest prize is thirty thousand dollars, and its tickets, sold for five dollars, and divided into halves and quarters, are distributed all over the island, offered at the corners of the streets, in the public houses, and along the line of the railroads, and often thrust in one's face as our daily papers are. Many are also purchased by shipmasters and others for inhabitants of the United States.

two thousand. In 1817 there were 225,131 slaves; in 1827, 286,942; in 1841, 436,495; in 1846, 323,779. The rate of increase during the first ten years was 27 per cent.; during the next fourteen years, 52 per cent.; but during the five years frm 1841 to 1846, there was a decrease of 26 per cent. The constant increase of slaves up to some period between the years 1827 and 1841, and their subsequent decrease, strikingly show the efficiency of the measures that have been taken by the European powers and the United States for the suppression of the slave-trade, while at the same time the mortality among this class is shocking, and commands the attention of the philanthropist.

Although the slaves during the grinding season are allowed not more than five or six hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, and although the statistics of mortality tell a sad story, that ought to be heeded by the master; yet at the end of the season they appear so healthy and strong, that one can hardly believe that they have accomplished any extraordinary amount of labor.

It is not very uncommon for the negroes to escape to the woods, and lead a wild life, in preference to the hard work and harsh treatment of the plantations. Dr. Abbot gives an account of one belonging to an estate of a friend of his, who for some serious offence had been trammelled with irons.

"He watched his opportunity, and escaped into the woods, and though soon pursued, he had rid himself of his clanking chains, by which he might be traced. With lime-juice and his hatchet he had sawed off his irons; and one piece, too large to yield suddenly to this method, he had battered off between two stones. Some gentlemen, some time after, who were in pursuit of other negroes, came by surprise on this man. He was hunting a hutia, a kind of tree woodchuck, and so intense in his watch of the animal on the tree, that he easily fell into the hands of the hunters, who restored him to his master." — *Abbot's Letters from Cuba*, pp. 58, 59.

Many of the slaves commit suicide, — so many, that this is to be reckoned among the serious causes of their diminished numbers. They have a strong conviction that by death they shall return to their native country, and this they often regard as far preferable to their present life of toil. It is related that

on one estate eight were found hanging in company, in one night.

In Cuba, if a slave is dissatisfied with his master because of maltreatment, he can compel the master to sell him at a valuation determined by referees; but the slaves have no voice in their nomination, and therefore justice is probably seldom done them. The referees are selected, one by the master and the others by an officer of government, the *Sindico Procurador general.* There are also unenforced laws respecting the religious instruction of the slaves, and every one is reminded of these by the evening bell (the *oracion*) which rings daily on every estate to call the slaves to prayer; but the call is in general either utterly unheeded, or observed by a mere genuflexion, or the hasty crossing of one's self.

The religious condition of a people can hardly be spoken of with fitness apart from the social life, unless, as in Cuba, religion has so much degenerated into formalism, that its real essence is not to be discovered in the common relations of man with man. Perhaps there is no country in Christendom or heathendom, where it is less understood what it is to "worship God in the beauty of holiness." Indeed, we cannot believe that there is any country where the outward ceremonies of devotion are abandoned more completely to priests and officials. The only Sabbath service now-a-days is a brief mass, performed generally in a careless and irreverent manner, and witnessed by a very small portion of the people. In the immense cathedral at Havana, there were less than a hundred worshippers, all told, on a Sabbath on which we were present. There was no music, — no sermon, — no instruction of any kind; for the mutterings of the priest must have been quite unintelligible, even to those who were well acquainted with the language in which they were uttered. On one occasion, we found the Church of the Holy Spirit crowded. It was a military mass, and the chief attractions might have been of a martial character; for with a full band, and in perfect military order, the soldiers marched to and from the church. Instead of chants or anthems was heard the real music of the opera, from a large and well-appointed orchestra. The ceremonies of the priest were utterly disregarded by the soldiery, except,

perhaps, when the tinkling of the bell would move them, automaton-like, to cross themselves. They are, indeed, little else than automatons at any time, and the universal wooden face presents a striking contrast to the intelligent expression of the energetic, ingenious, and independent Yankee militiaman. Leaving the church more demure than devout, they were doubtless ready to engage in military tactics just as demurely and as devoutly. The rest of the congregation was of all classes, colors, and styles of dress; and though much has been said, and with much justice, of the impartial character of the Romish service, admitting the poor to an equality of privilege with the rich, yet it was evident that there were higher and lower seats, and the corresponding sentiments of precedence and inferiority. Very showily dressed ladies were seated on very rich mats or chairs; their servants behind or near them, kneeling or prostrating themselves upon the bare floor of marble or cement. When the ladies arose to depart, the servants arose also, and carried out their seats.

Both priest and people leave the church to meet again in the evening at the bull-fight or cock-pit. The priests enjoy large livings, are often extravagant in their habits, and generally indulge in luxuries and vices. Their vow of chastity is perpetually broken. They not only visit the gambling-houses, but are themselves gamblers. The author of Cuba and the Cubans truly says: "They are not respected; on the contrary, they are despised; and as their conduct belies the doctrines they have sworn to propagate, they set themselves quietly down to enjoy the bodily comforts of this life, without troubling themselves about their own or their flock's spiritual welfare." The Romanists in the United States are ashamed of those of their own communion in Cuba. It is said that the Church and its officials have greatly degenerated; but Abbot wrote, as long ago as 1828, that there was a fearless violation of one, at least, of the ecclesiastical laws.

"A very singular fact in a Catholic country, holding the celibacy of the clergy as indispensable, is, that most of the padres have families; and few of them are bashful on the subject, or think it necessary to speak of their housekeeper as a sister or cousin, or of the children that play about the house as nephews and nieces. They even go further,

and will sometimes reason on the subject, and defend habits contrary to the ecclesiastical authority, upon principles of nature and common sense. Certainly an unnatural and unscriptural imposition, which is so unblushingly evaded, should not be attempted to be enforced; but should be revoked. The fearless violation of one law of a community weakens the authority of the whole statute-book." — *Abbot's Letters from Cuba*, p. 15.

The same writer says of the habit of gambling among the priests: —

"Some have been known to *delay mass* to see the end of a cock-fight, and to pit their own cock against the cock of any slave in the circle, who has an ounce or a rial to lay on his head. . . . . The influence of the clergy is on the wane, and from the habit of mankind, however unreasonable, of confounding the religion itself with the character of its professors, and especially of its ministers, it brings Christianity, heaven-born and spotless as it is, into suspicion, and exposes it to desertion by the young and unreflecting." — *Ibid.*, pp. 15, 16.

It was then, in 1828, confidently believed that infidelity was becoming common in the island, and certainly the present indifference even to the outward forms of religion shows that belief to have been well founded. According to law, all, whether blacks or whites, must be baptized; but the neglect of this rite is winked at. The priests, however, occasionally visit the plantations, and baptize all those for whom the service has not previously been performed.

Something may always be inferred, concerning the religious and social condition of a people, from their cemeteries and their manner of burying the dead. The Campos Santos, the only burial-ground of Matanzas, a city of more than twenty thousand inhabitants, contains, perhaps, four acres. It is a very uninteresting spot, entirely unadorned by trees, shrubbery, or architectural designs. So small a space is made to answer so great a purpose by constant disinterments, which often take place before the flesh is eaten from the bones; and frequently, for lack of room, the bodies are scarcely covered with earth. Such customs must be peculiarly offensive, unhealthy, and unpardonable in a hot climate. We can give no account from personal observation of the cemetery of Havana; but the writer of "Notes on Cuba," published in 1844, describes it as

"a level square, divided into four equal parts by two transverse, flagged walks."

"Each quarter was, moreover, inclosed by a low, neat iron railing, and had in one corner a receptacle for the bones disinterred in digging new graves. They were all more than filled, the pile of bleached skulls and other bones being heaped up above the top of the walls of each; while, to soothe the friends of the deceased for the liberty thus taken with their remains, above them four obelisks raised their tall forms, having inscribed on them the comfortable assurance, 'Exultabunt ossa humiliata.' About forty tall pines of the country, resembling cedars, threw a partial shade over the walks, while the ground, bare of shrubbery, was covered by a luxurious growth of grass. At the extremity of the middle walk was a small, neat chapel, containing a few fresco paintings, and a chaste altar in the form of a sarcophagus, supporting a small image of our Lord on the cross. Within and over the door and porch without, suitable inscriptions in Latin referred to the final resurrection, and the happiness of those who die the death of the righteous." — *Notes on Cuba*, pp. 28, 29.

This writer's account of interments confirms what we have said of the cemetery at Matanzas: —

"At the other end of the square, two negroes were busily employed in digging new graves, breaking up the stiff clay with pickaxes, and throwing out with each spadeful of earth numerous bones, some of which were still connected by their ligaments, and were intermingled with portions of clothes and shoes. This cemetery contains only four or five acres, and from ten to twelve bodies being daily interred in it, this deficiency is greatly felt, and quick-lime is often thrown into the graves to hasten their decomposition, while the contents of the four charnel-houses are burnt to ashes, as soon as they become filled." — *Ibid.*, pp. 29, 30.

It is almost universally the custom, to this day, to use a coffin only for the purpose of carrying the body to the grave, so that the same coffin may answer for a hundred individuals. Several bodies are often thrown in together, without regard to kindred, rank, or race. The burial service is said to be as cold and heartless as the Church mass. The priests have too little sympathy for the people, and too imperfectly acquire their confidence, to afford them any effective consolation.

We believe justice permits no more favorable account than

we have given of the religious condition of Cuba. The Captain-General, O'Donnell, who held sway from 1843 to 1848, suppressed the organization of Sunday schools, "lest, through the little children, a faint glimmer of light might awaken their parents from the dark night of their ignorance and superstition."

If we may believe the reports of travellers, a great change has come over Cuba. It is said that, twenty-five years ago, one would be sure, in a respectable Cuban family, to meet with religious feelings and practices

"which even to a foreigner of a different creed appeared cheering and grateful. At the hour of twilight, a church bell rung through the city would create everywhere a sudden and simultaneous excitement. It was the '*Angelus*,' and at its sound all persons of all classes would at once rise to say their evening prayers; children and servants would, at its conclusion, ask a blessing from their parents or masters; while every carriage and passenger would pause in the street, every workman would suspend his toil, and a general manifestation of religious reverence would be exhibited." — *Cuba and the Cubans*, p. 152.

The change in these respects is doubtless owing to a corrupt political government more than to all other causes. The government takes the Church into its own charge, and appoints to its offices its own creatures.

"The very members of the Chapter of the Cathedral of Havana are now named at Madrid, in disregard of the canonical proposals from the board according to law. Day after day and year after year have been suffered to pass without an appointment to fill the long vacant bishopric of Havana, and thirty years have elapsed since the sacrament of Confirmation, as it is termed by the Roman Catholics, has been administered in the several districts of the diocese, which should be regularly visited once a year." — *Ibid.*, p. 157.

In 1589, nearly a century after Cuba was discovered, the first Captain-General was appointed, and the government took substantially the same form which it still retains. Ever since, it has been the policy of the mother country to appoint governors, with very arbitrary power, at intervals of not more than five years, so that in the period of two centuries and a half there have been no less than fifty-seven chief magistrates. These men, with very few exceptions, have returned to the

mother country with great fortunes. This alone is a significant and discouraging fact to the poor Creole, who has no prospect of ever attaining to that or any other high office. Valdez, appointed in 1841, is said to have been a remarkable exception to the general style of character. He was liberal towards the Cubans, and endeavored to abide faithfully by the treaties respecting the African slave-trade; but he was not the man to suit the home government, and was soon dismissed. Having entered the palace poor, he left it no less so, making room for a man who exhibited the opposite extreme of tyranny and narrow-mindedness. This man, General O'Donnell, was in authority at the time of the negro insurrection. A little incident is related as characteristic of his family: —

"At the close of one of General O'Donnell's balls, his wife sent for the baker who had supplied the entertainment, to come at 3 o'clock, A. M. to take back the loaves not used! The baker refused, saying that he could not sell them except as stale bread, at a very reduced price. To this she replied, that she had sent for him at so early an hour, that he might have the chance of mixing it with the fresh bread he was to send around to his customers that morning. She was engaged in all kinds of profitable undertakings, of the most obscure and common pursuits in life; monopolies of the most repugnant character were introduced for her advantage, based on the unbounded authority of a provincial tyrant. The cleansing of the sewers, and the locality fixed for the reception of the manure and dirt of the city, were among the many sources of wealth which she did not scruple to turn to her advantage. But nothing was so fruitful to this family of dealers as the slave-trade, which, it was publicly asserted, furnished emoluments even to the daughter of the Captain-General." — *Cuba and the Cubans*, p. 45.

It has been well known for many years, that the Captain-General has received hush-money for the slaves clandestinely imported from Africa. This must be true of Canedo, who has just returned to Spain, after an administration of only a year and a half, if in that time, as is reported, he has amassed over a million of dollars. The writer of "Cuba and the Cubans" says, (on what authority we know not,) that the amount paid to the Captain-General was formerly half an ounce of gold for every *bag of charcoal* (that is, in the language of slavers, every slave brought over from Africa), but that it has now risen to the large sum of three doubloons.

As we were walking the streets of Matanzas, our landlord pointed out to us the governor of the city, overseeing an excavation in the side of a hill. The work was done by convicts in chains, and the profits were to go into his pocket. This man, we were told, was known within a few years to have invested some fifty thousand dollars in the slave-trade. When reported to the Captain-General, he was arrested and imprisoned by way of form, to keep up appearances before the British government; but he was soon released, and reinstated in office, the Captain-General having been well compensated for the shrewd operation.

Some ten years ago, a Southern writer, by no means disposed to palliate the evils of slavery, or to exaggerate the slave-trade, estimated the number of slaves imported at two thousand a year. The number is probably much greater, notwithstanding the vigilance of British cruisers. While the English know that the traffic is carried on, they cannot prevent it without the assistance of the local government. But, as we have already seen, the officers are interested parties, and pretend to show that the slaves are imported from Brazil. This is very absurd, as these fresh-imported slaves know nothing of the Spanish, or of any other language than their native African. Indeed, there is no secrecy about the general fact, and one planter boasted in our hearing that all his slaves, to the number of several hundred, were native Africans. They were considered superior to the degenerate Creole blacks.

But there are other modes by which the officers of government fill their own coffers. The import duties are very high. An impost of four dollars per barrel is levied on Spanish flour, of eight dollars on foreign flour, if imported in Cuban or Spanish vessels, and of ten and a half if imported in foreign vessels. But the colonial tariff may best be judged of by the following summary: —

On	824	articles,	there is a duty of	33½ per cent.
"	1,908	"	" "	27½ "
"	13	"	" "	2 to 7½ "
"	25	"	"	no duty.

The United States as producers and Cuba as a consumer of course suffer severely by this oppressive tariff, the sole pur-

pose of which is to raise funds to support a military despotism, which the people of Cuba despise no less than we do. But the policy of the government is bad, even for their own ends; for the custom-house officers are very inadequately paid, and they combine in a perfect system of corruption, which is connived at by all the authorities. It is very well known by shipmasters and merchants, that no vessel can enter her whole cargo at the custom-house, without being subjected to extreme annoyance from the officers of the customs. But if half of the cargo is entered, and the officers are bribed with half duty for the remainder, all will go on smoothly. This fact is notorious, and is constantly proved to the people and the government by the splendid establishments that are supported in a city where living is very expensive, on salaries of from two to three hundred dollars.

The fish and meat markets were monopolized by General Tacon, so that by his own report it appears that these commodities were raised at least thirty per cent. It is not very long since the trade in tobacco was monopolized. The citizen of these States, who is at liberty to travel throughout his own country at will, is not a little annoyed by the Spanish passport regulations. He pays two dollars before he sails, to the Spanish Consul, — two when he arrives, for the privilege of going ashore, — something more, for travelling into the interior; and though it might appear from these exactions that his presence on the island is unwelcome, he finds that he must pay six or seven dollars for the privilege of leaving it. Salt is found in great abundance along the shore, and would pay handsomely for the labor of securing it, were it not for the immense duty upon it, of twenty-five dollars per hundredweight.

It has been estimated that regular taxes to the amount of more than twenty millions of dollars are collected by the order of the Spanish government, the Captain-General, the lieutenant-governors, and the district judges of the interior. This immense revenue is for the support of the officers of government, the army of twenty thousand men, and the navy, and for remittances to the court.

But besides these pecuniary oppressions, there are many

other annoyances to the poor Cuban. No one can have in his house any company or amusements of any sort without a license. Every inhabitant must procure a license to go from the town or city of his residence. One cannot be in the streets after ten o'clock in the evening without a lantern and leave of the watchmen he may meet. No one is permitted to lodge a foreigner in his house without giving information to the proper authorities. One cannot remove his residence from one house to another without giving similar notice. The Cuban is constantly reminded of his degraded condition. Every palace and fortification, — every church and policeman, — the hoarse, hourly cry of the watch at night, — the soldiery guarding the gates of the city, or performing their daily tactics, — even the sweet evening music of the band upon the Plaza, — reminds him that the foot of the oppressor is upon his neck.

There have been times when the government was much less rigorous than now. This was the case in the early part of the present century, when Spain herself was struggling for independence. In 1812 and in 1820 the constitution was proclaimed, the perpetual members of the municipalities were at once deprived of office, and their successors elected by the people. These changes were not without their effect upon Cuba. A goodly portion of the old Spaniards were anxious to retain constitutional forms in the island, when they were known to be losing ground in Spain. But when the old country returned to her despotic system, and Ferdinand was restored, it was more necessary than ever to establish stringent regulations in the colonies.

"In 1825 a royal order was issued establishing martial law in the island, and investing the Captain-General with the whole extent of power which, by the royal ordinances, is granted to the governors of besieged towns, ... unrestrictedly authorizing him to remove from the island all persons, holding offices from government or not, whatever their occupation, rank, class, or situation in life may be, whose residence there he may believe prejudicial, or whose public or private conduct may appear suspicious to him, employing in their stead faithful servants of his Majesty, who shall fully deserve his Exellency's confidence. Also, to suspend the execution of whatever royal orders or general decrees, in all the different branches of the administration, or in

any part of them, his Excellency may think prejudicial to the royal service."— *Cuba and the Cubans*, p. 55.

This power still remains vested in the Captain-General, and it is even said that the incumbent just appointed has some additional authority. If the laws are made more stringent as fast as republican sentiments spread, the pent-up dissatisfaction must at length inevitably burst out in all the volcanic fury of a revolution. The Cubans seem reduced almost to the lowest extreme of cowardice and servility. What shall come next?

We may not interpret accurately the signs of the times; but they indicate that some change must take place before many years. Our slave-holding States are anxious for annexation, and, independently of the slave interest, the ruling spirit of our government is grasping, so that there is an inclination to add even the far-off islands of the Pacific to our Union. *Fillibustering* expeditions are continually reported to be organizing in New York and New Orleans, and are continually expected in Cuba, while to stimulate them and the Cubans themselves, the Cuban Junta, or Committee of Exiles, has issued an address, which is said to have been circulated extensively in the island, in which they attempt to show, by the collation of assumed and admitted facts, that Spain is about to take measures for surrendering Cuba to the domination of enfranchised slaves; and that the only way in which so disastrous a result can be prevented is by a revolution which shall wrest the island from the Spanish power, and place its government in the hands of its own people.

Again, it is falsely reported, no doubt for the purpose of exciting the annexationists to more hasty action, that the English are about to Africanize Cuba by negotiations with the Spanish government, that is, to introduce African apprentices; the effect of which measure might be to give a death-blow to slavery, and to render the acquisition of the island undesirable to Southerners, while it would initiate a system hardly less oppressive than slavery. Lord Howden denies all such intention on the part of England, while he states what is almost as significant, that, as British Ambassador at Madrid, he has made unceasing representations of the number of slaves

annually imported into the island, and complaints of the almost open manner in which the traffic is carried on under the very eye of the Captain-General; that he has been making fruitless efforts to get the Spanish government to declare the abominable traffic in men piracy; that he has successfully sought the liberation of the Emancipados, that is, men who have been fraudulently retained in bondage since 1817; and that he has endeavored to procure an abrogation of that intolerant and immoral law by which foreigners settling in Cuba are obliged to change their religion, on the somewhat startling principle (not understood elsewhere), that becoming bad men is a satisfactory preliminary to becoming good subjects.

To all this may be added the fact, that there are already several thousand coolies from China at work successfully in the cities and plantations as apprentices, and that the merchants are continually importing more. The merchants receive for them about one hundred and fifty dollars at the outset, and the purchaser, or rather hirer, must give them wages at the rate of four dollars per month, for eight years, after which they are at liberty to let themselves as best they may. There are great objections to this system. The apprentices will not find adequate protection from the government, and will be almost as much at the mercy of their employers as the slaves now are. But this movement must essentially modify the system of slavery, and exercise an important influence upon the destiny of the island. The new Captain-General has issued a decree suppressing the slave-trade, and authorizing instead thereof the introduction of free East-Indian laborers. In connection with this decree, new regulations were published respecting the Emancipados or negroes carried to Cuba by British men-of-war. It appears that neither these nor the apprentices will be more than nominally free. If they remain in the island, the Emancipados, like the apprentices, will be contracted for through the intervention of government, will be under the supervision of a *Board of Protection* to be composed partly of the syndics and corporation of Havana, and one fourth of their wages will be discounted for the benefit of the government. It may well be questioned whether this Board of Protection will secure justice to the apprentices, especially

as appeal to it will be exceedingly difficult for those who are upon plantations at a distance from Havana. But there is at least a show of mercy in some articles of the decree, whatever may be the obstacles in the way of its operation. One article provides for a change of service in behalf of those dissatisfied with their masters. As all contracts are to be made through this *benevolent board*, it will doubtless take ample heed for the government's share of the wages. Perhaps it would as appropriately be called the *Board of Compulsion.* Doubtless its *protégés* will be tempted to exclaim, "Save us from our friends!"

Such a decree as this, leaving employers and laborers at the mercy of officials, instead of securing redress of grievances by courts of justice, will be likely to result in a relation little better than that of master and slave. Whatever difference may remain between the condition of apprentice and that of the slave, will tend to produce discontent. The terms will be sufficiently advantageous to excite the ambition of the slaves, and restricted enough to fret and chafe the new immigrants, if not also the Emancipados. It is by no means certain that this discontent will end in insurrection and victory on the part of the blacks, *Africanizing* Cuba; but it can hardly fail to do something towards still further unsettling the already unstable condition of the island.

Among the signs that have looked toward a change in the political condition of Cuba must be mentioned the insurrectionary movements in 1841 and the two succeeding years, and the cruel means adopted by the government to suppress them, which every traveller for a century to come will hear spoken of with horror. The barbarity of the Spanish Inquisition of the fifteenth century hardly exceeded that of the officials of Cuba in 1843. Confessions were forced by the most cruel torture, and many a negro was put to death who was perfectly innocent. It seemed to be taken for granted that all were guilty of conspiracy. It is related that one of the officers, who was prosecuting attorney, judge, and executioner at the same time, namely, Don Ramon Gonzales, ordered his victims to be taken to a room which had been white-washed, and the walls of which were literally covered with blood and

small pieces of flesh, from the wretches who had preceded them. Here stood a bloody ladder, where the accused were tied, with their heads downward, and whether free or slaves, if they would not avow what the fiscal officer insinuated, they were whipped to death by two stout mulattoes selected for this purpose. They were scourged with leathern straps, having at the end a small destructive button, made of fine wire. But it is not necessary to relate more particularly the sufferings of the blacks, both free and colored, or the cruelty and rapacity of the officers. The story could hardly be exaggerated. Such an arbitrary mode of suppressing an insurrection could only produce hatred and tend towards revolution. And, indeed, it is only when a government fails to command the affection and respect of the people, that it is necessary to exercise such cruelty.

Even the army sent from the old country shows occasional signs of discontent, and the soldiers are kept in subordination only by constantly shifting them, regiment by regiment, from one military station to another, that no such intimacy may spring up as to enable them to combine and conspire.

The case of the steamer Black Warrior, which for some years has plied between New York and Mobile, touching at Havana, has produced great sensation in the community, and has proved a good test of the disposition of our present administration regarding Cuba. Doubtless the agents of the steamer violated a revenue law of the port of Havana, in representing her as "in ballast," when she had cotton on board, and they should have had it entered at the custom-house as in transit. A duty is required on the cargo of all vessels entering or leaving the port, even if no goods should be landed or received there. The agent's excuse to the authorities, that, "as far as regards Havana, she is in ballast; she neither brings cargo to Havana nor takes it away, — it matters not whether her ballast be bales of cotton or stone," — is a poor subterfuge. The advantage of the twelve hours allowed by law to correct a manifest was claimed; but was refused on the ground that the clearance visit had been applied for. Probably it would have been sufficient reason for a refusal, that the privilege was intended for the correction of uninten-

tional errors only. The British steamers have always submitted to precisely what was required of the Black Warrior, entering all cargoes that were in transit.

On the other hand, it is asserted that the Black Warrior has entered the harbor of Havana some thirty-six times, her manifest always representing her as "in ballast"; that the steamers of the George Law and other lines have probably entered at least three hundred times and with similar manifests; that this fact has been well known to the authorities; and moreover, that full cargoes have been repeatedly transferred from one of these steamers to another, under the eye of the officers of government. Indeed, we are constrained to believe that the government cannot plead ignorance of such violation of its laws, since officers have always been sent on board of the steamers upon their arrival, and kept there during their stay, for the prevention of contraband trade. The laws had been violated so long and so notoriously by the American steamers with impunity, that the owners of the Black Warrior had a right to expect, as a matter of courtesy at least, that due notice would be given before enforcing them. The authorities will probably attempt to show that such notice was given. Should they fail to do so, it will be time to be indignant. But we should earnestly deprecate any efforts to use such an incivility as an occasion for war with Spain and for the capture of Cuba.

It may be construed into an acknowledgment of fault, that a messenger was sent from Havana to the Spanish legation at Washington, with an offer to pay damages to the owners of the steamship. But this may only be an indication of a disinclination on the part of the Governor-General to get into trouble with the United States. On the other hand, it may be regarded as an acknowledgment of fault on the part of the owners of the Black Warrior, that they have consented to take back the vessel after having abandoned it, and to pay, though under protest, a fine of six thousand dollars. And the acknowledgment is the more clear, if, as is stated, they have petitioned the Queen, in supplicatory terms, to remit the fine. Our government has sent a special messenger to Mr. Soulé, its Minister at the Court of Spain, to demand immediate satis-

faction; and from the tenor of the President's message to the House of Representatives on this subject, and from the fact that France and England are now engaged in the European war, and therefore cannot render aid against us, there seemed ground for apprehending, on the part of our government, injustice to Spain, if not measures of open hostility. Recent despatches from Madrid are, we regret, not adapted to remove such fears.

We have introduced the Black Warrior affair as having an important bearing on the political relations between our own country and Cuba. There are indeed many indications of an approaching change in the condition of that island; and in what direction shall that change be? Cuba will perhaps become independent. Yet her people will hardly be able to sustain their independence, heterogeneous as they are, and unaccustomed to bear any part in church or state. England cannot hold the island without coming into perpetual conflict with our government. Besides, England has too many colonies already for her navy, immense and powerful as it is. It is the "manifest destiny" of the island to come, sooner or later, into the possession of the United States. There is one course of action by which a revolution may be anticipated, and that is by peaceable cession. No laws of morality will allow our nation to fight for it, though she might easily wrest it from poor, weak Spain; nor must we permit any private expeditions; but it might be to our advantage to purchase it, and it would be greatly to the advantage of the Cubans themselves.

Ah! but there is the question of slavery. Regarding this question in the abstract, it presents a great objection. We wish to have nothing to do with the institution. But looking at things as they are, it appears not improbable, notwithstanding the expectations of our Southern fellow-citizens to the contrary, that, in case of annexation, slaves in large numbers would be transported from the States where their labor is now unprofitable, or comparatively so, to those rich and productive sugar estates, rendered far more profitable as they would be by free trade with us and diminished restrictions of trade with other countries. Thus, such States as Virginia, Kentucky, and Delaware would the more speedily become free.

In reply to this, it may be said that it would be death to the Northern slaves to be transported to a warmer climate, and to be there subjected to unceasing labor. If such is likely to be the case, then we should utterly deprecate the annexation of Cuba as a slave State. Indeed, we doubt whether any considerations whatever could justify her admission to the Union except on the basis of freedom and equality of political rights for all her inhabitants. Yet we cannot but hope that, sooner or later, the island will be offered to us on such conditions as we can conscientiously accept.

But why should we want Cuba? First of all, because Cuba needs a better government, — because she would be intrinsically of more value, and her people would be vastly more happy, under republican institutions. It would be an office of philanthropy to receive her. But, in addition to this, it may be said that our country will derive much direct benefit from improved modes of culture and manufacture on the Cuban plantations, and from the reduction of duties on their products. The inevitable result would be a great reduction in the price of sugars throughout the country; for an export duty is imposed by the Spanish government, and a protection is granted in the United States for the culture and manufacture of sugar in Louisiana, where the cane must be planted once in three years, (instead of once in ten or twenty years, as in Cuba,) and never fully ripens on account of frost.

In a commercial point of view, Cuba would be exceedingly important to whatever country may hold possession of her, but far more so to us than she could be to any other nation, for she could easily blockade all the ports of the Gulf of Mexico, and cut off our vessels on the route to the Isthmus. The Cuban coast is less than a hundred miles from Yucatan, and but little more than a hundred from Florida, and stretches far eastward into the ocean. Cuba can be brought into direct telegraphic communication with every portion of the United States, and, by means of railroads and steamboats, within three or four days' journey from Washington. The distance between Cape Sable in Florida and Jaruco in Cuba can readily be spanned by telegraph wires when there shall be occasion for it, and already the government of Spain are

establishing a thousand miles of telegraph upon the island, a portion of it being now in operation.

It is well known that about two years ago England and France proposed a convention with the United States relative to Cuba. Our government was solicited to acquiesce in the following article: —

"The high contracting parties hereby severally and collectively disclaim, now and hereafter, all intention to obtain possession of the island of Cuba, and they respectively bind themselves to discountenance all attempts to that effect on the part of any power or individuals whatever. The high contracting parties declare severally and collectively, that they will not obtain or maintain for themselves, or for any one of themselves, any exclusive control over said island, nor assume nor exercise any dominion over the same."

In the admirable reply from the Department of State at Washington, Mr. Everett takes the position that the United States cannot come to equal terms with France and England respecting Cuba.

"The President," he says, "does not covet the acquisition of Cuba for the United States; at the same time, he considers the condition of Cuba mainly as an American question. The proposed convention proceeds on a different principle. It assumes that the United States have no other or greater interest in the question than France or England; whereas it is necessary only to cast one's eye on the map to see how remote are the relations of Europe, and how intimate are those of the United States, with this island.

"The United States feel no uneasiness at the acquisitions that England and France have already made; but the transfer of Cuba to either of these powers would be a different thing. We should view it in somewhat the same light in which France and England would view the acquisition of some important island in the Mediterranean by the United States; with this difference, it is true, — that the attempt of the United States to establish themselves in Europe would be a novelty, while the appearance of a European power in this part of the world is a familiar fact. But this difference in the two cases is merely historical, and would not diminish the anxiety which, on political grounds, would be caused by any great demonstration of European power in a new direction in America."

The objections to the convention were, —

1. That it would not be viewed with favor by the Senate,

and its rejection by that body would leave the question of Cuba in a more unsettled position than before.

2. It may be doubted whether the Constitution of the United States would allow the treaty-making power to impose a permanent disability on the American government for all coming time, and prevent it under any circumstances from doing what has been so often done in times past. Louisiana and Florida have been purchased. May not circumstances at some future period favor and justify the purchase of Cuba?

3. It has been the policy of our government to avoid entangling alliances with European powers.

4. The island of Cuba is remote from Europe, but lies at our doors. It is in a position to control our commerce. If it guarded the entrance of the Thames or the Seine, instead of the Mississippi, and we should propose a convention like this to France and England, those powers would assuredly feel that the disability assumed by ourselves was far less serious than that which we asked them to assume.

This document from the Secretary of State represents the vast increase of the territory of the United States, and the inevitable continuance of that increase, and adds: —

"Little less than half a million of the population of the Old World is annually pouring into the United States, to be incorporated into an industrious and prosperous community, in the bosom of which they find political and religious liberty, social position, employment, and bread. It is a fact that would defy belief, were it not the result of official inquiry, that the immigrants to the United States from Ireland alone, besides having subsisted themselves, have sent back to their kindred, for the last three years, nearly five millions of dollars annually. Such is the territorial development of the United States in the past century. Is it possible that Europe can contemplate it with an unfriendly or jealous eye? What would have been her condition in these trying years, but for the outlet we have furnished for her starving millions?"

Mr. Everett argues that, as Great Britain has been benefited by the prosperous commerce that has resulted from the establishment of the independence of the United States, by the home that has been provided for the multitudes she could not or would not support, and the remittances her subjects have received from them, — so Spain, far from being injured by the

loss of this island, would, by peacefully transferring it to the United States, derive more profit from the free commerce that would spring up with her, favored above all other nations by ancient associations and common language and tastes, than from the best contrived system of colonial taxation.

Cuba commands the sympathies of every friend of freedom. Shall she not be liberated from the despotic power of Spain? When liberated, can she comfortably remain independent, with hungry John Bull on one side, and greedy Jonathan on the other? Either country would propose a connection to the island far more advantageous for it than solitary independence. Surely we can afford to outbid England; for even if we do not want it ourselves, we cannot permit it to go into the possession of any other powerful nation.

We watch with interest, not to say jealousy, every new development relating to this island, and trust that the time will be hastened when, if not ours, it shall become, by the introduction of such liberal institutions of government, of learning, and of religion as we enjoy, what Nature seems to have designed it to be, the *Queen of the Antilles* and the *garden of the world.*

ART. VII.— *Thesaurus of English Words, so classified and arranged as to facilitate the Expression of Ideas and assist in Literary Composition.* By PETER MARK ROGET, late Secretary of the Royal Society, Author of the Bridgewater Treatise on Animal and Vegetable Physiology, &c. *Revised and edited, with a List of Foreign Words, defined in English, and other Additions.* By BARNAS SEARS, D.D., Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 468.

WE congratulate that large, respectable, inexpressive, and unexpressed class of thinkers, who are continually complaining of the barrenness of their vocabulary as compared with the affluence of their ideas, on the appearance of Dr. Roget's

volume. If it does nothing else, it will bring a popular theory of verbal expression to the test; and if that theory be correct, we count upon witnessing a mob of mute Miltons and Bacons, and speechless Chathams and Burkes, crowding and tramping into print. Dr. Roget, for a moderate fee, prescribes the verbal medicine which will relieve the congestion of their thoughts. All the tools and implements employed by all the poets and philosophers of England can be obtained at his shop. The idea being given, he guarantees in every case to supply the word. Dr. Sears, the American editor, has, it is true, deemed it his duty to retrench the exuberance of the original in the phraseology of slang, and has thus made it a useless book to a numerous and constantly increasing class of *beaux-esprits*, whose conceptions and passions would find no adequate vent in any dialect milder and cleanlier than that which derives its force and flavor from Billingsgate and Wapping; but for all ordinary purposes, either of copiousness or condensation, of elegance or energy, Dr. Roget's volume, as weeded by Dr. Sears, will be found to be amply sufficient. Indeed, if the apt use of words be a mechanical exercise, we cannot doubt that this immense mass of the raw material of expression will be rapidly manufactured into history, philosophy, poetry, and eloquence.

Seriously, we consider this book as one of the best of a numerous class, whose aim is to secure the results without imposing the tasks of labor, to arrive at ends by a dexterous dodging of means, to accelerate the tongue without accelerating the faculties. It is an outside remedy for an inward defect. In our opinion, the work mistakes the whole process by which living thought makes its way into living words, and it might be thoroughly mastered without conveying any real power or facility of expression. In saying this, we do not mean that the knack of mechanical rhetoric may not be more readily caught, and that fluency in the use of words may not be increased, by its study. But rhetoric is not a knack, and fluency is not expression. The crop of ready writers, of correct writers, of elegant writers, of writers capable of using words in every mode but the right one, is already sufficiently large to meet the current demand for intellectual husk, chaff,

and stubble. The tendency of the time to divorce the body of words from the soul of expression, and to shrivel up language into a mummy of thought, would seem to need the rein rather than the whip. The most cursory glance over much of the "literature" of the day, so called, will indicate the peculiar form of marasmus under which the life of language is in danger of being slowly consumed. The most hopeless characteristic of this literature is its complacent exhibition of distressing excellences, — its evident incapacity to rise into promising faults. The terms are such as are employed by the best writers, the grammar is good, the morality excellent, the information accurate, the reflections sensible, yet the whole composition neither contains nor can communicate intellectual or moral life; and a critical eulogium on its merits sounds like the certificate of a schoolmaster as to the negative virtues of his pupils. This fluent debility, which never stumbles into ideas nor stutters into passion, which calls its commonplace comprehensiveness, and styles its sedate languor repose, would, if put upon a short allowance of words, and compelled to purchase language at the expense of conquering obstacles, be likely to evince some spasms of genuine expression; but it is hardly reasonable to expect this verbal abstemiousness at a period when the whole wealth of the English tongue is placed at the disposal of the puniest whipsters of rhetoric, — when the art of writing is avowedly taught on the principle of imitating the "best models," — when words are worked into the ears of the young in the hope that something will be found answering to them in their brains, — and when Dr. Peter Mark Roget, who never happened on a verbal felicity or uttered a "thought-executing" word in the course of his long and useful life, rushes about, book in hand, to tempt unthinking and unimpassioned mediocrity into the delusion, that its disconnected glimpses of truths never fairly grasped, and its faint movements of embryo aspirations which never broke their shell, can be worded by his specifics into creative thought and passion. The bill of fare is indeed immense; what a pity that the absence of such insignificant elements as mouths, stomachs, and the appetite of hunger, may preclude the possibility of a feast!

Far, therefore, from being disposed to increase the vocabulary of such writers, and students of the art of writing, by books like this "Thesaurus," we grudge them the words they have already pressed into their service. They have not earned the right to use their words by exercising any inward energy of thought on the things to which they relate. The first condition of true expression is an effort of mind, which restrains rather than stimulates fluency. The ease with which accredited maxims derived through the ear can be attached to words which have been decoyed through the same populous thoroughfare, offers a desperate temptation to avoid the trouble equally of thinking and expressing. The ears write. Take, for example, the truths of morality and religion, which unrealizing minds and rapid pens have so hardened into truisms, that it has become a mark of genius to restore and revivify their original freshness and power. Now there are few creatures so pitiable as to need information on these topics, and few writers so stupid as to be unable to give it. What is required is not information, but inspiration. The maxims and doctrines are the commonest furniture of the commonest minds. The office, therefore, of the moralist is to impart, not moral truisms, but moral life. The office of the preacher is not to communicate the forms of religious doctrine, but to infuse the substance of religious vitality. All moralizing and all preaching are ineffective, which do not thus strike through the understanding directly at the will, and purify and invigorate the sources of moral and religious action. But to do this, requires a face to face knowledge of the truths to be driven home, — vivid inward experience poured out in living, breathing, palpitating words. The man who eliminates from these universal principles their divine significance and awful beauty, and prattles about them as truisms, soon becomes as dull, dry, and feeble as his topics, and his poverty of soul is just as evident when his diction is elegant and copious as when it is mean and pinched. The treasures of language, poured into such a mind, are "like money dropped into a dead man's hand."

What is really wanted, therefore, "to facilitate the expression of ideas," is something which will facilitate the concep-

tion of ideas. What is really wanted "to assist in literary composition," is a true philosophy of expression, founded on a knowledge of the nature and operations of the mind, and of the vital processes by which thought incarnates and drapes itself in words. Expression is a purely mental act, the work of the same blended force and insight, will and intelligence, that thinks. Its power and clearness answer to the power and clearness of the mind whence it proceeds. Its peculiarities correspond to the peculiarities of the individual nature it represents. Its perfection consists in identifying words with things, — in bending language to the form, and pervading it with the vitality, of the thought it aims to arrest and embody. In those cases where thought transcends the sensuous capacities of language to utter its conceptions, the expression will still magically suggest the idea or mood it cannot directly convey, just as a more than earthly beauty looks out from the beautiful faces of Raphael's Madonnas, indicating the subtile passage into form of a soul and sentiment which no mere form could express. There are no more simple words than "green," "sweetness," and "rest," yet what depth and intensity of significance shines in Chaucer's "green," — what a still ecstasy of religious bliss irradiates "sweetness" as it drops from the pen of Jonathan Edwards, — what celestial repose beams from "rest" as it lies on the page of Barrow! The moods seem to transcend the resources of language, yet they are expressed in common words, transfigured, sanctified, imparadised, by the spiritual vitality which streams through them. The words are among the cheapest articles in Dr. Roget's voluminous catalogue; but where is the cunning rhetorician who can obtain them there?

Expression, then, whether direct or suggestive, is thought *in* the words or *through* the words, and not thought *and* the words. Thought implies two elements, the subject thinking and the object thought. When the process of thinking reaches that degree of intensity in which the object of thought is seen in clear vision, — when the thinking mind comes into direct contact with the objective thing or idea it has "felt after" and found, — the words which it then weaves into the visible garment of its mingled emotion and conception are words sur-

charged and flooded with life, — words which are living things, endowed with the power, not only to communicate ideas, but to convey, as by spiritual conductors, the shock and thrill which attended their conception. Instead of being mere barren signs of abstract notions, they become media through which the life of one mind is radiated into other minds. They inspire as well as inform; invigorate as well as enlighten. Such language is the spiritual body of the thinker, which never dies or grows old, but has a relative immortality on earth, and makes him a contemporary with all succeeding generations; for in such language not only are thoughts embodied, but words are ensouled.

The fact, that expression like this is beyond the power of ordinary minds, does not affect its value as a guiding principle of rhetorical education. The difficulty is that the principle is not generally admitted. It is supposed that the development and the discipline of thought are to be conducted apart from the development and discipline of the power of expressing thought. Fill your head with words, and when you get an idea fit it to them, — this is the current mode, prolific in famished intellects and starveling expressions. Hence the prevailing lack of intellectual conscientiousness, or closeness of expression to the thing, — a palpable interval between them being revealed at the first probe of analysis. Words and things having thus no vital principle of union, being, in fact, attached or tied together, they can be easily detached or unbound, and the expression accordingly bears but the similitude of life.

But it is honorable to human nature that men hate to write unless inspired to write. As soon as rhetoric becomes a mechanical exercise it becomes a joyless drudgery, and drudgery ends in a mental disgust which impairs even the power to drudge. There is consequently a continual tendency to rebel against commonplace, even among those engaged in its service. But the passage from this intellectual apathy to intellectual character commonly lies through intellectual anarchy. The literature of facts connected by truisms, and the literature of things connected by principles, are divided by a wide, chaotic domain, appropriated to the literature of desperation; and gen-

erally the first token that a writer has become disgusted with the truisms of the understanding is his ostentatious parade of the paradoxes of sensibility. He begins to rave the moment he ceases to repeat.

Now the vital processes of thought and expression are processes of no single faculty or impulse, but of a whole nature, and mere sensibility, or mere understanding, or mere imagination, or mere will, can never of itself produce the effects of that collected, concentrated, personal power, in which will, intellect, and sensibility are all consolidated in an individuality. The utmost strain and stir of the impulses can but mimic strength, when they are disconnected from character. Passion, in the minds of the anarchists of letters, instead of being poured through the intellect to stimulate intelligence into power, frets and foams into mere passionateness. It does not condense the faculty in which it inheres, but diffuses the faculty to which it coheres. It makes especial claim to force; but the force of simple sensibility is a pretentious force, evincing no general might of nature, no innate, original, self-centred energy. It blusters furiously about its personal vigor, and lays a bullying emphasis on the "ME," but its self-assertion is without self-poise or self-might. The grand object of its tempestuous conceit is to make a little nature, split into fragmentary faculties and impulses, and disporting a convulsive feebleness in a slushy expansiveness of language, look like a great nature, stirred by strong passions, illumined by positive ideas, and directed to definite ends. And it must be admitted that, so far as the public is concerned, it often succeeds in the deception. Commonplace, though crazed into strange shapes by the *delirium tremens* of sensibility, and uttering itself in strange shrieks and screams, is essentially commonplace still; but it often passes for the frenzy and upward, rocket-like rush of impassioned imagination. The writer, therefore, who is enabled, by a felicitous deformity of nature, to indulge in it, contrives to make many sensible people guilty of the blasphemy of calling him a genius; and if he have the knack of rhyming, and can set to music his agonies of weakness and ecstasies of imbecility, he is puffed as a great poet, superior to all the restraints of artistic law, and is allowed to huddle

together appetite and aspiration, earth and heaven, man and God, in a truculent fashion peculiarly his own.

The misuse of words in this literature of ungoverned or ungovernable sensibility has become so general as to threaten the validity of all definitions. The connection between sign and thing signified has been so severed, that it resembles the logic of that eminent master of argumentation, of whom it was said, "that his premises might be afflicted with the confluent small-pox without his conclusion being in any danger of catching it." Objects are distorted, relations disturbed, language put upon the rack to torment it into intensity, and the whole composition seems, like Tennyson's organ, to be "groaning for power," yet the result both of the mental and verbal bombast is simply a feverish feebleness, equally infecting thought and style. Big and passionate as are the words, and terrible as has been their execution in competent hands, they resolutely refuse to do the work of dunces and maniacs. The spirits are called, but they decline to come.

Yet this resounding emptiness of diction is not without popularity and influence, though its popularity has no deep roots and its influence is shallow. Its superficial effectiveness is indicated, not more by the success of the passionate men who fall naturally into it, than by the success of the shrewd men who coldly imitate it. Thus Sheridan, who of all orators had the least sensibility and the most wit and cunning, adopted in many of his speeches a style as bloated as his own face, full of fustian deliberately manufactured, and rant which betrays the most painful elaboration. Our own legislative eloquence is singularly rich in speeches whose diction is a happy compound of politic wrath and flimsy fancies, glowing with rage worthy of Counsellor Phillips's philippics, and spangled with flowers that might have been gathered in the garden of Mr. Hervey's "Meditations." But we should do great injustice to these orators if we supposed them as foolish as they try to make themselves appear in their eloquence; and it is safe to impute more than ordinary reptile sagacity, and more than ordinary skill in party management, to those politicians who indulge in more than ordinary nonsense in their declamations. The incapacity to feel, which

their bombast evinces, proves they are in no danger of being whirled into imprudences by the mad emotions they affect. Such oratory, however, has a brassy taint and ring inexpressibly distasteful both to the physical and intellectual sense, and its deliberate hypocrisy of feeling is a sure sign of profligacy of mind.

It is only, however, when sensibility is genuine and predominant, that it produces that anarchy of the intellect in which the literature of desperation, as contrasted with the literature of inspiration, has its source. The chief characteristic of this literature is absence of restraint. Its law is lawlessness. It is developed according to no interior principle of growth; it adapts itself to no exterior principle of art. In view of this, it is somewhat singular that so large a portion of its products should be characterized by such essential mediocrity, since it might be supposed that a common nature, disordered by passion, and unrestrained by law, with a brain made irritable, if not sensitive, by internal rage, would exhibit some hysteric bursts of genius. But a sharp inspection reveals, in a majority of cases, that it is the old commonplace galvanized. Its heat is not that of fire, but of hot water, and no fusing power is perceptible in its weltering expanse. We are reluctantly compelled to admit that chaos cannot create, and that a great display of fussiness may be consistent with a lamentable lack of force.

Even in those writers in whom this sensibility is connected with some genius, and the elements of whose minds exhibit marks of spontaneous power, we are continually impressed with the impotence of anarchy to create, or combine, or portray. They never present the thing itself about which they rave, but only their feelings about the thing. They project into nature and life the same confusion of objects and relations which exists in their own minds, and stir without satisfying. That misrepresentation is a mental as well as moral offence, and that no intellect is sound unless it be conscientiously close to the truth of things in perception and expression, are maxims which they scorn to allow as checks on their freedom of impulse. But with all their bluster, they cannot con-

ceal the limitation of their natures in the impudence of their claims.

And this brings us to the consideration of words as media for the emission and transpiration of character, — as expressions, not simply of thoughts or emotions, but of natures, — as modes by which literature is pervaded with vitality and peopled with men, so that a criticism on styles is resolved into an exposition of persons. This function of language seems to us its noblest, because its most honest function. Words, to be sure, never really lie, though appearances are sometimes strongly against them. The truth leaks out from the most hypocritical sentences; and we have repeatedly read books, manufactured on Dr. Roget's pattern, in which the words seemed to feel degraded by the drudgery they were engaged in, to a practised ear audibly grumbled at being turned from "nimble servitors" into stupid slaves, and every moment eagerly gave in evidence against their taskmasters. Again, it is undoubtedly true, that a good portion of the sensuality, vulgarity, misanthropy, malignity, and littleness of soul, which take a literary form, is communicated in the phrases and images of their opposites, but communicated almost as effectively as if the words belonged to that varying class of terms which "no young lady ought to read." Indeed, if there be any animating life behind or within a composition, that peculiar life, and no other, will escape into the consciousness of the reader, without regard to the nature of the opinions or the language in which they are clothed. A satanic drop in the blood makes a clergyman preach diabolism from scriptural texts, and a philanthropist inculcate misanthropy from the rostrum of reform. It is all love in words, all hatred in spirit; and the Devil is content. An oversight of this obvious principle converts criticism into a mere gibberish. Take, for instance, such writers as P. J. Bailey and Alexander Smith, two of the most hopeful desperadoes of "young literature," quick in apprehension, fertile in fancy, ravenous in impulse, and whose sad baggage of a muse has been loudly hailed as the true celestial maiden on the sole evidence of her robes. Doubtless, through the crack in their heads split by passion, we have a view of quite a splendid anarchy of faculties and sensibilities, — doubtless

they are adorned with some of the most gorgeous trappings of poetry, — but still they are not essentially poets. They give us, not poetry, but a poetic debauch. They evince an appetite for the ideal, rather than a sentiment for it, and whether it pleases them to soar into heaven or dive into hell, whether they take us among saints or sinners, a predominant animalism, penetrating every shining phrase and image, is the impression they stamp upon the mind. The thing does not taste well in the mouth, — gives no ideal pleasure or satisfaction; and, for our own part, we confess a preference for Dante, Milton, and Goethe on the same themes, though we cheerfully admit their inferiority in intellectual topsy-turviness and the blaze of words. Were the powers and passions of these desperate gentlemen harmonized into unity, we should see at once how moderate is the real size and weight of natures, which appear of such astounding dimensions and force in their shattered state. By this compression, however, they might dwindle into — poets, — poets of the second class, it is true, but still poets, which they are altogether too splendid and sublime to be at present.

If the latent nature of a writer thus struggles through his words, and hypocrisy, conscious or unconscious, in his mode of writing, fails to conceal his disposition, — if mental anarchy, though wielding all the external resources of language, can still express only itself, — there would seem to be very strong inducements in literature for authors to be honest. Many a poor wight, who struts in the purple and fine linen of verbiage, a target for criticism, would be an interesting object if he were content with the homely suits which exactly fit his conceptions. Every writer whose aim is not to appear, but to be, and who directs his powers to the expression of what he really is, succeeds, at least, in making himself readable; for such a writer urges no opinions which have not been domesticated in his own understanding, testifies to no facts which are not realities to his own consciousness, and uses no words which he has not earned the right to use by testing their conformity to his own impressions or insight. And it is curious how flexible language becomes when a writer's vocabulary is thus limited by his intellectual character, and with what ease a few

words do the whole business of expression. A presiding personality, indeed, acts as a magnet; all related words come tripping to it, as if eager and glad to leave their limbo of generality and form part of a new organism, to feel through their shrunken veins the flow and throb of fresh, warm blood, and to partake in the rapture of individual existence. Then language really becomes alive, and thus, too, books attain the power to live. All others, after a few convulsive efforts, die and are forgotten, or are known only to the antiquary who prowls among the cemeteries of letters, reading inscriptions on tombstones.

We do not, of course, mean to assert that all individualities that take a literary form become conspicuous in becoming genuine. The compositions which embody poverty and littleness of individual being must exist in the obscurity in which they were born, but they still exist. The benevolent literary historian who visits them in their dingy paper hovels always finds them in a wretched condition, but always finds them alive. Perhaps the lowest form of what we call intellectual character is visible in the pamphlets of those political hacks, who, from Walpole's time to that of Lord Chatham, were employed by booksellers and statesmen to enlighten the British public on national affairs, — in other words, to do the dirty work of politics. These men undoubtedly exhibit singular littleness of nature, and singular feebleness of vitality; but still their minds act as units, and every sentence is steeped in the meanness and malevolence in which their whole life seems to have been absorbed. We are afraid that a dispassionate criticism must give them the appellation of ragamuffins and sneaks; but yet it is due to them to say that they are not ashamed of their characters, whether they were natural from their cradles, or acquired in the garrets of Osborne and Mist. They are most assuredly stupid, very stupid, but then their stupidity is a positive, and not a negative quality. Throughout their writings, we observe quite a laudable persistence in kind and fidelity to type, without any eccentric rhetorical deviations into brilliancy or decency. As we read them, even at this late day, their natures appear to ooze or dribble out in the vapid emphasis of every italicized word, in the sly venom

of every insinuated scandal, in the limping movement of every dismal witticism, in the lowness of all the lying statements, in the impotence of all the toothless sarcasms, in the vagabond disorder of all the rags of rhetoric. But then it is pleasant occasionally to be in the company of dunces who are so complacent in their duncery, who are stirred by no fretful aspiration to be fine writers, who are so thoroughly content with the puddle in which they live, and who, as true artists of the little and the low, would disdain to borrow the snapping terseness of Pope's verse, or the flowing richness of Bolingbroke's prose, or the manner of any other "eminent hands" and "persons of honor," in order to give their lean thoughts and reptile dispositions a more splendid verbal raiment than the physiognomical and characteristic one supplied from their own wardrobes. These writers, too, are by far the most honest of their kind. Minds as small and natures as mean as theirs have since addressed themselves to similar tasks without displaying similar frankness. From the time of Junius and Burke, the tomtits of English politics have sported the beaks and talons, and arrayed themselves in the plumage, of the vultures and the eagles. The feeblest rancor aspires to wear the aspect of ravenous malignity, and the weakest pugnacity would tower and scream in the regions of imaginative passion.

The next form of intellectual character, whose verbal expression rewards analysis, is found in those men who deal with obvious facts and principles, but really grasp and handle them. Their sense is common sense, but common sense as character, not as hearsay. All their notions are organized into abilities and written out in their lives; truisms from their lips have the effect of original perceptions; and old saws and proverbs, worn to shreds by constant repetition, startle the ear like brilliant fancies, when uttered by men whose dispositions they have formed and whose actions they have guided. Such persons are commonly narrow and bigoted, and profess great contempt for everything that lies beyond the range of their vision. They delight, indeed, to call their opinions "views," in order, it would seem, to suggest the test of sight to which they have been subjected; and they give them additional emphasis by putting them in the possessive case. They are not

general "views," but "my views." These opinions have not been argued into their heads, and history and experience afford no instance of their having been ever argued out of them. Solidified as they are into muscle and bone, their hard tenacity of hold, impregnable to the syllogism, would almost resist the axe or the battering-ram. To change the "views" of such minds is a task resembling the boring of tunnels or blasting of rocks. Their phraseology, when its organic pith and substance are uncorrupted by the schoolmaster, is, of course, singularly close, compact, and vital, indicating an interior perception of, and familiar acquaintance with, the matters about which they talk. In English literature, these thinkers and rhetoricians of humble life are contemptuously referred to as "the vulgar," and young students are pathetically adjured not to catch the infection of their speech; but it seems to us that they hint the true philosophy of rhetoric better than Dr. Campbell directly teaches it, for their words are always things, and the aim of the loftiest creative thinker is, in expression, to give solidity to spiritual facts. Even in the use of tropes they evince a more subtile knowledge of the vital processes of figurative expression than most of the poetasters who sniff at them. "That horse of yours," said a friend of ours to a farmer, "is very handsome." "Yes," was the drawling reply, "but he is — as — slow — as — cold molasses." We doubt if an analyst could find, out of the great poets, a better example than this on which to exercise his skill in giving the genesis of an imaginative analogy. The idea, as Bacon would say, is thoroughly "immersed in matter." The authors who have studied the modes of thinking and expression characteristic of "the vulgar," have exercised the widest influence; for in that school they learned to think in the concrete, and to give to thoughts the form and significance of visible realities. The reserved power always underlying the sparse speech of ordinary men, imparts tenfold meaning and force to their words and images. Sir Edward Coke, a man of prodigious ability and acquirement, but still essentially commonplace in his intellect and prejudices, was once goaded by rage and hatred into an imagination in which his whole massive nature seemed to emit itself in a Titanic stutter of passion. We refer, of course,

to his calling Sir Walter Raleigh a "spider of hell," — an image in which loathing appeared to become executive, and palpably to smite its object on the cheek. It was from the fact that imagination was so small an element in his general power, and required the utmost depth of passion to be pushed into prominence, that it acted so like a bolt when it did flame fiercely out. The image may be a small matter in itself, but it becomes tremendous when we see the whole roused might of Sir Edward Coke glare terribly through it. The spider, indeed, appears to be a favorite symbol of ordinary fancies to express spite. Thus Henry Fox, in a hot attack on Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, who was supposed to have no desire to reform the many abuses of his office, exclaimed: "Touch but a cobweb in Westminster Hall, and *the old spider of the Law* is out upon you, with all his vermin at his heels." This image makes the flesh creep.

Common sense, as embodied in character, has a downright directness of expression often offensively dogmatic, though the dogmatism is not without justification in the evident certainty — the iron clutch — of its hold upon things. But in men of coarse strength of nature, endowed with broad perceptions on low levels of thought, this practical sagacity is apt to wax into conceit with itself, to be developed in connection with pride and self-will, and gradually to degenerate into a bearish arrogance of self-assertion, in which a good portion of its original clearness of view is obscured. The moment this divorce between force and insight occurs, will is pampered at the expense of understanding, and the result is a wilfulness, whose expression is marked by an overbearing dogmatism, hateful to all who delight in the dominion of reason over animal vigor and effrontery. Men of this stamp often preserve more than an ordinary degree of intellect, but it is a tool to be used, not a torch to guide. Both in literature and in life, they are the swashbucklers, bullies, and bravos of speech, unscrupulous, tyrannical, wrong-headed, ambitious to conquer rather than anxious to convince, and indisposed, indeed, to give any reasons for saying or doing a thing, so long as they can "bid their will avouch it." They are often very effective as writers, orators, statesmen, theologians, from their warlike

attitude and tactics, — using words as bullets, throwing off statements and arguments like successive discharges of cannon, and thoroughly understanding the art of rapidly concentrating the heaviest mass of invective on the weakest point of resistance. Lord Chancellor Thurlow is a shining example of the method in which opponents may be cowed or scattered by abuse, and offices of trust and honor taken by assault. By sheer strength of imperious, indomitable impudence, he pushed himself into high station, and, what is more, did what he pleased after he attained it. He was not content to rule; he was unhappy unless he could domineer. During the time that he hung, "like a low, black cloud," over the House of Lords, the proudest peers were abashed by the scowl of his shaggy brow, the ominous growl of his voice, "like thunder heard remote," and the impending lightnings which seemed ready to dart from his eyes at the slightest touch of provocation. His means of success were immense confidence in himself, immense assumed contempt for others, and the favor of his Most Wilful Majesty, George III., who was attracted to him by a kindred spirit. He would have his own way. He unhesitatingly plotted against administrations of which he was himself a member, hectored statesmen of his own party, gave judgments in chancery without condescending to state reasons for them, and fairly bullied his contemporaries into the opinion that he was a great statesman and a great jurist. There was a fascination in his towering effrontery. George III. and his queen were eminently moral people, yet Thurlow was a favorite of both, though he openly defied moral restraints. When Chancellor, he was "keeper of the King's conscience" and of a mistress, paraded his illegitimate children in public, and swore more terribly than ever did "our army in Flanders." At one time, when the King was threatened with insanity, and was palpably incompetent to understand the acts which the Chancellor carried to him for his approval, Thurlow became impatient at the demands of his Majesty to have their purport explained to him. "It 's all —— nonsense," said the gruff Chancellor, "to try to make your Majesty understand them, and you had better consent to them at once." He sometimes employed Mr. Justice Buller, a judge in every

respect his superior, to sit for him in the Court of Chancery, and praised his decisions publicly; but on its being said to him that it was remarkable that a Common Law judge should be so familiar with Equity, Thurlow exclaimed, "Equity! he knows no more of it than a horse; but he disposes somehow of the cases, and I seldom hear of them again." When Mr. Pitt's death was announced to him, he remarked, "A —— good hand at turning a period!" This insolent assumption of superiority is stamped on all his speeches, public and private; and it must be admitted that he had completely mastered the art of individualizing language, and making words perform the office of blows and stabs.

There are many people who cannot recognize the presence of a powerful personality, except it be thus exhibited in salient personal traits. But personal force, in its healthy development, purifies itself from obtrusive individualities in proportion to the singleness and vigor of its aim and purpose, and in works of simple statement and argumentation we often feel the presence of character as a moving power, when it fails to be visible in obstructive singularities. It is character that states and reasons, though character broadened into understanding, and seemingly as impersonal as the facts and principles it grasps and expounds. Dr. Samuel Clarke, John Stuart Mill, Sir William Hamilton, and Daniel Webster, are instances in point. In the language of these men we observe an austere conscientiousness of phrase, as if every word had been severely tested and kept subordinate to the thought which it is used to convey. The sober and solid tramp of their style reflects the movement of intellects that palpably respect the relations and dimensions of things, and to which exaggeration would be immorality. We should hesitate to call them creative thinkers, and equally to place them in point of greatness below any but creative thinkers of the first class. It is indeed with a sigh of regret, that a critic who has studied Sir William Hamilton is compelled to station him not even abreast of Hobbes and Locke.

In passing from intellectual character of this testing and reasoning, but not especially originating, species to creative power, we do not at first ascend. Natures comparatively lit-

tle often exhibit faculties which are great in kind, though limited in degree, and exhibit them also as centred in character. In their expression there is none of the hardness which distinguishes the tough vitality and vigor of men in whom understanding predominates. The little there is in them melts, flows, fuses, shines. They can create and combine, though their creations and combinations be petty and of small account; and they leave the permanent print of their natures in those sly corners and crevices of the literature of a language, which the omnivorous general reader delights to explore. Colley Cibber, for instance, is a small creature enough, but still an indissoluble unit and representative of flippant character, endowed with a delightful little imagination exactly answering to the demands of his little nature, and fertile in little creations and bright and shallow gossip, always meaning well and never meaning much. Horace Walpole, a higher example of the same flippancy, built up, through an assimilation of all the frippery of literature and all the frippery of fashionable life, a character perfect in its kind, and within its sphere undoubtedly creative. The affectation of his style has its roots in the affectation of his nature, and it is an admirable style for him. The sarcastic pertness of his diction, in which wit and observation tend to crystallize in words, and become brittle as they grow sparkling, shows a nature not so fluid as Cibber's, and acting more by starts and flings of fanciful inspiration. His wit is unmistakably original, sometimes in kind. An old and pious lady, into whose hands some of Lord Rochester's licentious letters came, burned them, — "for which," Walpole petulantly says, "she is now burning in — heaven." Occasionally a single word does the work of a paragraph. "Lady ——," he remarks in one of his letters, "looks ghastly and *going*."

Geniality is a finishing grace to intellectual character, and we especially feel its sweetness in natures of great reach and depth; but in minds whose endowments are by no means extraordinary, it sometimes amounts to a weakness. Leigh Hunt is an example of what we should call a fondling character, and a great master of its verbal expression. Language in his hands is the most flexible of instruments to convey

dainty and pleasant sensations. His self-content is so great, that it flows out in content with all the world. He fondles everything and everybody. Shakespeare, Spenser, Shelley, Coleridge, he dandles on his knee, as if they were babies, paws them, and would fill their dear little mouths with sugared epithets of eulogy. This he seems to think is genial criticism. Even divine things cannot escape his all-tolerating kindliness; for, whatever sects and churches may say, he knows that the world was made after the image of Leigh Hunt. The Deity with him is not so much Infinite Goodness as infinite good-nature, and we believe he has lately published a devotional book to inculcate that doctrine. He talks very cosily about Dante, and appeals to the readers whom he conducts through the "Inferno," if they really can believe that such fine fellows as they there behold in torments ought to be treated in that way. Throughout his writings, indeed, he seems to think that the wax taper, which he holds so jauntily, can light up all the gloom and darkness of the moral universe. This foppery is of a different kind from Walpole's, and is much more delightful, but it is still foppery, though the foppery of philanthropy.

We have, doubtless, said more than enough respecting words as media for the transpiration of character, and it would be a waste of illustration to trace the working of the principle through other forms of personality, such as the sentimental, the satanic, the eccentric, the religious, and the heroic. In all of these, however, language is moulded into the organic body of thought, and the organisms stand out in literature with the distinctness and the diversity of organic forms in nature. The words are veined, and full of the lifeblood of the creative individualities projected into them with unsparing energy. In criticizing such works we soon discover that what we at first call faults of style are in reality faults of character. But such individualities are more or less narrow and peculiar; and it is only when we arrive at those rare natures, with sensibility, reason, fancy, wit, humor, imagination, all included in the operations of one mighty, spiritual force, which we feel to be greater than one or all of the faculties and passions, that we compass the full meaning of intellectual char-

acter in apprehending its highest form. Such men — Shakespeare, for example — appear to be impersonal simply because their personality is so broad. They are impersonal relatively, not positively. Capable of discerning, interpreting, representing, all actual and possible peculiarities of human character, they seem to have few peculiarities of their own. They have no leading idea, because they have so many ideas; no master passion, because they have so many passions; no hobby, great or little, sublime or mean, because they possess a vital conception of relations, as well as a vital conception of things and persons. But they never really pass, as creative minds, beyond the limits of their characters; for it is always men that create, not some vagrant faculty of men.

It is sometimes doubted if the style of such writers can be taken as the measure of their power and variety of power. Now there is in the smallest individual intelligence an abstract possibility which is never realized in any mode of expression while he is in the body, and this limitation is especially felt when we read the works of the greatest individualized intelligences. So far, and only so far, are we inclined to concede that the great masters and creators of language find in words but a partial expression of their natures. What is directly conveyed in words and images, according to their literal interpretation, is, of course, inadequate to fix and embody a mind like Shakespeare's; but then the marvel of Shakespeare's diction is its immense suggestiveness, — his power of radiating through new verbal combinations or through single expressions a life and meaning which they do not retain in their removal to dictionaries. When the thought is so subtile, or the emotion so evanescent, or the imagination so remote, that it cannot be flashed upon the "inward eye," it is hinted to the inward ear by some exquisite variation of tone. These irradiations and melodies of thought and feeling are seen and heard only by those who think into the words, but they are nevertheless there, whether perceived or not. An American essayist on Shakespeare, Mr. Emerson, in speaking of the impossibility of acting or reciting his plays, refers to this magical suggestiveness in a sentence almost as remarkable as the thing it describes. "The recitation," he says, "begins: one

golden word leaps out immortal from all this painted pedantry, *and sweetly torments us with invitations to its own inaccessible homes"!* He who has not felt this witchery in Shakespeare's style has never read him. He may have looked at the words, but has never looked into them.

We have been able, in these hasty observations on the use and misuse of words, to touch upon only a few topics connected with our theme. There are many others that would repay investigation, which we have hardly named, such as the intimate connection between clearness and freshness of expression, — the sources of the pleasure we take in style apart from the importance of the matter it conveys, — the difference between an author's expressing an idea to himself and expressing it to others, — the power of words, as wielded by a man of genius, to create or evoke in another mind the thought or emotion they embody, — the peculiar vitality and the amazing mystical significance of language when used as the organ for expressing the phenomena of rapture and ecstasy, — and the interior laws which regulate the construction and movement of style, according as the object is to narrate, describe, reason, or invent. But we have not space at present to consider these topics with the attention they deserve. In the somewhat extended remarks into which we have been provoked by the publication of Dr. Roget's "Thesaurus," we have confined ourselves to a few obvious principles, and have labored to show the hopelessness of all attempts to make language really express any thing finer, deeper, higher, or more forcible, than what lives in the mind and character of the writer who uses it. Especially in all that relates to strength of diction, we think it will be found that the utmost affluence in energetic terms will, of itself, fail to impress on style any vital energy of soul; for this energy, whether it work like lightning or like light, whether it smite and blast, or illumine and invigorate, ever comes from the presence of the man in the words.

ART. VIII. — 1. *Voyage en Chine et dans les Mers et Archipels de cet Empire pendant les Années* 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850. Par M. JURIEN DE LA GRAVIÈRE, Capitaine commandant la corvette La Bayonnaise, expédiée par le Gouvernement français dans ces parages. Avec une belle carte gravée sur acier. Paris: Charpentier, Libraire-éditeur. 1853. 2 vols. 8vo.

2. *History of the Insurrection in China; with Notices of the Christianity, Creed, and Proclamations of the Insurgents.* By MM. CALLERY and YVAN. Translated from the French, with a Supplementary Chapter, narrating the most recent Events, by JOHN OXENFORD. With a Fac-simile of a Chinese Map of the Course of the Insurrection, and a Portrait of Tièn-tè, its Chief. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 24mo. pp. 301.

AT a period of profound and universal peace, — when the gates of Janus, over all the face of the world, were for the moment closed, — the rude bruit of clashing arms has reached our ears from two mighty continents; and in either case we find, singularly enough, that it is from the two great Tartar empires — in extent, in population, and as to their respective standards of civilization, paralleled only by each other — that these sounds proceed. The more immediate interests involved in the Russian troubles have not diverted our attention from the anomalous and mysterious struggle going on in China. To give a passing glance at the physical and moral condition of the Chinese people, to point out the footprints of the messengers of the Gospel among them, and to exhibit, so far as is permitted us by the meagre reports that from time to time have reached this country, the origin, progress, and present aspect of the insurrection, will be the object of this paper.

For two centuries the Ta-tsing dynasty has continued to rule over a territory as large as that of all Christian Europe, with a population nearly eighteen times more numerous than that of the United States. The Mant-chou race, from which was sprung Tae-tsung-wan-hang-te, the first of that line who

sat upon the imperial throne, is said by Gutzlaff to have been a Tongoosian tribe, whose origin is traced by their local fabulists to a divine source in the northern parts of Korea. In that region, say they, there once dwelt three heavenly maidens. Whilst bathing one day in the transparent waters of the Lake of Balkhori, a magpie let fall a red fruit upon the garments of the fairest of the three. Woman-like, she was tempted, and she ate. The result was the birth of a son, whose appearance was signalized by preternatural prodigies. The mother soon after died. The miraculous child, embarking in a small boat, intrusted himself to the guidance of the current of the stream, which in due season bore him to the camps of a warlike people, by whom he was chosen ruler, assuming on this occasion the title of Mant-chou. The conception by a virgin, — the infant voyager upon the river, — may suggest to the reader some analogy with similar events in Biblical history; but such coincidences are of frequent occurrence in pagan tradition.

During many years, this tribe continued to increase in power and resources, till at last it became a formidable opponent to the government of China, then swayed by the failing hands of the dynasty of Ming. After repeated and bloody battles with this nation, the Mant-chous had carried their victorious arms far into their enemy's country, when, in 1636, so powerful did their leader deem them, that he caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor of China, adopting for his dynastic name *Ta-tsing*, or Great Purity. In Chinese history, he is known under the title of Tae-tsung. Before proceeding with our sketch of the course of this usurpation, a brief notice of that rival line, which now, after an abeyance of two centuries, is so successfully maintaining its claims to the disputed throne, may not be out of place.

To enumerate the barbarous titles of the various sovereigns who, according to Chinese historians, have ruled that empire since the birth of time, would be a useless task. Nor is it within the province of this paper even to give an historical notice of the different dynasties which, as it may be admitted, have succeeded to each other in rapid order within the last four thousand years. It will suffice to point out how

regular and frequent, in Chinese annals, is the dethronement, not merely of individual princes, but of dynasties themselves; and all this without any radical change in the manner of governing or in the constitution (so to speak) of the state.

The Hea dynasty — the earliest to which we attach any regard (B. C. 2207 – 1767) — was overturned by one Tang, a successful soldier, who founded the Shang dynasty (B. C. 1766 – 1122). His posterity, degenerating from the stern virtues of the founder of their glory, were hurled from the throne by the martial Woo-wang. The Chow dynasty (B. C. 1122 – 249) ensued; to which again, by force of arms, succeeded that of Tsin (B. C. 249 – 206). A general revolt soon drove this bad family from the imperial seats; and that of Han (B. C. 202 – A. D. 220) ruled in its stead. Then followed the dynasties of Tsin (A. D. 264 – 420); of Sung (A. D. 420 – 479); of Tse (A. D. 480 – 502); of Leang (A. D. 502 – 557); of Chin (A. D. 557 – 589); of Suy (A. D. 590 – 618); of Tang (A. D. 619 – 907); those of the Woo-tae, or Five Generations (A. D. 907 – 959); and of Sung (A. D. 960 – 1279). The famous Kublai Khan — a sovereign whose reputation is justly paralleled only by that of the mightiest monarchs the world has ever known — at this period assumed the reins of power, and established a Mongol-Tartar line of kings, who, under the name of the Yuen dynasty, governed China ninety-one years. In their turn, his successors proved false to the promises held out by the genius and power of their ancestor, and in 1368 were expelled by a revolution caused by their own insolence and oppression. The celebrated Ming dynasty, whose victorious founder was Choo-yuen-chang, the son of an obscure peasant, possessed itself of the imperial throne, which it held for two hundred and seventy-six years (A. D. 1368 – 1644). The reign of this line was mild, beneficent, and paternal; and probably nothing less than a powerful foreign foe could have sufficed to procure its downfall, since the popular attachment to their sovereigns was great enough to prevent any internal revolution. But this foreign foe was present at the gates of the empire, in shape of the Mant-chou Tartars, who, as we have already mentioned, after a long and devastating warfare,

managed to bring about the destruction of the imperial family and the downfall of the throne. Since that period, the line of Ta-tsing has continued to reign.

The hand of the Mant-chou kings lay not lightly upon the loins of their new subjects; and, for a long period, rebellions against their rule were of constant occurrence. Particularly odious to the Chinese people was one of the earliest Mant-chou edicts, by which they were called upon to shave their heads and adopt the Tartar garb. But long years of endurance have brought them to a general acquiescence even in this obnoxious custom; though the present condition of the empire demonstrates clearly enough that the spirit of resistance was not dead, but only sleeping, — that though the foreign yoke was borne uncomplainingly, its burden was none the less felt.

The present population of China, as may well be supposed, bears abundant evidence of the diverse nature of the races that have at various periods occupied its soil. Probably the aboriginal stock is that of the Miautsze, or "Children of the Earth," who inhabit the mountain tracts of the Nan-ling and Mei-ling, in great independence of the imperial rule. Little is known about this people, though enough to show them to be of essentially different origin from the Chinese proper. They are rude and hardy, and, though of smaller stature, of more warlike disposition than their peaceful neighbors, who constitute indeed by far the largest portion of the nation. It is scarcely worth while here to endeavor to point out the reasons that induce us to believe the Miautsze to have been the primeval occupants of China. But it is certain that so far back as we can trace their history we find them occupying the same position that they do now, — dwellers in mountain fastnesses, impatient of subjugation, resolutely disowning the imperial yoke. Were they of Chinese origin, — the descendants of the leaders in some unsuccessful conspiracy or rebellion, who had fled into these wilds from the terrors of the law, — their appearance would indicate the fact. For, as M. de la Gravière remarks, the Mongol type does not readily lose itself in foreign alliances. In emigration, in distant lands, in the streets of New York or on the plantations of Cuba, the Chi-

nese preserve their physiognomy, their garb, their morals, their manners. The offspring of a mixed marriage exhibits all the features of the Chinese parent, such as the peculiar hue of the skin, the oblique form of the eye, and the protrusion of the bones of the face. The blood of the sons of Han passes through that of other races, like the river Rhone through Lake Leman, scarcely affected by the union. Their appearance is thus described by Mr. Williams: —

"The physical traits of the Chinese race may be described as being between the light and agile Hindu, and the muscular, fleshy European; their form is well-built and symmetrical. Their color is a brunette or sickly white, rather approaching to a yellowish tint than a florid, but this yellow hue has been much exaggerated; in the south they are swarthy but not black, never becoming as dark even as the Portuguese whose fifth or sixth ancestors dwelt upon the Tagus. It is almost unnecessary to add, that the shades of complexion differ very much according to the latitude, and degree of exposure to the weather, especially in the female sex. The hair of the head is lank, black, coarse, and glossy; beard always black, thin, and deficient; no whiskers; and very little hair on the body. Eyes invariably black, and apparently oblique; this is owing to the slight degree in which the inner angles of the eyelids open, the internal canthi being more acute than in western races, and not allowing the whole iris to be seen; this peculiarity in the eye distinguishes the eastern races of Asia from all other families of man. The hair and eyes being always black, a European with blue eyes and light hair appears very strange to them; and one reason given by the people of Canton, for having called foreigners *fan kwei*, or 'foreign devils,' is, that they had deep sunken blue eyes, and red hair like demons.

"The cheek-bones are high, and the outline of the face remarkably round. The nose is rather small, much depressed, and nearly even with the face at the root, and wide at the extremity; there is, however, considerable difference in this respect, but no aquiline noses are seen. Lips thicker than among Europeans, but not at all approaching those of the negro. The hands are small, and the lower limbs better proportioned than among any other Asiatics. The height is about the same as that of Europeans, and a thousand men taken as they come in the streets of Canton, will probably equal in stature and weight the same number in Rome or New Orleans; their muscular power would probably be less.

"In size, the women are disproportionately small, when compared

with European females; and in the eyes of those accustomed to the European style of beauty, the Chinese women possess little, the broad upper face, low nose, and linear eyes, being quite the contrary of handsome. But still the Chinese face is not destitute of some beauty, and when animated with good humor and an expressive eye, and lighted by the glow of youth and health, the displeasing features lose much of their repulsiveness. Nor do they fade so soon as has been represented, and look as ugly and withered when old as some travellers say, but are in respect to bearing children and keeping their vigor, more like Europeans than the Hindus or Persians."

As to the Mongolian and Mant-chou Tartars, their origin presents marked distinctions; the one being a nomadic, the other an agricultural race. The former are a squarely built, swarthy, unprepossessing people; the nearest approach to civilization they exhibit being the possession of a written language, which, however, seems of very little use to them. The Mant-chous are of a fairer aspect and keener intellect than the Chinese, and, in fact, betray more marked Caucasian affinities than any other subjects of the Brother of the Sun. It will be observed that these Tartar tribes are by no means so purely Asiatic in their condition and features as the bulk of the population of China. A large portion of them have migrated thitherward at different periods, from the confines of Western Europe; nor has this migration been entirely of an ancient date. De Quincey has narrated, in his flowing language, the exodus of a body of Kalmuk Tartars, who, so late as the year 1771, flying from the harsh yoke of Russia, left the banks of the Wolga, six hundred thousand strong, taking with them their flocks and their herds, their wives and their little ones. There are few more interesting passages in modern literature than this account of their horrid journey, for thousands of miles, across the dreary steppes that lay between their former homes and the promised land, — before them, famine and the wintry gods; behind them, the dripping sword, red with the blood of their brothers and their sons, — till, after leaving four hundred thousand of their number dead upon the route, the shattered remnant found a final home beneath the shadow of the Chinese wall.

The wild Tibetans complete the five divisions under which

we have classed the various tribes that go to make up the three hundred and sixty millions of souls nominally subject to the dynasty of Ta-tsing. These are a race of strong religious faith, and of tolerable semi-civilization, dwelling contentedly in their highland homes. Such is the *materiel* of which the empire is composed.

Although the religious condition of China is perhaps not the least singular feature that is presented to our observation, yet such is its complicated nature that we despair of giving a just notion of it within our present limits. It certainly is characterized by two facts, almost unexampled in such a vast pagan land; namely, "the absence of human sacrifices and the non-deification of vice." Suffice it to say, that although there is no established state-priesthood, there has existed in China, from a date beyond the memory of man, a state-religion, consisting not of doctrine, but of ceremonies. This involves three grades of devotional rites, — the Great, the Medium, and the Lower Sacrifices. The first comprehends four objects; viz. *Tien*, the heavens, or imperial concave expanse; *Ti*, the earth; *Tai-miau*, or the Temple of Ancestors; and the *Shié-tsih*, or the protecting divinities of each dynasty. Under the Medium head, sacrifices are offered to Confucius, to former sovereigns, the sun, the moon, etc.; in all, eight adorable divisions. Under the Lower, come numerous objects of less regard; the north pole, for instance, the souls of great men, the clouds, mountains and streams, rain, hail, and thunder, and the like. At the head of the priesthood of this state-religion are placed the Emperor, and the Board of Rites; the descending grades are supposed to embrace all the subjects. But, in fact, the whole is a mere empty pageant, — a sort of prescribed manual of etiquette, — by no means constituting the real religion of the empire, and most in vogue with the literati, who are, of course, the most competent to commit to memory and to perform its various ceremonies. These persons — Men of Letters, as they are termed — are chiefly followers of Confucius, whose teachings went no higher than the doctrine that the great duty of man consists in a proper observance of the rights of others. As for a God above all, he rather denied the existence of any such spirit. "Not knowing even life," said he, "how should

we know death?" — and he seems not even to have admitted the immortality of the soul. Still his works abound in moral didactics, perfectly suited to the capacity of his countrymen, and his memory is perpetuated by thousands of temples sacred to his name.

Another sect, not very dissimilar to the Confucians, is that of the Rationalists, founded by Laukiun, some six hundred years before Christ. His priests render him divine honors, and practise largely on the credulity of the people by juggleries and impositions. But neither this, nor any other rival sect, can compare, in the estimation of the government, with that of the Buddhists, or followers of Fuh. The worship of Buddha was introduced into China about A. D. 66, and has subsisted there with varying prosperity ever since. At present it is the imperial creed.

Pitiable as their native religions may seem to our eyes, there is one point in which they might be wisely followed by many of the oldest Christian nations: there is no persecution among themselves for mere opinion's sake. Unqualified toleration towards one another seems to be their controlling principle. Christianity even (though not without a long and painful struggle) has obtained a foothold in the land; and the day seems rapidly approaching when it will be an acknowledged and protected, if not a universal faith, throughout those wide-spread dominions. We shall proceed now to trace its establishment.

From the scanty evidence exhibited to us, we are not unwilling to believe that, even in the earliest days of our religion, the Apostle Thomas himself preached the tidings of salvation among the Chinese. It is certain that in the sixth century Christian monks visited that land; and the Nestorian mission had probably been established there at least as early as A. D. 500. The curious monument discovered at Síngan Fu, in 1625, has been repeatedly described. It is undoubtedly a memorial of the propagation of Christianity by the Nestorians, of the eighth century. In fact, for several hundred years these pious men successfully taught their creed to willing ears; their converts were numerous and influential; but at length various causes arose to impede their efforts, and towards the

close of the fourteenth century the last traces of their presence disappeared from the land.

Little will be said here of the first Roman Catholic missions. In 1288, John de Monte Corvino was sent by Pope Nicholas IV. as a missionary to Tartary. So successful were his labors, that, in 1307, Clement V. sent him seven suffragans, and appointed him archbishop of that country. But his mission also died out, and when the Mings came to the throne, the last vestiges of Romish, as well as of Nestorian Christianity, had faded away as silently, but as irrevocably, as the snow vanishes from the hill-sides beneath the warm breath of spring.

The Chinese Christianity of the present day must date itself entirely from the arrival at Canton, in 1581, of Matteo Ricci and Ruggiero, two priests specially selected for this service by Valignano, Superior of the Romish Oriental Missions. For some few years the indefatigable Ricci labored under innumerable difficulties, caused by the prejudices and suspicions of his neighbors. But gradually gaining on their confidence by his ready adoption of their customs and costume, and by his superior scientific attainments, he was finally enabled to acquire the favor of many powerful persons, and to accomplish much in furtherance of the end for which he had been sent. It is true that Ricci and his brother Jesuits conformed in so many things to the habits and tastes of the Chinese, that it came to be doubted at last whether the vital truths of religion were not sacrificed to their notions of expediency; and the Dominican and Franciscan monks, their rivals, raised such a storm about their ears, that the poor Jesuits soon found a more wearisome master at Rome than at Pekin. The fact seems to be, that Ricci (whose merits, sufferings, and perseverance we cordially admit) was resolved to succeed in his undertaking, let it cost what it might. All the world knows the famous device of his order; and he doubtless thought that in this, of all cases, the end would sanctify the means. The abilities of this astute man were competent

"——— the rod of empire to have swayed," —

to have conceived and executed the schemes of a Richelieu or an Algarotti. He was eminently a Jesuit statesman; and in

whatever points he found the Chinese determined to ignore his teachings, he made it his business to refine away the salient obstacles, till it would have puzzled the keenest casuist of his own order to determine the line of demarcation between the Romish and the Chinese ritual. But it is unjust to term him a mere timeserver. The end he had ever in view was not his own well-being; it was the propagation of the faith that he sought, and in every phase of his career, he evidently desired only to turn his flock from their pagan ways, and, since they could not be persuaded to receive undiluted the draught he proffered them, to induce them to consent to it, as a reluctant child swallows medicine, concealed under some more acceptable guise.

For many years after Ricci's death, things continued in the same train. Schaal, a German Jesuit, succeeded in 1628 to his influence at court, and, notwithstanding occasional persecutions and hostile edicts, the work of propagation went on rapidly. The difficulties of the foreign priests were great and numerous, but they were manfully encountered. Imprisonment was often their lot; stripes, chains, banishment, nay, even torture, and death itself, were not unfamiliar to their experience. And to crown all, through the intrigues of the Dominican Morales, their conduct was officially denounced by Pope Innocent X., in 1645. To be sure, ten years later, Alexander VII. modified this sentence, so as to deprive it of much of its sting. Nevertheless, the question continued to be agitated during the remainder of the century. The Jesuits openly avowed that, unless their flocks were permitted to continue their ancient ovations to Confucius and their ancestors, they would deny the Christian religion.

The reverend fathers even went so far — in consequence of the assertion of the Apostolic Vicar, Maigrot, in 1693, that the word *tien* meant the material heavens, and that therefore the Chinese adorations of it were idolatrous and deadly sins — as to obtain, in 1700, a certificate from the Emperor that the word in dispute properly signified the True God, and that the rites complained of were purely matters of political etiquette. This interpretation might serve for the latitude of Pekin, but it would not answer at Rome; the Emperor's statement was

not satisfactory to the Pope; and in 1704 Clement XI. decided that Maigrot was in the right, and consequently that his opponents, from the Brother of the Sun and Moon down to the successors of Father Ricci, were all in the wrong. Here arose a curious conflict of jurisdiction. The Papal legate interdicted to the Chinese Christians the practice of their worship as taught by Ricci. The Emperor, in turn, decreed that no other form should be allowed. As he was seconded by the zealous inclinations of nearly all the missionaries, it is not wonderful that they triumphed; and at no period in their history was Romanism so flourishing in China. Scores of churches were erected; hundreds and thousands of converts followed the steps of the Jesuits. They were loved by the people, in favor at court, and influential with the literati. In all scientific questions, their voices were listened to with unfeigned respect, and even the great survey of the empire was intrusted to their hands.

But in 1723 Kang-hí died, and with him expired whatever substantial protection the missionaries enjoyed. His successor, Yung-Ching, ordered all the priests in his dominions, save those retained at Pekin for scientific purposes, to be exiled; and since that period their cause has been in constant decadence. Often, it is true, priests have been tacitly permitted to pursue their mission, but ever under the overhanging penalty of cruel and arbitrary laws, which are unsparingly put into requisition at the option of any one in power. Neither the past nor the present statistics of the Church of Rome in China can be stated with accuracy. The reports of the fathers are frequently confused, seldom reliable, and as a whole utterly unsatisfactory. Even in the matter of persecutions and martyrdoms, which with good reason is held to be their staple subject, they do not give us full information. A few only of their European missionaries have been put to the torture or endured violent death during this nineteenth century, for their faith and religious works; but many, very many, native converts have earned the palm of martyrdom, and passed into that other land where they shall be rewarded, not according to their knowledge, but by the measure of their faith. It is not possible but that, in many cases, no foreign eye witnesses

the arrest or beholds the doom of these sufferers; no European tongue can proclaim their story; but they are known to Him for whom they have died, and he will recompense them.

About 1840, the Romish records estimated the Church in China to contain, besides three hundred and three thousand converts, one hundred and fourteen native and fifty-seven foreign priests, and eight bishops. M. de la Gravière, whose position gave him the means of obtaining the most accurate information, confirms this statement; but at the same time leads us to infer that there has been little or no increase since that period. Five separate religious orders divide this precious harvest; the Jesuits, the Franciscans, the Dominicans, the Lazarists, and the priests of the *Missions Etrangères*, — a society founded in 1663, under the protection of Louis XIV. Ten dioceses contain the fold, each governed by a vicar apostolic, who is bishop *in partibus*, and is not unfrequently assisted by a coadjutor. To the Council of the Propaganda at Rome, however, is committed the supreme control of the missions. To a certain extent, the priests of the same origin find it for their convenience to cling together in this work. Thus the Portuguese seem to monopolize the Catholic mission of the province of Kouang-toung; the Spaniards, that of Fou-kien; the Italians, those of Shan-tung and Chan-si, of Hou-kouang and Kiang-nan. Though the numbers of their converts may seem trifling, and their intelligence and learning small, in comparison with the people of the West, yet we must not undervalue the worth of the Chinese Christians, nor forget that the profession of the only true faith is a very different thing in that land from what it is with us. They have borne testimony to their creed in exile, in torture, or at the least by voluntary poverty and abnegation of the world. While some have sighed out the whole of their weary lives in the depths of Central Asia, on the borders of Turkistan, or on the dreary confines of Siberia, others have expired beneath the hand of the executioner, or, flying to the remote fastnesses of some inhospitable mountain, have abandoned to the spoiler all the comforts of their homes. To effect such a radical change in the nature of a people so avaricious, so sensual, as this, could have been no light task. It was necessary to overturn the tradi-

tions so blindly venerated by them, to tear their souls from the tombs of their fathers, in a word, to transform, to recreate, as it were, their very nature, ere they could be brought to that exaltation of religious feeling which of men makes martyrs.

The first man to essay the teaching of the Protestant faith in China was, as is well known to all the world, Rev. Robert Morrison, an English divine, who arrived there in 1807. His translation of the New Testament (though but partially completed by himself), is one of the noblest services ever rendered by any human hand to the cause of religion. In fact, it is mainly in such enterprises as would for the future facilitate the intercourse of the English missionary with his native flock, that Morrison's success appears. Seven years had elapsed before he brought a convert to the font; but, through the means of his Dictionary, it is impossible to estimate to how many souls the doctrines of redemption have been and will be conveyed. For twenty-seven years he continued his labors in China, and, never unmindful of his church and his native land, he was constantly employed in the service of the one or the other. It was not until 1834 that this faithful servant was called away. A better spent lifetime can perhaps rarely be found; and though it was brought to a close within a score of years less than those allotted by the Psalmist to the days of man, probably few careers of greater length present such an array of useful deeds.

> "Circles are praised, not that abound
> In largeness, but the exactly round.
> So life we praise, that does excel,
> Not in much time, but acting well."

The active progress of Morrison and his few and tardy coadjutors was, as has been suggested, but scanty. Various missions were, from time to time, established at Malacca and Penang, at Singapore, Borneo, and Java, in order to operate more freely upon the Chinese beyond the immediate control of their own government; and many books were thus put into circulation. The American and the British missionaries are united in this good work, and their success has been lasting. Immense numbers of books printed in Chinese have been dis-

tributed in every direction throughout the empire, and no effort has been spared to affect the minds of those within their reach. By means of hospitals and dispensaries, where relief is gratuitously administered to the sick and needy, thousands of natives are yearly brought into contact with Christian men, whose secret and prevailing desire is to induce their patients to seek another and an omnipotent Physician. Medical and educational institutions and societies, thoroughly imbued with religious principles, have been put into active operation, as but so many means of attaining the one great end, the evangelization of China; and the missions at Amoy, Hong-kong, Macao, Canton, Fuh-chau-fu, Ning-po, Shang-hai, etc., vigilantly and incessantly toil to bring these wandering sheep into the fold.

Nevertheless, all that has thus far been done in this cause is but as the planting of the seed. We hope that it will germinate, — that it will yield some a hundred, some sixty, some thirty fold; but we must look not in seed-time for the harvest, nor wonder that the manifest good results of the missions in direct regard to their end are yet so small. Indirectly, however, we are justified in recognizing a wide and growing influence, tending towards evangelical progress, throughout some of the chief provinces. The books distributed by the missionaries have probably, to a certain extent, familiarized the minds of the people with the doctrines of the *Tien Chu Kiau*, or religion of the Lord of Heaven; — nay, it is not too much to say, that many are seriously interested in them, though not generally to the extent of perfect conviction. In late years, before the insurrection broke out so violently, there were several public demonstrations of the relaxation of the prejudices previously held against Christians. Such, for instance, were the imperial rescripts of 1844 and 1845, granting to the people toleration of Christianity, whether Romish or Protestant. At present there are about one hundred and twenty Protestant missionaries, of all denominations, in that country; and we could have wished to dwell more at length upon the labors of such men as Medhurst, Boone, Abeel, and, above all, of Gutzlaff; but we must hasten to a consideration of the temporal prospects of the empire.

To the most superficial observer, the lamentable inefficiency

of the Chinese government must be transparently manifest. At the same time one of the most artificial, most cumbrous, and least satisfactory in the world, this form simply consists in the maintenance of the patriarchal system long after the number of the population and the increase of territory have deprived such a system of all the usefulness that it might have originally possessed. In a nomadic state, wandering from place to place, a tribe might reasonably be supposed to find its interest in entire submission to a chief whom it regarded as a father. But when for centuries it has ceased to lead this vagabond life, — when the possession of flocks and herds no longer constitutes the sole wealth of its leaders, and its members are spread in permanent occupancy over vast provinces and kingdoms, — the patriarchal form of government must inevitably become as unfit for the practical well-being of men as it has in China. Here, of course, the Emperor is the head of the nation, — the father of three hundred and sixty millions of children. But his functions and duties are delegated through so many governors and mandarins, of all ranks and grades, and theirs again through so many subordinate officers, that it is utterly impossible, without the greatest purity and capacity on the part of "the powers that be," that such a form of government can answer the end for which we must suppose all human governments are organized. Accordingly, we find in every rank of officers in China, constant and glaring instances of corruption and tyranny. To enforce the doctrine of strict personal responsibility, — one of the cardinal features of a patriarchal government, — a system of espionage is resorted to by the superior officers towards their inferiors, in itself sufficient to degrade the character of a nation. And as this prevails through every class, our readers may judge what an unhappy state of affairs it must involve.

Notwithstanding the fertility of its soil and the avaricious industry that characterizes its inhabitants, famine frequently presses hard upon the empire; whole provinces are shut out by inundation, or drought, from their accustomed supplies of food; and then bands of beggars infest the roads, five hundred or a thousand strong. These occurrences, springing from temporary causes, we do not bring forward in support of the

argument that seeks to show the wretched condition of the country. But in the testimony of intelligent and impartial European observers, who have passed years among that people, we find ample evidence of the miserable system of tyranny with which the Chinese have long been afflicted. The most venal officials in the Western hemisphere are, we are told, models of purity and disinterestedness in comparison with the mandarins of the Celestial Empire. Everything in the conduct of these lettered magistrates is tainted with corruption; justice belongs to the highest bidder; and public employments are the objects of a shameful traffic. Those literary institutions, which have so often called forth the admiration of the political philosophers of Europe, are, in point of fact, one organized system of pillage. The functionaries who have passed their lives in laborious commentaries upon the text of Confucius hesitate as little in their exactions upon the people, as their own official superiors hesitate in oppressing them. The Son of Heaven, the Sovereign Ruler of the World, shut up in his palace in the vicinity of Pekin, lives in almost utter ignorance of what is daily going on in every part of his empire. The exercise of the supreme power is virtually wielded by a band of hypocritical slaves, who form an impenetrable circle around his gilded throne. In the sublime height of his despotic arrogance, this monarch believes himself to be the supreme judge of the whole world, —an illusion which the deference of more powerful states has not a little tended to encourage. It might have been supposed that the result of the Opium War would in a measure lift the veil which had so long concealed from view the weakness of his empire. On the faith of official documents, it has been generally believed that China maintained a standing army of seven hundred thousand; but it now appears that the regular force does not amount to more than sixty thousand, (prætorian bands entirely composed of Mant-chou Tartars, and divided under eight banners,) of whom the majority are retained in the capital, the remainder being distributed in garrisons, etc. through the provinces. There is no doubt but that this army is constituted of the bravest and most respectable materials of the land; but, armed only with bows and arrows, or the cumbrous,

old-fashioned match-lock, their ignorance of modern military tactics would render their opposition of little account in the eyes of a European force. Such as they are, however, they form the main dependence of the imperial throne. But besides this army, China possesses a numerous militia, whose names are enrolled, and who are liable to be at any time called into active service by the proper mandarin of the district. Nevertheless, when such an emergency occurs, experience has demonstrated how little reliance can be placed upon this force. At the hour of need, not one fourth part of those registered answer to the call. Many evade appearing; a larger proportion have no existence. Names are kept upon the roll from year to year, long after their owners are dead and gone, in order to swindle the government (or, more indirectly, the people, who pay the taxes) of the small stipend allowed for their support. Undisciplined, and often lawless, such of the militia as are actually mustered into service are frequently worse than useless. In the English war we find whole bodies positively refusing to meet the enemy, and only raising their arms to attack and plunder their fellow-countrymen. Such are the means on which the Emperor must depend for the resistance of domestic revolt or foreign aggression.

If we look at the state of the Chinese finances, we find them in a confusion no less striking. The imperial revenues, plundered on all sides on their way from the pockets of the people to the treasury at Pekin, cannot exceed one hundred millions of dollars in specie; what the duties that are levied in kind, in rice, in tea, in silk, etc., may amount to, is incalculable. But copious and unceasing drains are constantly exhausting this magnificent reservoir as fast as it begins to fill. Several millions are devoted every year by the Emperor to the preservation of those watercourses by means of which internal navigation is carried on, and without which the whole population would be plunged into the most profound misery. Nevertheless, the banks of the canals are constantly falling in, the waters of the rivers are overflowing their dikes, and according to present appearances the Grand Canal itself will be utterly useless in less than thirty years. Where every official to whose care the superintendence of any task is intrusted deems

it his first duty to help himself from the national funds, and to apply as little of them as possible to the objects to which they were appropriated, it is easy to imagine in what condition affairs must be. The deficit is not confined to public works; it prevails everywhere. In the department of the customs, and in that of monopolies, it is enormous, almost beyond belief. The farmers of the salt revenues alone are in arrears to the government at least three millions of dollars. The hospitals and the public storehouses, established and supported by the government, daily have their revenue devoured by a horde of greedy mandarins and their underlings. It is vain, in the contemplation of these facts, to assert that it is institutions that are wanting to China. She has institutions enough, in all conscience; but they are, at this period of her history, no longer adapted to her wants. They are like an exhausted vine, which has ceased to produce fruit, and, like the barren fig-tree in the parable, should be cut down and burnt, nor longer suffered to cumber the ground. So long ago as 1787, the famous but unfortunate Lapérouse, had put on record the same facts to which we have now adverted. "Ce peuple," said he, "dont les lois sont si vantées en Europe, est peut-être le peuple le plus malheureux, le plus vexé et le plus arbitrairement gouverné qu'il y ait sur la terre." It is truly a matter of surprise that such an incompetent rule, such a galling yoke, has not long since been thrown off; but to the growing discontent of the oppressed people a resistance was opposed by their education and habits. Their respect for ancient customs and traditions, their cold and patient temperament, the severe labor to which they are inured, and, possibly, the instinct of subordination peculiar to the Asiatic race, — all these interlacing bonds of natural and political association which we at this distance cannot perfectly appreciate, — have hitherto united to prevent a general uprising of the people. At the same time, it must be remarked, that with each successive shock the opposing barrier has by insensible degrees become weaker, until gradually the mass of the people were prepared, if not openly to embrace the cause of a successful insurgent, at least to behold with apathy the distress of the government, and to "mock when their fear cometh."

So hardy and sagacious a spirit would it require in the Emperor who, refusing to yield blind credence to the false tales and almost idolatrous flatteries of the bigoted and interested horde of mandarins that fill the avenues to his throne, should firmly persist in acquainting himself with the real condition of his subjects, and in redressing their wrongs, that such a personage could hardly have been expected in the present crisis. The later years of the last sovereign, however, afforded some indications of this sort, and, imperfect as his reforms were, gave room to hope that his successor, with the aid of all the advantages that youthful energy and popularity always bestow upon a king, might go on triumphantly in the path thus opened. Tao-kouang, who in 1820 came to the throne, had already displayed a degree of presence of mind and resolute will sufficient to warrant the hope that the changes in his policy, which were caused by the consequences of his war with Great Britain, would be permanent. The disgraceful reverses sustained by this monarch in that affair seem to have effectually opened his eyes to the mendacious or stupid theories of his ministers; and though his mind was not sufficiently enlightened to ordain a radical change, for the future, of the men as well as the measures through whose misrule such disasters had been brought about, he suffered the chief mandarins Ki-in and Mou-tchang-ha, the leaders of what may be termed the progressive party, to attain and exercise a high degree of influence in his counsels. But notwithstanding that the plans of these officers, if carried out, were those only that could save the empire from overthrow, and procure for the people some relief from the heavy burdens under which they labored, they were universally unpopular. The herd of leeches who had so long battened on the body politic hated them, not less for the prospect they held out of a vindictive reform in the administration of public business, than for the innovations and novelties they introduced into the time-honored fabric under which their ancestors had lived and died. The national vanity was not a little shocked at the conduct of men, who, with the triumphant roar of the English cannon still echoing in their ears, and the English flag still waving in the breeze over the blackened walls of Chin-kiang-fou,

hesitated not to acknowledge the prowess of the invaders. The treaty of peace made under the very walls of Nankin, with its exacting provision of the payment of some twenty-four millions of dollars, brought no conviction to the bigoted minds of the Chinese. It was not possible for them to conceive that the whole business amounted to anything more than a piratical foray in which the strangers had been signally repulsed. The withdrawal of the English forces was hailed as their defeat; and the levies that had been drawn from the more distant parts of the empire, returning to the provinces without having ever even seen the enemy, bore their banners exultingly through the land as they shouted: "Our flag was unrolled, and our enemies fled before its presence!" Severe as was the lesson, it was all in vain. These infatuated Pagans learned nothing from it, save only to hate and deride the few wiser heads that candidly confessed the lamentable inferiority of Chinese military strategy to that of "the foreign devils."

Thus things went on till the death of Tao-kouang, and the accession of his son, — an event thus picturesquely described by MM. Callery and Yvan.

"On the 26th of February, 1850, at seven o'clock in the morning, the entrances to the imperial palace of Pekin were obstructed by a dense throng of mandarins of the inferior orders, and servants in white dresses and yellow girdles, who spoke in a whisper, and wore an aspect of official grief on their countenances. In the midst of this ocean of subalterns were stationed sixteen persons, each accompanied by a groom, who held a horse saddled and bridled. These sixteen persons wore the satin cap tied under the chin and surmounted by a white ball; also a girdle hung with bells; a tube of yellow color was slung diagonally over their shoulders, and they held in their hand a long whip. One of the high dignitaries came out from the palace, and with his own hands gave each of these men a folded document, sealed with the red seal of the Emperor. The sixteen, after bowing to receive it, swung round the tube, which, with the exception of its yellow color, perfectly resembled the tin cylinders in which soldiers, released from service, inclose their *congé*. In this they respectfully placed the official despatch; after which they mounted on horseback; while the grooms secured them on the saddle with thongs that passed over their thighs. When they were firmly fixed, the crowd gave way, and the horses set off at full speed.

These sixteen horsemen, who are called *Fĕi-ma*, or 'flying couriers,' had each of them to perform in twenty-four hours a journey of six hundred *li*, or sixty leagues French. Their office was to carry the following despatch to the Governors-general of the sixteen provinces of the Celestial Empire: —

"'The Board of Rites gives notice in great haste to the Governor-general, that on the fourteenth of the first moon, the Supreme Governor, mounted on a dragon, departed for the ethereal regions. At the hour *mao* in the morning, his Celestial Majesty transmitted the imperial dignity to his fourth son, Se-go-ko, and in the evening, at the hour *haï*, he set out for the abode of the gods.'"

At the early age of nineteen, then, Se-go-ko, the fourth son of the late Emperor, ascended the throne, assuming at the same time the name of Hièn-foung; and almost the first act of his reign was to reverse the train of policy that had hardly been set in motion by his predecessor. The leading reformers of the old ministry were ignominiously dismissed from office, and the monarch, in the most public manner, announced his decided intention to return to the ancient ideas that had formerly prevailed with undoubted sway. The folly of this procedure was, however, but too soon made manifest. Close upon the heels of this change in the ministry followed the arrival at the capital of the news of the insurrection of the Kouang-si.

We have already alluded to the numerous and just causes of disaffection towards their rulers that existed among the Chinese people, but we have not as yet referred to the chief method which the more daring among them had undertaken in order to obtain the means of redress. This was the formation of secret societies, whose real object was undoubtedly to procure for their members a cessation of the injuries with which they were affected. For many years such institutions have existed in China, and their origin is palpably traceable to the maladministration of the government and to the necessity experienced by the people of thus associating together to accomplish some desired end, or to provide the better for their common security. Therefore, though political objects were the ultimate design of their organization, they are always tinctured by some form of religious creed. The most consid-

erable of these is the Tien-tí hwui, or San-hoh hwui, i. e. the Triad Society. It was formerly known by the title of the Pih-lien kiau, or Water-lily Sect, but having been proscribed by the government, it sought by this alteration of name, and some other slight changes, to evade the operation of the laws. In fact, it still subsists in some of the remoter provinces under its old name and organization. The known and indeed almost openly avowed object of this society has been, for many years, the overturn of the Mant-chou dynasty. About fifty years ago its members excited a bold and wide-spread rebellion in the middle and northwestern provinces, which was suppressed only after eight years of obstinate and bloody war. Their ruling purpose they have never relinquished, and it is to them, in all human probability, that the present struggle is to be attributed. The forms of this society are said to be very similar in theory, as are also its putative objects, to those of our Masonic bodies. Secrecy and obedience are its cardinal principles. The novice is initiated with certain absurd ceremonies, passing under an archway of naked swords into the presence of an idol, where, while he takes the oath of eternal silence, a cock, the emblem, since the days of Æsop, of inopportune loquacity, is sacrificed before him. Like the Masons, too, they have their signs and passwords, by which to recognize each other and to render mutual aid. The members adhere to one another through thick and thin, and, it must be confessed, have not scrupled to persecute and oppress those who regarded their combination with disfavor or treated it as illegal. In 1845, the English at Hong-kong enacted, that any Chinese in that colony proved to be a member of the Triad Society should be punished as for felony, with three years' imprisonment, branding, and expulsion from their confines. The reason that persuaded the "red-haired devils" to this act of rigor consisted in the fact that the Triad Society in Hong-kong, towards all who did not belong to their body, was little better than a nest of robbers. In addition to this most important sect, there are many others more or less connected with it, such as the Wan-kiang, or Incense-burning Sect, etc., which need not be cited here. Their objects are generally the same, though their organization may slightly differ.

The magnificent province of the Kouang-si formed a school admirably adapted for the first movements of revolution. In no part of the world has nature assumed a more picturesque, a more mysterious aspect, than in this singular region. Fantastic crags, bearing those remarkable resemblances to animate objects that have so often attracted the wonder or the worship of ignorance and superstition, rear high their lofty heads. In the whispering murmurs of the tree-tops that throw their dark, deep shade over the scene, the awe-struck native seems to hear the voice of stones apparently instinct with and ready to burst into actual, breathing life. Through mountain defiles, foaming torrents bound headlong from rock to rock, and drown in their roar the faint notes of the few herds that find a scanty subsistence on their banks. It is here that the Miautsze — the dreaded "men-wolves" of the dwellers in Pekin or Canton (who invest these hated tribes with the monstrous attributes of unnatural prodigies) — live on the steep mountain-sides, beneath the brown shadows of their ancient forests. And it was here that the band of refugees and rebels, who had resolved on an armed resistance to the yoke they had already refused to obey, assembled. The obscurity of this little-frequented district rendered it easy for them to mould undisturbedly their forces into warlike coherence and form; and the prospect of finding an impenetrable retreat in the event of a repulse, and useful allies in the event of success, among the hardy Miautsze, lent wings to their hopes, and materially aided them in their earlier essays.

It was early in the year 1850 that the insurrection first began to develop itself in the Kouang-si. As the rebels increased in numbers, and their successes in the few encounters they had with the imperial troops became more public, they moved slowly through the southwestern portions of the province, until finally they entered Kouang-toung. These movements, being known at Canton and Pekin, caused no little alarm, and the Emperor, in the violence of his indignation, instantly ordered the mandarin Lin to take command in the rebellious districts, and to exterminate the offenders. Nothing could give a better idea of the imperial policy than this step. Lin, though past the prime of life, was famous for his inflexible

adherence to the ancient school of government. It was his conduct in relation to the destruction of the opium-chests, that had plunged his country into the English war; and had he survived long enough to engage in active operations against the rebels, he probably would have displayed an equal amount of obstinacy and stupidity. Fortunately for himself, however, he died on the route, at the close of the year 1850; but he had lived long enough to hear the proclamation put forth by the rebels, in which, for the first time, they avowed their intention of getting possession of the throne at the earliest opportunity. The person first put forward as the rival claimant of the throne was a youth named Tien-te, an alleged descendant of the Mings, about twenty-four years old. According to Callery and Yvan, who put full faith in the story, Tien-te was of a grave temperament, of solitary habits, and of an unbending will. His proportions, though not those of an athlete, were good. His complexion indicated his origin to have been in the southern provinces of China. So far we follow our authors; but we at the same time believe that they have, in the rest of their story, been most ridiculously gulled. Tien-te, whatever his origin and condition, was never anything but the merest tool in the hands of Houng-siu-tsiuen, who kept him during his life carefully shrouded from the public gaze, and used the mystery thus caused for the furtherance of his own ends. Whether or not it was really Tien-te who a little later was captured and executed by the government, we cannot now say. But it is certain that he was extinct, and that Houng-siu-tsiuen had openly assumed the head of the enterprise, by the middle of March, 1853. It is probable enough that the latter, being an able and dexterous man, had provided the means of carrying out this imposture (if we consider it as an imposture) to just the required length, and then quietly suffered Tien-te to sink into oblivion, or captivity and death. Time alone can show the truth of the case.

Still, at the commencement of the outbreak we find Tien-te asserted to be a lineal descendant of the ancient Mings, whose dynasty he was to restore, and with it the happy days and institutions of that period, which were terminated by the Mant-chou irruption. It is just possible that Tien-te was a

descendant of that royal house; for we know so little of his antecedents as to be barely able to refuse credence to certain writers who boldly pronounce him altogether a myth, — a fabulous creation, with no actual existence. But certainly he had no legitimate pretensions to the crown upon that score. The constitutional history of China teaches but one rule of succession, which is that

> "They should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

If ever might makes right in any country, it is in this, where one race of kings supervenes another by dint of no other argument than the popular will, as expressed by the poorest but most palpable of all evidences, the force of arms.

By the commencement of 1851, the insurrection had assumed the aspect of a civil war; and the most serious efforts of the government to reduce it to at least its original condition utterly failed. Forced loans were exacted, with no sparing hand, from the wealthy merchants of Canton, and the prime-minister of the empire, with two of the chief mandarins, was sent to the revolted province of Kouang-si, where the conduct of affairs under the charge of the viceroy, Siu, had not been such as to inspire any great confidence in his ultimate success. Nevertheless, things daily assumed a more dangerous aspect. An attempt was even made, in July, 1851, upon the Emperor's life, which, though it failed, and the assassin, as well as eighteen mandarins suspected of complicity in the plot, were hurried off to instant death, yet served to show to the sovereign that treason lurked under his very roof-tree.* About the same

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* This custom of punishing the innocent with the guilty is one of the most abominable parts of the Chinese criminal code, and yet of such universal prevalence, that there is not the slightest exaggeration in an amusing sketch of the late Mr. Sealy's, which narrates the result of a complaint made by a Man of Letters against his son-in-law, a Yellow Girdle (or member of the imperial kindred), for conjugal harshness. The brutal husband is slain, and his body cut into small pieces, one of which is sent to every square *li* throughout the empire, and stuck upon a thorn. His ten nearest relatives are strangled; and his wife, the original *causa belli*, is strangled likewise. His servants each receive two hundred lashes, and the old father-in-law five hundred; the allowance of pay and rice to all the Yellow Girdles of the empire is suspended for three years; and the chief mandarin of the city is hung at his own door!

time, Tien-te ventured upon a new mode of publishing his pretensions. A coinage bearing his inscription was struck and speedily put into extensive circulation. Nothing could be better devised than this scheme, to familiarize the minds of the people with the notion of his advent to power. And whilst city after city was falling into their hands, the hearts of the insurgents were kept exasperated by the public execution at Canton of hundreds of their comrades who had fallen into the clutches of the government. Still, however, the walled city of Kouei-lin, the capital of the Kouang-si, in which were installed the viceroy and his choicest troops, resisted their hopes of its capture.

The whole of Kouang-si, with the solitary exception of Kouei-lin, having now submitted to the rebels, they passed its boundaries, and made themselves masters of Kao-tcheou-fou, a city in the adjoining province of Canton. Hence they issued a proclamation which is important, as showing the first tokens of what we believe to be the secret of their organization. To the popular idea that this is a Christian movement, secretly guided and controlled by native converts, or possibly by some bold, designing spirit from Europe, we have never lent a moment's credence. We think there can be no doubt that the insurrection is composed of different bands, each having its own specific object in view, and united only against a common foe. In the proclamation we have referred to, Tien-te, or his mouth-piece, announces that the Tartar rule is about to terminate, and that the sons of Han will once more wield the supreme power. But he goes on to add, that, with their fall, the realms so long united under the Mant-chou sceptre are to be divided; and in this the real object of the insurgent chiefs is undoubtedly made manifest. The epoch when Pekin shall fall into their hands is announced as the period when they will proceed to a division of the kingdom.

This address is said to have been the composition of Houng-siu-tsiuen, the most astute and able of the rebel chiefs, who has assumed the title of King Tai-ping, or Grand Pacificator. This man's counsels appear to have entirely governed the motions of the young Tien-te, and have undoubtedly led to much of his success, as well as to the favor his cause has found

in the eyes of Christendom. In fact, certain passages in the address very plainly indicate it to have been the work of one familiar with the Christian doctrines, and convinced of their truth; and curiosity was not a little stimulated to know what manner of man he might be whose hand had penned this remarkable document. From the Rev. Mr. Yates, a Baptist missionary in China, the following letter has been received and published in this country. We are inclined to believe it in the main to be correct in its statements. We give it at length, merely premising that the Hung-Suchen and the Quang-See of the letter are but a different orthography for Houang-siu-tsiuen and Kouang-si:—

"Shang-hai, September 22, 1853.

"There are at present stopping in our mission two lads, whose identity is not known, except to our mission. One, a boy of fifteen, is the son of the 'Southern King,' the other, a lad of eighteen or twenty, who was on last Sabbath received into our church by baptism, is the nephew and adopted son of the 'Southern King' (one of the four great leaders of the rebellion in China). From these young men (the elder of whom is well acquainted with all the circumstances that led to the first hostile demonstrations), we have been able to get correct information touching the origin of the rebellion.

"From these young men we learn that Hung-Suchen (at present known as 'Tai-ping-Wong'), having embraced the Christian religion, destroyed every sign of idolatry about his house and school-room (for he was a teacher of a high school), and gave much attention to publishing the Gospel. Disciples to the new doctrine multiplied rapidly. Soon this innovation upon the ancient customs attracted the attention of the authorities of Quang-See; for it was in this interior province, far removed from foreign influence, that this new thing started.

"The authorities in question attempted to crush this new religion by persecution, but this only attracted attention to it. Finding that the new sect was daily and rapidly increasing, they (the civil and military authorities) beheaded two of the disciples, thinking that this rigid measure would suppress this disorderly body. But so far from having this effect, they (the Christians, who had increased by this time to quite a considerable number) took up arms in defence of their religion, and called upon God to aid and defend them.

"The imperialists, in an engagement with them, were routed with great loss. The Christian army increased rapidly, till they were able

to withstand any force that might be brought against them. The Christian army was now fairly committed. They well knew that they must be delivered from the bondage of the imperial yoke, both civil and religious, or death was certain. They formed the design of subverting the government, with the intention of establishing in its stead a liberal and Christian government.

"They issued tracts and circulars, in which they attacked the abuses and corruptions of the civil authorities and the religious teachers, etc. They destroyed idols, and circulated portions of the Scriptures and religious tracts, and preached to the people a purer religion. All this, strange to say, secured them the favor of the people, and their thousand was soon multiplied. Thus Hung Suchen commenced about three years ago. Since then, he has fought many battles.

"In every place he exposes the corruptions of the mandarins and priests, destroys idols, circulates the Scriptures and religious tracts (many of which are his own productions, in which, of course, there are many errors), and preaches the Gospel. His main army is now before Pekin. Considering all the circumstances of the present rebellion in China, viewed either in a civil or religious point of view, it is without a parallel in the history of the world."

The chiefs of the insurgents may be briefly summed up as follows. First on the list we must place Tien-te, their nominal leader, an alleged descendant of the Mings, whose name served as a rallying-point for all who looked with hope to the revival of the ancient glories and traditions of the empire, and the restoration of a native line of princes. After him, but perhaps each possessing more real power, came the four tributary Kings, as they were called, of the East, the West, the North, and the South, Hiang, Siao, Wei, and Foung. Each of these men was doubtless the head of a band of insurgents, and each, counting upon a province as his independent kingdom, united cordially with his brothers in the great work before them. As for Houng-siu-tsiuen, — who was, it is said, originally a disappointed candidate for office, a Man of Letters, and a leader in the Triad Society, — he is possibly the next Emperor of China. He is probably a native of Canton and a semi-Christian, and it is no doubt to him and to his immediate followers that we owe the numerous documents upon which the belief in the religious character of the rebellion is based. Probably, too, the same principles may prevail to a less extent among

the bands of Foung-hièn-san, the King of the South, whose history seems closely similar to that of the Great Pacificator. Be that as it may, however, it is very evident that, at the best, but a portion of the main body of the rebels is even slightly inclined to Christianity, while the remainder hold it in no esteem whatsoever.

The correctness of our views of this affair is confirmed by the two subsidiary movements in the great island of Hai-nan, lying south of the province of Canton; and in the province of Hou-nan, lying to the north. In each of these districts, the rising was probably encouraged by messages from the chiefs gathered around Kouei-lin, but it was essentially a local and independent movement, and perfectly successful. Everywhere the rebels triumphed, while in the Kouang-si, the old viceroy, Siu, in an attempt to retrieve his falling fortunes, incurred for the imperial arms a defeat as disgraceful as it was ludicrous. This old fool had gathered together four thousand buffaloes, to whose horns were attached resinous torches. The torches were lighted, and the beasts were driven by night, with a large body of imperialists following close at their heels, towards the enemy's camp. By this notable device, the viceroy thought to inspire such terror and confusion among his enemies as to render them an easy prey; but the stratagem recoiled on his own head, and his troops were cut to pieces. Finding this experiment not very satisfactory, Siu hit upon another, scarcely less admirable. A strong force was detached from his army, and sent to Pekin, having in guard a prisoner alleged to be no other than Tien-te. Arrived at the capital, the alleged pretender was speedily executed, and a long "last dying speech and confession" published to the world. The trick took; the imperialists congratulated each other; and for a season who so great as the viceroy Siu? But presently tidings were received from the mountains of Kouang-si; and lo! Tien-te was as much alive as ever. The mock tale of his execution was solely the device of Siu, who by this means elevated his fame as a statesman to a rank not inferior to that he had acquired in the battle of the buffaloes as a general. Were it not, however, that we rely firmly on the narrative of MM. Callery and Yvan on this point, we should be disposed to believe Siu's captive to have been no other than Tien-te.

Three of the eighteen provinces were now in the hands of the rebels, and the island of Formosa, which, with the revolted Hai-nan, controls almost the whole coast-trade, was in a very seditious state. At last, however, a few partial successes smiled upon the imperial arms, and at Tchao-tcheou-fou and Young-tcheou-fou the enemy were repulsed. Hitherto, the conduct of Tien-te's army had been praiseworthy in an eminent degree. No pillage, no lawless disorder, followed in their path. Wherever they went, private property was respected; the government officials only were called upon to tremble at their approach. But, infuriated by their unwonted defeats, they stormed the wealthy city of Kouei-yang in the Hou-nan, put the principal officers to death, and exacted heavy contributions from all the inhabitants; and in September, 1852, established their head-quarters at Hing-gan in the immediate vicinity of Kouei-lin, where was ensconced their constant opponent, the viceroy Siu, and the year closed upon renewed defeats in every quarter of the Tartar party; while the Mant-chou sovereign, in default of the power to work his will upon the rebels themselves, occupied himself in punishing his own officers who had unsuccessfully opposed them. In every quarter of the empire, rebellion uplifted its head, and gave the local authorities more than sufficient employment in holding their own. The finances at Pekin were in a dreadfully embarrassed state, and by an edict of "the vermilion pencil" of Hien-foung himself, almost every rank and dignity that a subject could hope to attain through influence or merit was exposed for sale. Surely a more besotted scheme than this was never conceived. To intrust, in such a crisis, the most important posts to the hands of men whose sole known capacity lay in the number of taels they could afford to put down in the treasury, was virtually to abandon almost every prospect of ultimate triumph.

Nor did the year 1853 open upon more favorable prospects. On the 12th of January, the city of Ou-tchang, the capital of the Hou-pe, fell into the hands of the rebels; and the news of this reverse sufficed to spread fear and confusion far and wide among the friends of the government, who occupied themselves in assembling the discordant and frequently licentious

population that were willing to enroll themselves under the imperial banners. But the insurgents had already arrived in force at the waters of the great river Yang-tze-kiang, and, slowly following the course of this stream, had successively seized the important cities that are built upon its upper waters; till at last, with a fleet of junks, respectable enough in a military point of view for the purposes of Chinese hostilities, and with an army of fifty thousand men, they seated themselves, in the spring of 1853, before the walls of Nankin.

Nankin is one of the most important of the Chinese cities, whether as regards population, wealth, or social influence. Its spacious warehouses receive the produce of the vast rice-fields that furnish so large a proportion of the sustenance of the nation. No less than twenty-eight millions of souls inhabit the province of which it is the *entrepôt;* and large fleets crowd its wharves to bear away its surplus produce to the marts of Canton and Pekin. It may readily be conceived that the prospect of the loss of this city, or even of its being actually besieged by land and by water, was fraught with dismal forebodings for the future, and with untoward sentiments of present annoyance and commercial distress to the dwellers in the royal palace. In this emergency, however, Hien-foung acted with his accustomed promptitude. Heavily fell his hand upon all of his officers who had failed in subduing or in bribing the enemy. Old Siu was publicly disgraced, and in the arms of a young and attractive wife the Emperor sought to find that solace and comfort which his mandarins had failed to afford him. All was in vain, however; in the month of April, 1853, Nankin fell into the power of his rival.

But before we trace the further progress of the insurgents, let us turn aside for a moment to notice the nature of the various books and documents which, during their siege of Nankin, they found opportunity to diffuse through the adjacent country. The most striking of these is, perhaps, a proclamation, issued evidently in an unofficial manner, but probably by some one in high authority in their camp. In this paper, the people are warned to continue in their business quietly, leaving to the army of Tien-te the task of driving out the Mant-chous. Europeans are significantly notified to attend

to their own affairs, and to keep aloof from those of China, until the son of the Mings shall be in a position to instruct them in the position they are henceforth to occupy; and "as for the stupid priests of Buddha, and the jugglers of Tao-se," we are told "they must all be put down, and their temples and monasteries, as well as those of all other corrupt sects, must be demolished." Whether the author of this menacing epistle be a member of the Christian Union of Gutzlaff, or a disciple of Confucius, it is difficult to guess. We incline to the latter opinion. At all events, the document is valuable only as serving to show the state of feeling in a portion of the rebel camp.

The remaining documents to which we shall refer admit of a very different construction. One of these works is entitled "The Book of Religious Precepts of the Taeping Dynasty." It opens with the announcement of several doctrinal points, which are evidently so foreign to the native and educational bent of the mind of a purely Chinese student, that they must have been inspired by the garbled recollections of the teachings of some stranger. Fortunately, the occasional coincidence, both in expression and in thought, with passages from Christian works already issued in that tongue, leave us under no difficulty in pointing out their origin. The first sentence — "Who has ever lived in the world without offending against the commands of Heaven?" — conveys the idea of universal, if not of original sin. The author then goes on to say that "until this time no one has ever known how to obtain deliverance from sin"; and that "now the great God has made a gracious communication to man: and from henceforth whosoever repents of his sins may ascend to heaven." These, so far as they go, are good, Christian doctrines, and must be of Christian origin, since neither they, nor the pictures of the future state of mankind, embracing the two conditions of endless bliss and of endless torment, are to be found in any form among the writings of Confucius. But in the following hymn the scheme of redemption is set forth as plainly as could be desired by the most evangelical writer: —

"How different are the true doctrines from the doctrines of the world!
They save the souls of men, and lead to the enjoyment of endless bliss:
The wise receive them with exultation, as the source of their happiness:
The foolish, when awakened, understand thereby the way to heaven.

Our Heavenly Father, of his great mercy and unbounded goodness,
Spared not his first-born Son, but sent him down into the world
To give his life for the redemption of all our transgressions,
The knowledge of which, coupled with repentance, saves the souls of men."

The author proceeds to announce that forgiveness of sins is the result of repentance and prayer; that prayers may be according to a set form or not; but that they must be regularly offered at morning and evening, at every meal, and on all extraordinary occasions, and upon the Sabbath in increased number. The forms of prayer put forth in the book, by way of assisting such "weaker brethren" as may find it difficult to compose for themselves, are all offered through the intercession of Jesus, and most of them contain allusions to the saving grace of the Holy Ghost. They all, too, seem framed upon the model of the Lord's Prayer. Compare, for instance, the following, paragraph by paragraph: —

"Our Father which art in heaven:	"We pray the great God, our Heavenly Father, which art in heaven.
"Hallowed be thy name:	
"Thy kingdom come:	
"Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven:	"Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven:
"Give us this day our daily bread.	"Every day bestow upon us food and clothing:
"Forgive us our sins, &c.	"Forgive our frequent transgressions;
"Lead us not into temptation;	"Never allow us to be deceived by demons;
"But deliver us from evil.	"Deliver us from the Evil One;
"Amen."	"This is our heart's sincere desire."

It should be mentioned that the fourth clause of the prayer, as above quoted from the "Book of Religious Precepts," is perfectly identical with the corresponding passage in the New Testament of Medhurst and Gutzlaff, issued in 1835; and that other portions of the same prayer bear also a great resemblance to the version referred to. Other prayers are not so unexceptionable. There are prayers for the dead, and forms

for the sacrificial offering of animals, wine, tea, and rice, to God, upon any suitable occasion; the authority for which is certainly not derived from the New Testament. That the religious recollections of the compiler of the Book of Precepts, however, were drawn from various missionary sources, is abundantly evident. The doxology published by the American Baptist Mission, in 1848, finds a prominent place among them: —

"We praise God, our holy Heavenly Father:
We praise Jesus, the holy Lord and Saviour of the world:
We praise the Holy Spirit, the Sacred Intelligence:
We praise the three persons, who united constitute one true Spirit (God)."

The insurgents' version of the Ten Commandments is by no means literally copied from the translations of the various missionaries. The first and second they render, "Thou shalt worship God," and "Thou shalt not worship any evil spirits"; phrases not employed in any of the missionary works that we are acquainted with. In general, however, it is easy to see that the writings of the American Presbyterian and Baptist missionaries were present to the mind of the compiler. Some of his ideas of the Sacraments are rather oddly expressed. A penitent seeking forgiveness is bidden to take a basin of water and wash himself clean; or if he perform his ablutions in the river, it will be so much the better. This is supposed to embody some rude notions of Baptism. As for the celebration of the Eucharist, there does not appear the remotest allusion to it in any of the religious treatises of the rebels.

"The Trimetrical Classic" is another important pamphlet put forth by the insurgents; but its contents have already been given to the public in the volume of MM. Callery and Yvan. In Mr. Oxenford's supplementary chapter is published a literal translation of this singular production. We will only remark that the earlier portion of the Trimetrical Classic, narrating the history of the race of Israel, is evidently taken from Medhurst's and Gutzlaff's New Testament of 1836, and Gutzlaff's Old Testament of 1844. This is very ingeniously shown by the comparison of the names of persons and places. For instance, the word for Israel in the Classic is E-sih-leë: in

Gutzlaff and Medhurst, it is the same; while in Morrison, Milne, and Afah, it is E-sih-urh-e-lih. So Egypt is termed by the Classic, Mih-se. It was rendered thus by Gutzlaff and Medhurst, following the Hebrew form, while Drs. Morrison and Milne, adopting the Greek pronunciation, express it by E-che-pe-to. It would consume too much space to follow this tract through its absurd but interesting length, where the author assumes the character of the Son of God. Our readers can find it in full in the volume above referred to.

"The Book of Celestial Decrees and Declarations of the Imperial Will" is one of the least satisfactory to the heart of the true Christian among all that have been laid before us. It professes to contain nothing less than a series of direct revelations from God the Heavenly Father, and Jesus the celestial elder brother, to the leaders of the host, extending through the years 1848, 1849, 1851, and 1852. With these are given a series of commands or general orders from the chief to his followers. The unity of a God of infinite attributes, to whom all earthly kings and governors are strictly responsible, is one of the first truths taught in this tract, and taught on the alleged ground of a special interview with the Deity. Then follows a celestial decree of obedience and subordination on the part of the army towards their leader, who is represented as having been expressly sent down from heaven by the Almighty to execute his behests. The accounts of the teachings of Jesus, who is said to have frequently manifested himself during the last five years to the Chinese, are very strange. He tells them, indeed, to be at peace among themselves, and to avoid contracting feuds and enmities; to find out the way to heaven, and to walk in it; also, that self-indulgence is not likely to produce heroes, while the endurance of suffering will be followed by exalted dignity. But his more frequent exhortations, according to this publication, consist of such counsels as the following: "When you go into the ranks to fight, you must not retreat. If you do, do not be surprised if I order you to be put to death. You must conquer, with united heart and strength, the hills and rivers. You should not go into the villages to seize people's goods, and when you get money, you must make it public." On one occasion Jesus is

represented as scolding the people very much, for having secreted for themselves what they had obtained.

The object of this little volume is very evident. By inspiring his host with the faith that he is the favorite of supernal powers, and that his decrees are but the emanations of the Divine Will, the chief adds a new weight to his authority, and makes assurance of their obedience doubly sure.

To return to the active progress of the war, — having occupied the two great cities of Nankin and Tchen-kiang-fou, (the latter of which has, in our own days, given a title to an English peer,) the insurgents, according to their custom, paused for some time ere they took their next step. In the mean while, anarchy and confusion reigned everywhere about them. The old forms of government were superseded, but no well-working order had been established in their place. In fact, the policy of the leaders seems to be to hold on to any position they may have won till the pervading spirit of disaffection, which is their strongest ally, shall have gained sufficient violence to enable them to find in the very heart of the next spot towards which they turn their faces numerous and active friends. Thus they have gone on slowly, taking here and there a town, till, in the course of three years, the wealthiest and most important provinces have fallen into their hands; and thus did they proceed from Nankin. Their residence there, however, was marked by one hideous blot. The Tartar population of Nankin amounted to twenty thousand souls, eight thousand of whom were regular soldiers. The regular rebel force also was estimated at eight thousand strong; but they were recruited by at least twenty-five thousand militia, (if we may so term them), who had gathered around their banners from the districts through which they had marched. Almost the first thing these cruel men did, when they had the city completely in their power, was to murder in cold blood every Mant-chou they could find. No sex or age was spared; and of the twenty thousand within the walls, scarcely a hundred escaped. Occurrences like these we must now continue to look for until the close of the war. The bitter vengeance which the Pekin Emperor will wreak upon the rebels, should it ever be in his power so to do, may be readily predicted from

the samples of his disposition towards them that we have already seen; while they, in turn, have apparently resolved upon the utter extermination of the pure Mant-chou race.

Thus far, the want of a fleet had prevented the insurgents from dislodging their foes from their seats upon the rivers and in the chief maritime cities; but internal treachery was hastening to their aid, and on the 19th of May, 1853, Amoy, one of the five ports open to Europeans, fell into their hands. The combat was a severe one; and the imperialist admiral was so little discouraged by the result, as almost immediately to attempt a recapture. He was, however, completely repulsed. About the same time, the two cities of Chang-chow and Tangwa were taken by the rebels, and the imperial authorities there put to death. But the inhabitants, finding themselves sufficiently strong to speak their own minds, positively refused to permit the regular rebel forces to prescribe to them either the men or the manner of government to whose conduct affairs should be intrusted, and resolved, for the future, to govern themselves. On the 7th of September, however, the most alarming blow, which, in the eyes of Europeans, the Tartar dynasty had yet received, was dealt at Shang-hai. It would seem, from our accounts, that this measure was entirely brought about by the exertions of the Triad Society, ten thousand of whom were to be found among the population. Doubtless there was a secret communication maintained between the rebel camp and these persons; but the latter alone undertook and accomplished the seizure of the city. Samgua, the Taou-tae, evaded by concealment the doom of his subordinate officers, and in the general confusion that ensued made his escape from the streets through which he had so often been escorted in all the pomp of Oriental power. But his dominion was gone; and its fall struck new terror into the hearts of the despot at Pekin and the myrmidons by whom he was surrounded. From the mountain chains of the empire the hardiest Tartar troops were forthwith summoned to the defence of the royal city; while the vaticinations of his people reached even the reluctant ear of the Emperor, and their countenances, "wherein, as in a book, men read strange tidings," pictured to him his approaching downfall.

But in the darkest hour of night, there is ever a symptom of the coming day. In the thickest clouds of despair, occasional rifts will occur, showing the far blue beyond. At this juncture, to the astonishment of all, the success of the rebels began to falter. This was partly owing, no doubt, to their distance from the provinces where their force had been cradled. The insurgents were not suffered peaceably to retain possession of the important cities of Amoy and Shang-hai. The former was recaptured by the imperialists early in November, 1853, and a series of bloody reprisals immediately ensued. The leader in the local *emeute* that had originally driven the authorities from the town was executed, and from the neighborhood around, all the known sympathizers with the rebels, to the number of at least one thousand persons, were dragged, in cold blood, to death. And at this time the insurgent army had marched to the town of Giuken, scarce sixty miles from Pekin! However, by their severity and power, the mandarins speedily restored order in Amoy, and things go on there just as quietly and smoothly, to all appearance, as though there had never been any insurrection at all. Such is Chinese character.

During the whole of November, the rebels were spreading their forces in every direction in the more immediate vicinity of Pekin, and neglecting entirely the three great steps that were open to them, either of which, if successful, would have inevitably hastened the downfall of the existing throne; namely, the relief of the besieged towns of Shang-hai and Amoy by cutting to pieces the beleaguering forces, and the storming of Pekin, which would be the last scene of all to crown this strange drama. The imperialists, on the other hand, have displayed at this crisis more energy than they had ever before exhibited. We have seen how they carried Amoy. Their next *coup d'essai* was at Shang-hai. But this city, though besieged with all the power of the imperial forces, by land as well as by sea, has hitherto resisted, in every practical sense, all their efforts. In vain have they mastered the suburbs, and penetrated into the town: the rebels continue to hold out gallantly against their enemy.

In the interior, however, while the imperialist fleet was en-

deavoring to recapture Chin-kiang-foo, the rebels were subsisting in great ease and comfort at Nankin. The French war-steamer Cassini ascended to this port during the month of December last, and reported that on her passage up she encountered hundreds of boats, loaded with men on their way to reinforce their comrades at Chin-kiang. It must have been a curious spectacle to behold these people, as they eagerly pressed about the steamer, demanding the sale of pikes, guns, cutlasses, or any weapons of war, in which they were sadly deficient. Their heads were bare, their hair flowed in unshorn tresses, and their raiment shone brilliantly with the most costly silken stuffs that the plundered warehouses of Nankin could yield, as they passed on with joyous shouts, as to a festival. And whilst all this was going on, and whilst their sympathizers at Amoy were baring their throats to the executioner, the main force of the rebels had approached so near to Pekin that Tien-tsien was already theirs, and the imperial city itself was closely beleaguered. Indeed, it is not impossible that, ere these pages fall beneath the public eye, the news of the capture of the capital of Hien-foung may reach this country, and the last of the Mant-chou emperors have hidden his dishonored head in flight, captivity, or the grave. To speculate upon such a contingency is not unreasonable; for while it is within the limits of probability that the imperial forces, relieved from the sieges of Amoy and Shang-hai, may retrace their way to Pekin, and successfully encounter the army of the Tae-ping, yet it is more likely that, before any such event can take place, Pekin will fall.

Let us suppose such a catastrophe to ensue; what will be the probable consequences? In the first place, the death or disappearance of Hien-foung — a youth not long identified with the history of his empire, and without posterity capable of rallying the *disjecta membra* of his party around him — will nominally put an end to the struggle. His line will be blotted out from the Asiatic Almanach de Saxe-Gotha, — if there be such a work in that quarter of the globe, — and the Tae-ping will succeed to —— what? To an unbroken, undivided empire? We do not believe it. It is probable enough that he may maintain a sort of feudal suzerainty, himself the ruler over

a splendid kingdom, and preserving a certain superiority over a half-dozen of less powerful potentates. But it is in the last degree unlikely that Chinese Tartary and Thibet will any longer maintain their present relations to the Chinese empire. These countries — as large as two thirds of Europe — have little or no sympathy with the rest of the empire; and, indeed, their allegiance has hitherto been preserved only by the constant presence of Mant-chou garrisons. We will put these states out of the account in the prospective arrangement of the empire, for they will naturally prefer the rule of their own native princes to that of strangers; and we may reckon on their entire withdrawal from the system. But the southern provinces, peopled by tribes mutually connected, speaking the same language, and bound together by the ties of commercial interest, will doubtless agree on some scheme of inter-adhesion. Whether they will be fiefs of the empire or confederated states cannot indeed be yet foreseen. Of course, in either case, each province will be ruled by some successful rebel chief, while their present leader, Houng-siu-tsiuen (the Tae-ping-wang, or King Grand Pacificator), will probably lord it over the most magnificent portion of the land, and, with one hand on Canton and the other on Nankin, effectually control the course of internal and of foreign trade. This man is already scarcely less adored as a divinity than obeyed as a king by his blinded followers. It is he who has prescribed to them the code of moral and political ethics which they so unhesitatingly receive; it is no other than he himself, whom they revere as the younger brother of Jesus, — as the second son of the Almighty God, sent down from heaven in these latter days for their express deliverance. As he is the man on whose fiat everything depends, it is proper to look at the institutions he has already established, that we may thence get an outline of his future course.

Of the religious creed that the Tae-ping has promulgated, we have already spoken. Father Clavelin well remarks, that it is practically less a Christian than a Mahometan faith. The supposed Messiah of the rebels occupies the same position in their regard that the Prophet of the Turks held in that of his followers, as the favorite of Heaven, commissioned to

establish a new faith upon earth. For the rest, the Tae-ping seems to regard many matters with the eye of an Oriental sage. While tobacco and opium are inveighed against, great license is allowed in respect to polygamy. We are aware that this statement may surprise those who, basing their views upon the appearance of the rebels at Chin-kiang without a woman among them, hastily concluded that they must possess a very superior degree of celibate virtue; but it now appears that their wives were, for convenience, left at Nankin. Mr. Taylor found fifty thousand women there, belonging to the army; and Father Clavelin estimates the number, when he was there in December, 1853, at four hundred and eighty thousand. This enormous statement may be explained by the fact that the rebels have brought their families with them, not daring to leave them behind, without means of support, to the tender mercies of the mandarins. But it is very certain that the publications of the insurgent chiefs at Nankin permit polygamy, and the voice of rumor attributes its extensive practice to the leaders of the host. Be this as it may, it is curious indeed to observe under what excellent control the Tae-ping keeps his thousands of female followers. They are marshalled into companies of one hundred, and brigades of thirteen thousand. Each lady-brigadier, as well as her subordinates, has her appropriate uniform, and always bears about a stout bamboo rod, with which she maintains order and obedience in the ranks. These women have their own separate lodgings assigned them, and are governed with so accurate a discipline, that they are not unfrequently selected to perform garrison or other military duty.

The point of polygamy is not the only one in which we find a distinct refutation of the idea that the insurrection is a genuine Christian movement. At present, with no organized church or priesthood, with the doctrines of faith or devotion given out as necessity requires by the head of their establishment, their prophet and their king, it is impossible for us to say more than that theirs is evidently a mongrel belief, born from a brain teeming with confused and often erroneous ideas of the teachings of Christianity, not unlearned in the writings of Confucius, and perhaps imbued with some portions of the

faith of Mahomet. One thing is certain, that his abhorrence of the worship of Buddha does not yield to any other passion of his soul. From the combined workings of these different systems is produced a composite religion, built up of the most incongruous materials. Its only duties at present consist in the repetition, thrice in each day, of certain prescribed forms of prayer; but by and by, when the Tae-ping's power has increased to an exaggerated degree, he may no longer rest content with the salvo of artillery that now announces his performance of his adorations, — he may demand and receive divine honors for himself, and hear his name borne upon the floating clouds of incense, by the lips of a lying priesthood. Stranger things than this have come to pass, and may again occur.

But when he is seated on his new throne, and the Chinese empire remodelled, we may look for the practical results of the mighty revolution effected by this obscure Canton teacher; and they will be these. Unwittingly to himself, perhaps, he will teach us where to introduce the wedge, where to rest the lever; and it will not be many years ere we find European influence, hitherto so powerless in the high, exclusive walls of the palace of Pekin, operating with wonderful force at the courts of a score of kingdoms, petty in comparison with the great aggregate of which they once formed part, and all jealous of, if not divided against, each other. Already the power and policy of Russia have tamed and brought under its own control those tribes of agricultural and nomadic Tartars who inhabit the regions beyond the Great Wall, and we may expect to see Russian influence preponderating in the counsels of the states which may be formed from Chinese Tartary and Tibet. The possession by a nation subsidiary to Russia of the valleys of the San-po and the Upper Burrampooter can never be an object of indifference to a rival always envious of British rule in India; and when we recollect that Lassa is scarcely one third so distant from the point where the Burrampooter enters British India as Delhi is from Calcutta, we may readily conceive how little exertion will be spared by England to neutralize or hold in check the possible intrigues of her Muscovite foe. The southern kingdoms of "the flowery land" will, however, fall undoubtedly under the immediate action of

that nation with whose commerce, religion, and language they are already acquainted, and it is not irrational to suppose that, by perfectly fair and legitimate means, Christian policy may in time supplant the effete system under which those fertile plains have so long labored, while the present garbled creed professed by the expectant sovereigns, purified by the efforts of earnest and good men, may lose the grosser materialism that pollutes its nature, and, dropping as sediment the foul blasphemies which we have pointed out, rise sublimated into an evangelical faith, held in the hearts and living on the tongues of the millions upon millions of a prosperous, happy, regenerate people.

ART. IX. — *The Positive Philosophy of* AUGUSTE COMTE, *freely translated and condensed by* HARRIET MARTINEAU. London: John Chapman. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo.

WE are sorry, but not surprised, that Miss Martineau should have adopted the opinions which are avowed in the recent publication of her correspondence with Mr. Atkinson, and in this attempt to translate Comte's Philosophy and to render it popular in England. Her former writings showed considerable ability, but it was the ability of an ill-regulated mind,— of a mind working out of its proper sphere, and scorning all those limitations and restraints which indirectly help us in the search after truth, because they narrow the field of inquiry, and act as preservatives against the most hurtful errors. In her ambition to leave the common track, she has wandered wildly over the whole field of knowledge, and come to the most barren conclusion at last, — to a belief, if it can be called such, that there is no divine superintendence of the affairs of this world, and no hope of a world to come. The leading vice of her character has always been intellectual arrogance. She has never had any deference for man, and now has ceased to entertain any faith in her Creator; the only being whom she has never learned to distrust is herself. The very outset of her career as an author was an unfortunate one for the

growth and discipline of her mental character, however flattering it was to her vanity. Under the special patronage of Lord Brougham, then flushed with exaggerated hopes of the results to be accomplished by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and proud of the abilities of his "little deaf girl," she undertook to teach the people of Great Britain the abstruse doctrines of Political Economy, mincing up this strong meat into popular tales, so that it might be fitted for the nutriment of babes. Considered simply as stories, her "Illustrations" were very successful; people were amused by them, and paid no heed to the grave lessons which they were intended to teach. As Miss Martineau presumed to treat them like children, they took their revenge by acting like children; they ate the sugar and threw the medicine away. Luckily for them, it was easy to separate the two ingredients, as nearly all the science was condensed into a page or two at the end of the book, and the little that was fairly incorporated into the story did them no harm. What was considered as the most pleasing of her stories, when taken simply as an ingenious fiction in prose, was meant to illustrate and enforce the revolting doctrine of Malthus about population. We hold that it is an impertinence to write fiction for any avowedly didactic purpose, beyond that of inculcating some simple moral, such as the events of real life often teach. In Miss Martineau's attempt, impertinence and pedantry were combined. Her subsequent publications are characterized by the same spirit of arrogant self-conceit, and the same disposition to meddle with subjects which are out of her sphere, and which she is entirely incompetent to discuss.

In one of her books, there is an amusing confession of her weakness in this respect. "That degree of self-confidence," she observes, "which is commonly called conceit, grows in favor with me perpetually." Perhaps so; but as her first publication betrayed an almost incredible amount of this amiable feeling, we hardly see how it could "grow perpetually," without overshadowing by this time her whole mind and character. Her "View of Society in America" is equally a view of our government, our literature, our ecclesiastical institutions, the course of our legislation, and the character of our people. On

all these themes, she favors us with sweeping opinions, delivered in as dogmatic and magisterial a manner, as if the whole Western continent had been summoned before her for a hearing. "The Senate" of the United States, she remarks, "is an anomaly, and an anomalous institution cannot be very long-lived." She will not admit that what appears to her as faulty in theory can possibly succeed in practice. Vainly is it objected that the Senate works well. "The well-working," she replies, is only a temporary affair, — an accident. "Its radical change becomes a question of time merely." The successful experience of sixty-five years, during which time the institution has certainly increased in favor with the people, while the people themselves have more than quadrupled in number, evidently weighs nothing against Miss Martineau's judgment of what is fitting and proper. The Senate is still doomed, and the judiciary are little better off. "The appointment of the judges for life," she remarks in the next paragraph, "is another departure from the *absolute* republican principle." So it is; and for this very reason, those who do not like *absolutism* in matters of government, whether in the form of absolute monarchy, absolute democracy, or absolute anarchy, are strongly attached to the independence of the judiciary. Considering the ease and freedom with which Miss Martineau propounds her opinions upon these very grave subjects, it is much to be regretted that she was not made a member of the last Convention for revising the Constitution of Massachusetts. She would have been quite at home in that body; and nothing in her speeches would have reminded her auditors of her sex. Certainly there is nothing feminine in her books; never was sex more completely discharged from style. She writes like a political economist, like a veteran statesman, like a philosopher, — like anything but a woman. Not an allusion, not an idiom, not a trace of delicacy or faint-heartedness, not even a gleam of fancy or affectionateness, betrays the counterfeit. She borrows Rosalind's language, but acts out her part far better than Rosalind did.

> "Were it not better, ...
> That I did suit me all points like a man?
> A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,

> A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart
> Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
> We'll have a swashing and a martial outside."

We have no quarrel with Miss Martineau, and no disposition to be very severe upon her errors and her failings, which surely bring with them their own worst punishment. But now that she has assumed to dogmatize upon subjects of the dearest interest to mankind, now that she has begun the career of an avowed free-thinker, and undertaken to teach the world philosophy and infidelity, it becomes a matter of some moment to ascertain what her opinions on these and other subjects are worth, and under what influence she has formed them. Argument can have no effect upon a mind like hers, for she has never been accustomed to reason, but only to pronounce judgment. Her opinion as to the truth of the Christian religion rests on about as much evidence, even in her own mind, as the assertion coolly made by her, seventeen years ago, after she had had an opportunity to become acquainted with perhaps one American clergyman out of a thousand, and to converse familiarly with probably half a dozen of them, — that "the American clergy are the most backward and timid class in the society in which they live, the least informed with true knowledge, the least efficient in virtuous action." If Miss Martineau is not in her own opinion inspired, how was she enabled to speak thus confidently of the characters, and the results of the labors, of a very numerous class of men, scattered all over the United States, of whose very names, with perhaps a dozen exceptions, she was entirely ignorant? We are tempted to retract what we have just said about her success in suppressing all moral and intellectual tokens of her sex. She does betray a slight feminine weakness, — one that would be expected, however, only from women of inferior cultivation, — in using very strong language without any apparent consciousness of its strength of meaning, and in an unhesitating expression of very hasty judgments.

Miss Martineau's correspondence with Mr. Atkinson is chiefly curious as an illustration of the old remark, that the provinces of infidelity and excessive credulity are separated only by a thin partition. "Unbelievers," says Pascal, "are

the most credulous persons in the world; they believe the miracles of Vespasian, in order not to believe those of Moses." Mr. Atkinson and his fair correspondent go one step farther; they accept the marvellous reports of mesmerism and *clairvoyance* as a reason for discrediting both the life and the doctrines of our Saviour. Such persons are properly incompetent to enter a jury-box; for they are incapable of weighing the force of testimony. Their estimate of what is marvellous and incredible is not objective, but subjective; what is new *to them* — that is, what has been recently reported, though it may not be very marvellous *in itself* — excites their wonder to a far greater degree than that which is intrinsically much more mysterious, but which they have so often heard of and talked about that it has ceased to surprise or interest them. The best illustration of this state of mind is the story told of the good old lady, who, when her sailor son was reporting to her the marvels he had seen, flatly refused to believe his story about the flying-fish, but saw nothing incredible in his statement that, when his ship was in the Red Sea, the sailors found, on weighing the anchor, that they had drawn up also one of Pharaoh's chariot-wheels. This worthy matron, indeed, not having a turn for philosophizing, followed the natural principle of belief, by regarding what seemed to her most wonderful as least deserving of credit. But Miss Martineau, wise as an owl, inverts the laws of credibility; it is precisely because the silly fables of mesmerism appear to her more strange and unaccountable than the miracles recorded in Scripture, that she is bent upon believing the former and rejecting the latter. Properly speaking, then, she is the credulous person, while the sailor's mother was comparatively slow of belief. The relative weight of testimony in the two cases — the only ground of rational judgment — is just what neither of the two women was capable of estimating. The blunders of pedantry are often more amusingly absurd than those of simple ignorance.

The Preface to this translation of Comte's Philosophy is written in the defiant and contemptuous tone which appears so often and repulsively in the author's former publications. She is perfectly aware that the doctrines of the work will be painful and shocking to many who are incapable of estimating

its scientific merits. But she has no milder terms with which to characterize their feelings than "hate," "intolerance," "theological selfishness or metaphysical pride." One of the parties in the case certainly manifests intolerance, but Miss Martineau is perfectly unconscious that it might be charged upon herself, though she knows that the principles of Comte may be accused of "irreverence, lack of aspiration, hardness, deficiency of grace and beauty, and so on." No matter for such charges, or for the feelings of the persons who make them; "they are no judges of the case." None are judges but "those who have passed through theology and metaphysics, and, finding what they are now worth, *have risen above them*," — in which happy class Miss Martineau places herself. She could not have defined more clearly the requisites for becoming a disciple of the "Positive Philosophy." One must trample both theology and metaphysics under foot before he is capable of appreciating its claims. This is what the writer of the Preface has accomplished; she has got beyond all religious faith by first divesting herself of all womanly feeling. It is precisely because she is an "unsexed thing," that she has learned how to "scorn her God."

But we gladly pass from the translator to a very brief consideration of the claims of the work which she has translated. The general scope of the "Positive Philosophy" is clearly enough indicated in the remark which Sir William Hamilton recently quoted from its author, M. Comte.

> "To those unfamiliar with a study of the celestial bodies, astronomy has still the character of being a science preëminently religious; as if the famous text, 'The heavens declare the glory of God,' retained its old significance. But to minds familiar with true philosophical astronomy, the heavens declare no other glory than that of Hipparchus, Kepler, Newton, — in a word, of all those who have aided in establishing their laws."

To one immersed in mathematical calculations, and habituated to disregard all those aspects and phenomena of nature which do not admit of being reduced to numerical expressions and algebraic formulas, this remark may seem plausible. If nothing is real but what can be counted, or measured by a foot-rule, — and nothing else can be a subject of mathematical

investigation, — then there is nothing more marvellous in the revolutions of the heavenly bodies than in the regular movements of the hands over the dial-plate of a clock. Nay, the heavens themselves are but a gigantic clock, the only use of which is to tell the mariner his longitude, or the astronomer the exact time of day. But as a rational curiosity is not satisfied with merely learning the hour from a time-piece, or with the ability to predict, though with unerring precision and nicety, the exact position of the hour, minute, and second hands, after any interval of time, — as man insists upon knowing also *how* the hands are made to move, and *why*, or to what purpose, — so all that mere calculation can teach appears unprofitable and insufficient. Even the child is not satisfied with seeing that his little mechanical toy works well and regularly, — that it nods, or cries, or lifts its arms or its feet just as he draws the cord or presses the spring; he insists on pulling it to pieces, that he may find out *how* it moves, or *why* pressure causes it to sound. So, also, to the enlightened and comprehensive mind, the heavens still appear enveloped with wonder and mystery; and mere mathematical calculators, like Lalande and Laplace, have not succeeded in raising even a corner of the veil. "The infinite spirit," says Fries, "does not limit itself under proportion and number. The play with number is an easy play; its joy is only the joy of the imprisoned spirit at the clank of its fetters."

In this brief illustration, we catch a glimpse of the whole scope and tendency of the "Positive Philosophy," and also of its essential insufficiency and weakness. M. Comte has endeavored to extend the principles and the limitations of mere physical science over the whole field of human knowledge, and thus to pluck up metaphysics and theology by the roots. Starting from the acknowledged fact, that, in the material universe, we are never able to detect the *nexus* of cause and effect, but are properly confined to the observation and generalization of phenomena, he attempts to get rid of the doctrine of efficient and final causes altogether, and thus to reduce mind to matter, life to organization, freedom to necessity, and to construct a soulless and godless universe. Strictly speaking, then, the system is not a "philosophy" of any sort, but

an attempt to destroy and eradicate philosophy altogether. It is not new even to the British public, as Miss Martineau seems to imagine. About ten years ago, one of the ablest thinkers of the day, Mr. John Stuart Mill, took it up and expounded it with great clearness and precision, in his System of Logic. In Mr. Mill's hands, it became simply a scheme of Inductive Logic, and an application of such logic to social science, or to an investigation of the laws which determine the condition and the progress of society. In this form, indeed, it did not attract extensive notice, because it constituted but one department of Mr. Mill's great work, and the ability with which the other portions were executed, together with their unexceptionable character, caused most persons to overlook this needless and offensive adjunct. As thus expounded, however, it was rendered far less repulsive and objectionable in appearance than when first promulgated. Mr. Mill respected the feelings or the prejudices, — call them what you will, — which he felt constrained to wound. He did not follow out the system to its remotest logical consequences, and while endeavoring to palliate or cover up some of the conclusions from it which would shock the public, he probably succeeded in concealing them even from himself. M. Comte and his present translator are far from sharing either his scruples or his delicacy. It must have been from harmony of temperament and moral character, as well as from coincidence of opinion, that Miss Martineau felt attracted towards the author of the Positive Philosophy, and impelled to become the expositor of his doctrines to the English public. For dogmatism and conceit, M. Comte is unrivalled by any philosophical writer we have ever read, with perhaps the single exception of Hobbes. We extract a few sentences from Miss Martineau's translation, to justify this remark: —

"If a comparison were fairly established between the first and last terms of the scale of sciences, I will venture to say, that sociological science, though only established by this book, already rivals mathematical science itself, not in precision and fecundity, but in positivity and rationality." — Vol. II. p. 516.

"This last effort alone, therefore, is thoroughly effectual in destroying the absolute philosophy; and *if it were possible that I could be mis-*

taken as to the true law of human development, the only inference would be that we must find a better sociological doctrine; and I should still have constituted the only method that could lead to positive knowledge of the human mind, regarded henceforth in the whole of its necessary conditions." — p. 518.

"By the review of the former social states of mankind, and the sketch of the future organization of society which I have now completed, I trust I have fully redeemed my promises, as offered both at the beginning of this work, and at the outset of the sociological portion. At a time when moral and political convictions are fluctuating for want of a sufficient intellectual basis, I have laid the logical foundation of firm convictions, able to withstand discordant passions, public and private. At a time when practical considerations are excessively preponderant, I have restored the dignity of philosophy, and established the social reality of sound theoretical speculations, by instituting a systematic subordination of the one to the other, such as is essential to social stability and greatness. At a time when human reason is liable to be frittered away under an empirical system of dispersive speciality, I have announced, and even introduced, the reign of the spirit of generality, under which alone a universal sentiment of duty can prevail. These three objects have been attained by the institution of a new science, the last and most important of all, which is as positive and logical as any of the other sciences I have treated of, and without which the system of true philosophy can have neither unity nor substance. The future progress of sociology can never offer so many difficulties as this original formation of it; for it furnishes both the method by which the details of the past may serve as indications of the future, and the general conclusions which afford universal guidance in special researches. This scientific foundation completes the elementary system of natural philosophy prepared by Aristotle, announced by the scholastics of the Middle Ages, and directly proposed, in regard to its general spirit, by Bacon and Descartes." — pp. 495, 496.

One is naturally curious to know something of the life and character of the man who has contrived to rid himself so completely of all feelings of humility and self-distrust. In what he calls a "personal preface," prefixed to the sixth and last volume of the original work, and occupied chiefly with some very bitter remarks upon the conduct of MM. Arago, Poisson, and other eminent French *savans*, whom he accuses of jealousy and of intrigue to obstruct his professional advancement,

M. Comte gives some curious details concerning himself. Born in 1798, in the South of France, of a family strongly attached to Romanist and monarchical opinions, he was educated at one of those lyceums established by Napoleon, for the vain purpose, as Comte affirms, of attempting, at great expense, to restore the old preponderance of the metaphysico-theological system. Before he had attained his fourteenth year, he had passed through what he terms the necessary cycle of opinions, having first embraced religious dogmas, then abandoned theology for metaphysics, and finally found a resting-place from metaphysical speculations in positive science. This course of necessary preparation for his future career was hastened by the revolutionary fever which then prevailed in France, and under the further influence of which he was enabled to perceive the necessity of a total renovation of political and philosophical systems, or, in other words, of creating a new and universal philosophy for himself and for mankind. As his education was completed at the Polytechnic School, where an early taste for mathematical studies was fully gratified, he found in mathematical science itself at once the starting-point and the leading feature of his new system, — perfectly clear ideas and positive convictions. For a while, the natural development of his own opinions was impeded by his falling under the influence of the celebrated Saint-Simon, whom he characterizes as a very ingenious but superficial writer, of a temperament which was rather active than speculative, and of immense personal ambition. But he soon quitted Saint-Simonianism, and quarrelled with its founder, whom he accuses of making envious insinuations against the originality of his own early efforts in political philosophy. He magnanimously undertakes, however, to relieve the memory of this philosopher from some accusations that have been brought against him at the close of his career, by saying that he "had only been able to observe in him, after the weakness caused by a fatal attack of disease, *that vulgar bias towards a vague religious sentiment* (religiosité), *which is so often derived in our day from a secret feeling of the impotence of philosophy, in minds which undertake the regeneration of society without being properly prepared for the task by their own mental renovation.*"

The development of Comte's system, after the outlines of it had been completed in his own mind, was delayed, in 1826, by an attack of mental disease, from which, if it had been left to take its own course, he thinks he should have speedily recovered. But he was unhappily placed in a private institution for the insane under the charge of the celebrated Esquirol, where the treatment soon reduced him to a state of complete mental alienation. After his case had been pronounced incurable, however, the native vigor of his constitution, aided by affectionate domestic care, got the better both of the disease and the doctors; and before eighteen months had elapsed from the commencement of the attack, he made good use, as he boasts, of the sad experience he had obtained, by applying it, in a public journal, to a criticism of the celebrated work of Broussais on "irritation and insanity." With his usual ill-temper, he goes on to attribute to the malice of his enemies in the mathematical circle of *savans* the report which had been circulated that his disease had never entirely left him;—and to say the truth, the extraordinary tone of this "personal preface," not to speak of other portions of the work, lends some plausibility to this rumor. To imagine that the whole scientific world are jealous of the success of a work which with difficulty found a publisher, and which, though the first volume appeared in 1830, has not yet, we believe, reached the honors of a second edition, and to suppose further, that all the theologians and metaphysicians are leagued with the *savans* in persecuting its author, is quite enough, we should think, to constitute a case of mental hallucination.

We shall not enter into any detail with respect to M. Comte's personal grievances. He early obtained a very subordinate situation as instructor in the Polytechnic School, and the income of the post not being sufficient even for his modest wants, he was obliged to eke it out by giving private instruction in mathematics, so that very little leisure remained to him for the elaboration of his great philosophical work. The sole burden of his complaints is, that he has failed to obtain promotion, notwithstanding his eminence as a mathematician and a philosopher. In 1836, he became a competitor for the office of first Professor of Mathematics in the School; but the

chair was given, through the influence of Arago, to M. Sturm. When Guizot first entered the French ministry, Comte solicited him to establish, for his benefit, a new professorship in the College of France, to teach the history of the positive sciences; and when the request was not granted, Comte attributed the refusal to metaphysical spite, and published an outrageous attack, which the stoical minister passed over without notice. In spite of all his efforts, therefore, M. Comte remained, down to 1842, a mere tutor (*répétiteur*) and examiner in the Polytechnic School, the higher honors and rewards of science being beyond his grasp. He had probably earned promotion by the mere extent of his mathematical attainments; for it would be idle to deny that his work contains marked evidence of ability in this respect. But it is not strange that those who had the control of the School should hesitate about giving a principal office in it to one who had manifested so arrogant and quarrelsome a disposition, and whose perfect sanity was still questioned.

It is with the tastes and the acquired habits of a mathematician, then, that M. Comte comes to a review of the history, the logic, and the processes of the positive sciences. The bias under which he thus labors might have been detected from internal evidence in the work itself, without any previous knowledge of his circumstances. He manifests in the most glaring manner the peculiar weakness of mind, and the special errors in speculation, which, according to Hamilton and many other high authorities, an exclusive devotion to mathematical pursuits is apt to engender. The mathematician deals solely with a kind of reasoning which does not admit of doubt or degrees, which is infallible, and therefore inapplicable to any of the ordinary concerns of life. Resting solely upon demonstrative evidence, perceiving that his conclusions are absolutely certain, though they may depend upon a chain of reasoning which none but a thorough-bred mathematician is able to follow, he regards with impatience and contempt the hesitation or total disbelief which may still cling to the minds of the vulgar. Thus he is prone to overweening presumption or incurable arrogance. Carrying his own peculiar logic along with him whenever he quits the territory of the exact sciences,

he commits the enormous blunder of requiring the evidence of intuition or demonstration where only probable testimony can be had, and is thus often led to reject truths which are familiar to common sense and level to the comprehension of a child. "Those who have studied mathematics much, and no other science," says Lord Monboddo, "are apt to grow so fond of them as to believe that there is no certainty in any other science, and no other axioms than those of Euclid." They even come to trust the results of mathematical analysis in preference or in opposition to the primitive dictates of their own common sense, or the universal principles of all belief; and thus humble their own reason before the special instrument or tool which their reason works with. "This is contrary to all experience," says Euler, "and yet it is true." They are especially prone to reduce all things to mechanism, because only mechanical results are mathematically calculable. Whatever is contingent or problematical must be eliminated by hypothesis from the premises, before the conclusion can be mathematically deduced. Thus, taking the two branches of an alternative, the algebraist can determine with absolute certainty the results of either, when regarded separately or without reference to the other; and having done this, he is just as incapable as ever of deciding between them, unless he will allow the evidence of perception, experience, common sense, or some other non-mathematical criterion of truth, to decide as to the relative value of these results. Busied exclusively with the phenomena of matter and the idea of necessary connection, he banishes mind and free-agency out of the creation, and constructs a mechanical and soulless universe. The very title of Laplace's great work, the *Mécanique Céleste*, suggests the reason of his infidelity; he thought he had reduced the solar system to a vast machine, which is self-perpetuated, and therefore, if no extraneous cause intervened, would run on for ever.

We do not mean that these unhappy results of mathematical studies are inevitable, or that minds of a higher order, like Pascal, Newton, and Leibnitz, cannot rise above them. Unquestionably, the philosophical faculty, or the power of grasping at once both necessary and contingent truth, and of ap-

plying to each its appropriate *organa* of investigation and tests of truth, may coexist with great dexterity and abundant experience in mathematical calculation. But it cannot reasonably be doubted that the general tendency of such pursuits is what we have pointed out, and that mere mathematicians, like Halley, Laplace, and Comte, are incapable of resisting that tendency. No better evidence of the truth of this assertion can be found, than in the principles, the reasoning, and the conclusions of this very work on "Positive Philosophy."

In constructing what he calls "the hierarchy of the sciences," to take the place of the classifications proposed by Bacon and D'Alembert, which are founded on the faculties of the mind that are respectively called into play by these sciences, M. Comte gives the first place to mathematics, and makes it "the point of departure of all education, whether general or special." He regards mathematics "less as a constituent part of natural philosophy, than as having been, since the time of Descartes and Newton, the true basis of the whole of natural philosophy." In other words, measurement and enumeration are the only means of knowledge, and what can be measured and calculated is all that man can know. Teach the youthful mind first to measure and calculate, and you have put it upon the way to obtain all attainable truth. This is the doctrine of the "Positive Philosophy" in a nutshell.

Next in the hierarchy of the sciences comes astronomy, as the most simple and abstract, and therefore the most general of all, so that it affords the clearest field for the application of mathematical analysis. Physics deals with more complex phenomena, and the laws which govern them are of inferior generality; these laws are subject to the great law of gravitation, but do not extend to the motions of the heavenly bodies, which are solely under the dominion of the most general law that is known to man. One step lower in the scale is chemistry, which deals with still more complex phenomena and more circumscribed laws, — laws affecting the subjects of all the sciences inferior to itself, but not extending to those of any higher degree. These three, astronomy, physics, and

chemistry, in the order in which they are enumerated, are the three fundamental sciences of the inorganic world. Organized bodies are the subjects of two other sciences, biology and sociology, or the science of life and the science of society. Here the phenomena are extremely complicated, and the laws which govern them are of the lowest degree of generality, — those of sociology, for instance, which is at the bottom of the scale, not being applicable in either of the four antecedent sciences, while the successful study of them must depend upon a knowledge of all the laws established in the four superior branches. Here we have, then, not only a natural order of the sciences, but the order in which they must be successively investigated. "Physical philosophers cannot understand physics without at least a general knowledge of astronomy; nor chemists, without physics and astronomy; nor physiologists, without chemistry, physics, and astronomy; nor, above all, the students of social philosophy, without a general knowledge of all the anterior sciences." This classification also points out the relative perfection of the different sciences; for, as already remarked, mathematical analysis becomes less and less applicable, as we descend in the scale. These five, with mathematics, which stands at their head, are the only possible branches of human knowledge. Metaphysics, or the science of mind, is a delusion; politics and ethics, except so far as they are deductions from sociology, are mere blunders; and theology is a dream.

All the positive sciences have passed, or are passing, through three successive stages, which also constitute three distinct epochs, both in the history of every individual mind and in that of humanity. In the first, or *theological* stage, man endeavors to pry into the real essence of things, or to know both their efficient and their final causes; — in other words, he tries to ascertain *how* they came into being, and *why*, or for what purpose, they exist. Absolute knowledge is here aimed at, and all events are referred to the action of supernatural beings. In the second, or *metaphysical* period, events are referred, not to beings, but to metaphysical entities or abstractions, and what is called an explanation of the phenomena is only a reference of each to its proper head. Thus,

certain appearances are attributed to gravitation, certain others to electricity, and still a third class to chemical affinity,— under the delusive belief that these names respectively denote distinct, real forces or powers, each of them having its appropriate effects. The most general attribution of this sort is that of substituting one great abstraction, Nature, for the multitude of entities at first supposed. In the third, or *positive* stage, these names are recognized as denoting nothing more than abstractions, or fictions, as the phenomena which have been attributed to each of them are classed together only on account of their similarity to each other in certain respects, and not because anything is known about the cause from which they all proceed. According to this view, causes are incognizable, and are therefore no proper objects of investigation. When two phenomena are attributed to gravitation, — as for instance the falling of a stone and the revolution of a planet, — it is not because any thing has been ascertained respecting the cause of either of them, but because their motions are found to be similar, or each of them is an instance of the general fact, that any two bodies tend to fall towards each other with a force which is directly as their masses and inversely as the squares of their distances. Generalization of facts, not the ascertainment of causes, is the sole business of science.

The regular succession of these three epochs, as has been said, is a point in the history of each science, of each individual mind, and of the whole human race. When man first comes to the study of nature, ignorant of everything and surprised at everything, he refers every change that he witnesses to the agency of some personal cause, — of some being exterior to nature. Gradually enlightened by successive discoveries of uniformities of succession and coexistence, which lead to the classification of facts, he contrives a system of what may be called *secondary* causes, or forces in nature, and in the contemplation of these gradually loses sight of the ultimate and primal causes which he had originally imagined. Advancing still farther, he learns that even these causes are fictions, arising from the substitution of a cause where only an effect had been actually perceived. He thus receives a necessary lesson of humility, — to confine his researches

henceforth to the actual phenomena before him, seeking only to observe and classify these according to their most intimate and natural relations, and giving up the vain attempt to investigate their origin and their purpose. And here, at last, he enters the domain of *positive* science.

A like series of opinions and events may be seen in the history of the race, — more slowly evolved, indeed, but yet distinctly traceable by the light of the principles now advanced. Society has a life and a principle of growth and development of its own, wholly independent of the individuals who compose it, all of whom pass away with the generation to which they belong; the leaves decay and fall at the close of each season, but the parent trunk, with its branches, rises and expands with a continuous growth for many years. We may observe the laws of development in both cases, — in the short-lived leaf and in the time-honored trunk. In the earlier ages of society, religious ideas predominate, as, indeed, men could not be kept in order and subjection without them. Under the doctrine of a superintending Providence, all vicissitudes in the progress and well-being of a particular society are attributed directly to the favor or anger of the gods. But as knowledge advances, not only do men become impatient of this species of tutelage, which is, in truth, an arbitrary rule, a government of mere will or caprice, but they learn to attribute the prosperity or adversity of states to causes within their own control, and thus to strive after progress and self-government. This is the critical or metaphysical stage; and the struggle between the ideas developed in it and those which are peculiar to the theological epoch creates the political and intellectual anarchy which now exists in civilized Europe, and which must continue till sociology is developed into a complete science, and men learn to regulate their conduct simply by observance of the natural laws to which the movements of society, as a whole, are subject.

The system of Positive Philosophy, as here explained, is developed and applied by M. Comte, in the six thick octavos of the original work (here condensed by Miss Martineau into two), in a review of the history and characteristics of the sciences, and of the history of the human race, — this last being

the foundation of the new science of Sociology. This review is an able, and, in many points, an instructive one. All those portions of it which are peculiar to M. Comte's own theory might be entirely omitted, without even injuring the connection of what is left; and the remainder would be a clear and accurate view of the relations of the physical sciences to each other, of the peculiar logic of those sciences, and of the opinions and methods, the prevalence of which, at different times, has retarded or hastened their growth. Leave out all "the Positive Philosophy" so far as it is original with M. Comte, and the work will be a very good one. The leading and fatal error in it, so far as it is a novel scheme, we have already pointed out; it consists in an attempt to survey the whole field of human knowledge from a mathematical point of view, to determine the relative value and perfectibility of the different sciences by the various degrees in which they admit of mathematical analysis, and to exclude all subjects of investigation which we cannot count or measure. The work thus illustrates the broad admission of D'Alembert, himself an eminent geometer and analyst, that a mathematician is essentially unqualified for metaphysical speculation. M. Comte comes out with a petty measuring-tape, wherewith to ascertain the boundaries of the universe and the limits of human knowledge. Whatever does not conform to this single standard, or cannot be circumscribed by these means, is rejected as no proper object for farther study. Every shallow that cannot be sounded by a ten-foot pole is unfathomable; every problem that cannot be reduced to an equation is insoluble.

M. Comte even commits the egregious error of estimating the value of a science merely by the precision and certainty of its results, however narrow the range or limited the application of these results. No matter how shallow the brook may be; so long as he can see clearly through its waters, so as to number and measure every pebble in its bed, it is to him a far more fitting subject of contemplation and study than the broad and deep river, which winds its way majestically through a thousand leagues of country, and opens at last into a boundless sea. Its source may be as undiscoverable as that of the Nile; its volume of waters defies computation; and its vast

breadth cannot be spanned by any bridge. The Positive Philosopher, therefore, turns away from it "with dignified humility," and goes to fishing for minnows in a duck-pond.

This is satire, and it may appear like extravagant satire; but we cannot otherwise express the magnitude of our author's blunder. Take his view of astronomy, for instance, which is to him a perfect science, and which he places next to mathematics in the hierarchy of the sciences. "The general laws of astronomical phenomena," he remarks, "are the basis of all our real knowledge." The perfection of a science depends on its success in reducing all the phenomena with which it is concerned to a single law; "and, according to this test, astronomy distances all other sciences." Not less important is its influence on our intelligence; for "we have seen how this science must operate in liberating the human intellect for ever from all theological and metaphysical thraldom, by showing that the most general phenomena are subjected to invariable relations, and that the order of the heavens is necessary and spontaneous."

While thus expatiating on the glories of his favorite science, M. Comte seems to have entirely overlooked one fact, which might have convinced him of the hollowness of his pretensions. Astronomy is a very finished science only because it is very limited in its objects. It contemplates nothing but forms, motions, and positions. Of the physical constitution of the celestial bodies, even when our view is confined to those in our own solar system, we are profoundly ignorant; we form a few faint guesses about the nature of the irregularities on the surface of the moon, and there we stop. Of the external and internal economy of the heavenly orbs, of the forms which organized matter there assumes, the modes in which active energy develops itself, and the living races, if any, which tenant them, we are so far from knowing anything that we do not even pretend to study them. Our idea of the mechanism of the heavens falls almost immeasurably short of the truth of things. The astronomer knows so accurately only because he assumes to know so little. And even the boasted precision of his knowledge is only relative. Angular distances and variations may indeed be pre-calculated, and,

through the exquisite nicety of our instruments, may be actually observed, to the fraction of a second; but owing to the great absolute distance of the bodies calculated or observed, this fraction of a second may correspond to thousands, or even to millions, of miles. Absolute astronomical measurements make no pretensions to great accuracy; the most important distance of all, that of the earth from the sun, is not certainly known within one or two millions of miles. Notwithstanding the boasted triumphs of science in this department, therefore, the truly philosophical observer, seeing how vastly the subject still transcends the human intellect, instead of imitating the vanity of Laplace and Comte, will say rather, with the Psalmist of old, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

Contract the sphere of any other science to as narrow limits as those which inclose the objects of astronomy, — take only the easiest problems in it, even those which, on account of their obviousness, are usually put aside as unworthy of study, — and physics, chemistry, or even physiology, may be made to rival in precision and certainty our knowledge of the solar system. Comte does not perceive that he is enabled to see clearly only on account of the shallowness of the waters. He recognizes the fact, indeed, that they *are* shallow; for he says, "The analysis of the simplest terrestrial phenomena, not only chemical, but even purely mechanical, presents a greater complication than the most compound astronomical phenomenon; the most difficult astronomical question involves less intricacy than the simple movement of even a solid body, when the determining circumstances are to be computed." Nature helps us to calculate by simplifying the phenomenon. Friction and a resisting medium are eliminated by the nature of the phenomenon; and even the most complicated case which we have to consider — the gravitating effect of different bodies on each other — is practically reduced to the problem of only *three* bodies, — the sun, the nearest planet or satellite, and the body the disturbed motion of which furnishes the problem. Comte recognizes the simplicity, but does not seem

to perceive that this simplicity is the sole cause of the boasted accuracy, or that the conclusion is really as narrow and meagre as the premises are simple.

And here, too, we have a striking illustration of the weakness and narrowness of range of M. Comte's favorite organon of investigation and test of truth, — mathematical analysis. Astronomical science has an eminently mathematical character; "there is perhaps no analytical process," says our author, "no geometrical or mechanical doctrine, which is not employed in astronomical researches, and many of them have as yet no other aim." It is precisely because there is so little to be done, and even so little to be attempted, that mathematical analysis in this case succeeds so perfectly. M. Comte's measuring-tape answers admirably when he has only very petty and very simple forms to take the dimensions of. Contract the field of inquiry in the other sciences to a span, — leave out all that is complicated and difficult in them, — and he will be able in them also to measure and calculate to his heart's content, and with marvellous precision.

Our readers must not suspect us of the folly of running a tilt against mathematics, or attempting to disparage the claims of astronomical science. Within their proper sphere, their triumphs are striking and indisputable. Few achievements of the human intellect affect the imagination so strongly as those of Euclid and Hipparchus, of Newton and Leibnitz. It is only when the votaries of these sciences attempt to use them as the groundwork of a shallow and infidel philosophy, that the hollowness of their pretensions for such a purpose may be fairly exposed. When it is asserted that the heavens do not declare the glory of God, but of the mathematicians and astronomers, it is competent for us to reply, that the grandeur of astronomical science, after all, depends far more on the sublimity and perfectness of the objects of study, than on the ability and success with which they have been studied. The wonder is not so much that man should be able to foresee the return of an eclipse, even to a second of time, as that the arrangement of the vast system of worlds should be so perfect, and their mutual action and dependence so accurately balanced, that the cycle should be perfectly preserved, the two

bodies returning from their vast journeys through the immeasurable depths of space at the precise moment, and to the previously defined point in the heavens.

"Through all starry changes," says Comte, "the translations of our planets present the almost rigorous invariableness of the great axes of their elliptical orbits, and of the duration of their sidereal revolutions; and their rotation shows a regularity even more perfect, in its duration, in its poles, and even, though in a somewhat smaller degree, in the inclination of its axis to the corresponding orbit. We know, for instance, that, from the times of Hipparchus, the length of the day has not varied the hundredth part of a second. Amid all this general regularity, we perceive a special and most marked stability with regard to the elements which are concerned in the continued existence of living beings." — Vol. I. p. 205.

And what is the reflection with which our philosopher concludes this summary view of the marvels of the planetary universe? If he will not give God the glory for them, surely he will spend some words in admiration of the sublime effects thus produced, though by an unknown and inscrutable cause. But no; he can admire nothing except the ability of man to perceive and record the marvel which is thus placed before him.

"Such," he continues, "are *the sublime theorems of natural philosophy, for which humanity is indebted* [to whom, in Heaven's name?] *to the* sum of the great works executed in the last century by the *successors of Newton*"!

The chief reason that M. Comte finds for denying that a Deity governs the universe, or has ever revealed himself to man, is the prevalence of what is called *the laws of nature*.

"Theological philosophy," he says, "supposes everything to be governed by will; and that phenomena are therefore eminently variable and irregular, — at least virtually. The Positive Philosophy, on the contrary, conceives of them as subjected to invariable laws, which permit us to predict with absolute precision. The radical incompatibility of these two views is nowhere more marked than in regard to the phenomena of the heavens; since, in that direction, our prevision is proved to be perfect. The punctual arrival of comets and eclipses, with all their train of minute incidents, exactly foretold, long before, by the aid of ascertained laws, must lead the common mind to feel that such

events must be free from the control of any will, which could not be *will*, if it was thus subordinated to our astronomical decisions." — Vol. I. pp. 175, 176.

Whatever tendencies to scepticism are found among the students of physical science at the present day — and it must be confessed that they are numerous and alarming — are probably attributable to the reasoning here stated. Naturalists, physicists, and chemists, as well as astronomers, have a vague notion that *moral government* is incompatible with the prevalence of fixed and permanent *natural laws*. We call the notion a vague one, because most of those who are conscious of the difficulty cannot point out precisely what constitutes it, or even give a definite and fixed significance to that much abused phrase, "the laws of nature," on the precise meaning of which the whole point of the reasoning depends.

A law of nature properly means the regular — even the invariable — recurrence of phenomena of a certain class; it has nothing whatever to do with the true cause of those phenomena. But when one of these laws is ascertained, — and it is the sole business of physical science to discover and determine or exactly define them, — then it is loosely or figuratively said, that the phenomenon is *caused* by that law, or *produced* by it, or *necessarily happened* on account of the law. Neither of these expressions is strictly correct, and each of them is apt to lead to a false inference. What is called the *law* is only a *general fact*, ascertained by induction; and the phenomenon is only a particular instance, or example, of that general fact. To attribute a particular event to a law of nature is only to classify it with certain other events, so similar to it in character that they may all be simply and conveniently comprehended under one general statement. The event is then properly subsumed, or *ranked under* the law, and not caused by it. And because the event is so classified, it is not properly *accounted for*, or explained; for the other phenomena thus classed along with it may be equally and totally inexplicable. Neither did the event *necessarily happen* on account of the law. There is no necessity in the case. The law itself is only a truth of induction; it is not necessarily true in all cases. We have only assumed that it always *will* hold true, because,

in all the instances hitherto observed, it always *has* held true. The law, then, does not *govern* or *control* any of the cases subsumed under it. In the case of any particular phenomenon, moreover, we are not sure that it is rightly subsumed under the law; similarity with the other phenomena ranked under this head is the only ground of such subsumption, and we can never be sure that the similarity is perfect in the very circumstances that are required.

So far, then, we agree with M. Comte; indeed, the doctrine which we have now attempted to explain is the very foundation-stone of the "Positive Philosophy." But when he comes to argue against the doctrines of theology, — or rather to cast a slur on them, for on this subject he seldom argues, — then he forgets his own principles. Then, he maintains, events cannot be governed or controlled by the Deity, because they are governed by natural laws. Then, events cannot be contingent, cannot depend on mere will, because they take place necessarily, or in conformity with the fixed and permanent laws of nature. Never was inconsistency more glaring; never did a philosopher more directly contradict his own principles.

But as M. Comte's blunders can only serve to convict M. Comte himself, let us look more particularly at this supposed difficulty, which is specially experienced by the students of physical science, of reconciling moral government with the prevalence of natural law. In the statement of the difficulty, as in the passage which we have just quoted, it is assumed, *first*, that "everything," all the phenomena in the universe, are subjected to invariable laws, and that, because they are thus perfectly uniform in their recurrence, they can be predicted with unerring precision, when the laws of their uniformity are once ascertained; *secondly*, that the phenomena which are *dependent on the will* of any being are necessarily contingent, variable, and uncertain, so that they could never be foreseen; and therefore, thirdly, that the phenomena of the universe cannot be dependent on the will of a God. It would be easy to reduce this reasoning to the strict syllogistic form; but it is unnecessary, as the point of the argument is sufficiently obvious.

We deny both the premises, and therefore reject the con-

clusion. It is not true that all the phenomena in the universe are subjected to invariable laws, so that they are perpetually recurrent after the same fashion. The variety of detail in God's creation is even more obvious, more striking, than the general uniformity of plan. The former is patent to the observation of a child; the latter can generally be detected only by the researches of science. It is because the *savans* find their sole employment in seeking out these uniformities, because they spend a lifetime in detecting and contemplating them, that they strangely come to forget the infinite variety of surface under which these uniformities were concealed. After all the boasted triumphs of science, what is irregular, diversified, inconstant, still vastly exceeds what has been reduced to uniformity and law. We do not now refer to those cases in which the classification is acknowledged to be still imperfect, the work of science not being yet completed. Take those instances in which it is most nearly completed. Extend the classification through genera, sub-genera, species, varieties, sub-varieties, — if any such be recognized; still we must come down to *individuals* at last, and then no two can be found that are precisely alike. Strictly speaking, Nature *never* repeats herself. The botanist has exhausted all the arts of comparison and classification; and yet he may safely be challenged to produce two plants, two blossoms, two leaves even, that are perfectly similar. The difference between any two is usually obvious enough, even to the naked eye; but will be surely apparent under the microscope. We must change Pope's oft-quoted line; not "Order," but *Variety* "is Heaven's *first* law." The unity of principle is usually found under the variety of detail, and therefore its discovery does not lessen, even by one, the number of cases of difference. The imperfection of our knowledge does not always lead us to suppose diversity where none really exists; it often induces us to imagine uniformity where there is nothing but variety. We must come near to detect differences in forms, sounds, or colors. It is because the planetary and stellar universe is so far off, and therefore our knowledge of it is so general and imperfect, that the dominion of law there seems to be more entire and exclusive than in the terrestrial world. We need

not multiply instances of this unbounded diversity of Nature's operations; every one's memory will supply enough of them for the purposes of this argument. Speaking generally, we may say, no two objects are ever created on precisely the same pattern, and no two events ever happened, all the circumstances of which were exactly alike. When M. Comte boasts of the power of science "to *predict with absolute precision*," let him be required to tell us how many of the next twenty children who are born in Paris will be red-haired, and how many of them will have blue eyes, aquiline noses, and thin lips.

Secondly, we deny that the phenomena which are dependent on the will of any being are therefore variable and uncertain, so that they can never be foreseen. Indeed, by asserting that they are so, M. Comte again flatly contradicts himself, and takes away the corner-stone of his own favorite science of sociology. As society is composed only of individuals, the movements and aspects of society could not be predicted, if the actions of the individual members were not, at least in certain respects, subject to law. The reality and the possibility of such sciences as politics and political economy, to say nothing of sociology, depend on the known facts that the action of men is influenced by motives, that there are certain leading motives, such as the desire of life, health, freedom, and property, which are common to all men, and therefore that the conduct of men on certain occasions, and to a limited extent, can be anticipated with full confidence that the prediction will be justified by the result. Were it not so, no general maxims could be established in political or social science, and no lessons could be derived from history. The conduct of men offers the same combination of uniformity with variety, of unity of principle underlying innumerable differences of detail, which is seen in the works of God in the external universe. According as the observer stands nearer or farther off, according as his object is to arrange and classify for the purposes of science, or to particularize for the sake of description, so will he be more struck with the evidences of order and uniformity, or with those of diversity and fluctuation. Look at great masses of men only from a distance, at which minute peculiarities are lost in the general effects, (just as the sounds

from a distant city are blended in one hollow murmur,) and they appear like machines, or rather the multitude itself seems one great machine. But examine microscopically the conduct of an individual for two successive hours, and it appears a mass of inconsistencies, motiveless alterations, and oddities that baffle all computation and foresight. We know nothing directly of M. Comte's own habits; but it is safe to affirm, that, for many years, he walked each morning from his residence to the Polytechnic School, appeared in the class-room at a fixed hour, and performed a certain unvarying round of duties. And we may be equally sure, that, in passing over the ground, on no morning did he step precisely in the foot-tracks which he had made the day before. *Will* alone, it is true, would be changeful and irregular; but will enlightened by human reason is comparatively steady and uniform in its operations; and will enlightened by infinite wisdom, we may presume, knows no change of purpose or shifting of means, but reconciles perfect order with endless variety. And such is the character both of the material and moral universe.

When M. Comte assumes, as he always does by implication while scoffing at theological faith, that whatever takes place in conformity to law also takes place *necessarily*, he is again inconsistent with himself. The principles of his philosophy rigidly exclude all idea of causation; and where there is no causation, there is no *necessary* connection. Invariable concomitance or succession is not causation; and when the idea of causation is excluded, we have no right to conclude that the succession is invariable. We can only say that the law has held good so far as our experience, or the experience of others, has extended. For aught we know, the law is one of recent introduction; for aught we know, it will soon cease to operate. The law is made known only by a process of induction, and induction is no ground of demonstration. Inductive evidence can warrant no conclusion that extends into the future.

But it will be asserted that this is extravagant scepticism; as no one, whatever he may affect to deny on theoretical considerations, can practically doubt that the laws of nature are permanent and invariable. We admit all this; we grant that

the scepticism is extravagant upon any correct view of the phenomena of nature, and of the agency which causes them. But M. Comte excludes the idea of *cause* altogether; he will allow us to study the laws of nature only as phenomenal successions or coincidences, and thereby he strikes away all ground of confidence in them as unchanging. If we attribute causation to brute matter, or assert that one phenomenon in the outward universe actually causes or produces another, then we can admit that the connection between them is *necessary;* and if we deny causation to brute matter, and attribute all changes in the material universe to the immediate agency of the Deity, we can still believe, through our confidence in Him "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning," that the connection will be *uniform* and *permanent.* But the Positive Philosophy rejects both of these grounds of belief, and therefore leaves us no better reason for believing that the connection will be unceasing, than we have for thinking that two clocks, which have kept time with each other for several years, will continue apparently to regulate each other's motion, and to strike the hour together as if they were parts of one machine. M. Comte endeavors to connect himself with the necessarian or fatalist on the one hand, and with the mere observer of phenomena, who seeks not to pry into the mysteries of efficient causation, on the other. But the attempt cannot succeed. The two theories are radically inconsistent with each other, and our author must take his choice between them.

In truth, the idea of cause is not only one of those primary elements of belief, which we cannot reject without overthrowing the whole structure of human knowledge, but it is a regulative principle of the human mind, the rejection of which is inconsistent with the prosecution of any mental labor and with any fruitful study of the phenomena of the material universe. The attempt to eliminate what enters into nearly every fact of consciousness is, to borrow the language of Sir James Mackintosh, "an attempt of the mind to act without its structure, and by other laws than those to which its nature has subjected its operations." Mental labor of any sort, which is voluntary, or directed by an action of the will, is ac-

companied by a consciousness of effort, or of power in action, which is necessarily causative, or followed by some effect. Power in action, indeed, is a mere synonyme of causation, and is therefore *necessarily* attended by its effect. The cause and effect, in this case, are indissolubly blended in one act, and the one, therefore, cannot be even imagined without the other. This law of mental action is projected, so to speak, out of the mind upon the material universe, so that, whenever we behold a change, a beginning of existence, we necessarily attribute it to the action of some efficient cause. If we deny this principle of causality, we can no longer trust even the axioms upon which all mathematical reasoning is based; for they all rest upon the same evidence with it, — that of intuition. If we admit the principle that every event must have a cause, but deny that the cause is ever cognizable by us, we equally reject the testimony of consciousness, which assures us that the human will is a true cause, — limited indeed, but yet supreme within its own domain. That mere matter — the mere physical phenomenon — is not a real cause, is not a truth of physical science, but of metaphysical; we learn from consciousness that all truly causative action is restricted to mind, and also acquire from consciousness the tests which disprove its presence in the material universe. M. Comte is obliged to borrow the testimony of a science that he rejects, in order to build up two cardinal principles of his own system; namely, the permanency of physical laws, and the fact that our knowledge of external nature can never go beyond the observation of its phenomena, and the consequent prevision of them through their laws of coincidence or succession.

We had purposed to examine the principles of the Positive Philosophy still further, by inquiring into the details of their application to the several sciences. But the subject is an abstruse one, and our remarks upon it have already extended to so great length, that we forbear. Enough has been said to prove that so narrow and degrading a conception of the objects of inquiry, and of the principles which are applicable to the investigation of the laws of nature, can lead only to meagre and profitless results in every department of science. It is not a scheme of philosophy which is likely to find many pros-

elytes, or to enjoy any other than a temporary notoriety. It has been received, as we have seen, with but little favor in France, and Miss Martineau's efforts are not likely to obtain for it much currency in England. Even the controversy which it has evoked cannot much retard its progress to oblivion.

ART. X. — *Annual of Scientific Discovery: or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for* 1854. *Exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Meteorology, Zoölogy, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, Geography, Antiquities, &c.; together with a List of recent Scientific Publications; A Classified List of Patents; Obituaries of Eminent Scientific Men; Notes on the Progress of Science during the Year* 1853, *etc.* Edited by DAVID A. WELLS, A. M. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1854. 12mo. pp. 398.

FEW or none of the centuries prior to the eighteenth could have furnished for a book like this so copious materials as are now afforded in the lapse of a single year. The last year, indeed, was marked by no one world-famous invention or discovery; but it gave birth to unnumbered new applications of known principles and new corollaries from established premises. In earlier times science and art respectively characterized not the same, but successive ages. The great men of one epoch wrought from within outward in enlarged generalizations, annexing new provinces to the domain of knowledge, or arrested for analysis laws or agencies of the material universe which had eluded previous research. Their successors for more than one generation were then employed in colonizing the newly annexed territory by contrivances of practical utility, and in giving concrete shape to abstract formulæ. Indeed, the two processes belong to widely different classes of minds, which demand very unlike influences for their development, and which (whether contemporaneously or otherwise) coöperate as the stamens and pistils of a plant do in elaborating

the seed. The scientific mind is fertilizing, but not fruit-bearing. Its cognizance is of powers and properties, not of uses and adaptations. It can expound, but cannot apply. But there is another description of men, incapable of profound scientific views, who yet have an affluence of mechanical resource and skill, and are perpetually on the watch for hints which they can make the basis of experiment. To the former class belongs, no doubt, in strict justice, the paternity of whatever inventions are perfected by the latter; but, as the child follows the mother's fortunes, it is almost always practical skill, — the genius of manipulation, — that gives its name to the embodied principle, wears the laurels, and reaps the emolument. Whatever may have been the causes that were wont to create a dearth in artistical during the ascendency of scientific genius, and *vice versa*, they have now ceased to operate, and in our day principles are put to use as fast as they are verified, — natural laws are made availing for the economy of life as soon as they are discovered, — broader generalizations pass simultaneously through the printing-press and the machine-shop.

There is, therefore, a peculiar timeliness in a work like the one before us, which comprises the transactions equally of the Association for the Promotion of Science and of the Patent-Office, the theory of lunar volcanoes and the last refinement in friction-matches, polarization and photography, improvements in reflecting telescopes and labor-saving compositions for the laundry. The volume thus records the year's onward march of civilized man in the investigation and appropriation of the material universe, — in the knowledge which alone can establish his lordship over nature, and in the individual acts of sovereignty which cause that lordship to be owned and felt.

We propose in this paper to offer a few illustrations of the dependence of art on the exact sciences, that is, on mathematics, or the science of number, magnitude, and quantity. Inventions are indeed commonly regarded as happy guesses, and they often are so to the consciousness of the individual discoverer. They are indeed frequently the result of merely fortuitous circumstances, without intention or forethought, the so-called inventor being only the passive witness of an is-

sue of his experiment widely different from his aim and expectation. But in every such case, the invention needs scientific handling, measuring, testing, and tempering, before it can be employed with certainty of success, or adjusted to the variable elements of size, material, location, and quality of result. More commonly, however, the happy guess is struck out by a mind practically cognizant of the scientific truth which it embodies, or even simultaneously by several minds in a department, the scientific bearings of which have recently become public property; and then only does it leap from the inventor's brain fully formed, and prepared for immediate service.

It is impossible to determine by historical data the relative antiquity of science and art; but we have satisfactory evidence that geometry and astronomy were successfully cultivated long before the Homeric age, and contemporaneously with, if not prior to, the earliest forms of civilization that have left any record or vestige. Nor yet can we go back to an age in which the fundamental laws of number and proportion were not understood, though until the decimal notation came into use arithmetical problems were solved with the utmost slowness and difficulty. These sciences were indeed nominally confined to the little circle of the initiated; for the diffusion of knowledge as such is not only a Christian idea, but one of the latest corollaries of Christianity. But knowledge transpires without being laboriously propagated. Processes of reasoning and investigation may indeed keep the secluded route of scholastic transmission; but established truths, so soon as they take their place as undisputed axioms, are popularized, and enter into the working capital of the general mind. Geometrical proportions must have had their architectural expression, almost as soon as they were eliminated. Astronomical laws, when first ascertained, must have speedily worked their way into navigation, and without their guidance Phœnician enterprise would never have tempted the perils of the deep, or colonized barbarian coasts. The mechanical powers depended for their earliest successful working on some dim perception of the principles that underlie and govern them, though ages may have elapsed before their formulæ were written out with entire precision. The bee, the ant, the

coral insect, and the beaver, anticipated indeed the highest results of science; for *Deus est anima brutorum*, — their structures indicate the Supreme Architect working in and through them. But man has no instinct which precedes or can supersede knowledge; and what we call *native* mechanical skill is merely the capacity of studying mathematical principles in their existing embodiments, — of substituting buildings for books, — of taking in scientific truth by the organs of sense rather than by the reasoning faculty. We may then, in the absence of all proof to the contrary, assume that science from the first held the torch to art, and presided over the earliest steps of material civilization.

Of this view we are rendered the more confident by the perfectness which the exact sciences had attained at very early epochs of authentic history. It is impossible to overestimate the mathematical knowledge of Pythagoras. It requires no great latitude of interpretation or license of fancy to suppose that he stood upon the confines of the continent of truth, laid open to the world by the successive labors of Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton, and that he was prevented from taking possession of it only by the lack of those keener instruments of analysis comprehended under the generic name of algebra. In the absence of an adequate language of signs, his processes of investigation necessarily perished with him; but at the present day it would be hardly possible without a scientific vocabulary to enunciate the profoundest truths of modern cosmical science more explicitly than they seem to be indicated in some of the writings of his school. However this may be, there can be no doubt that he was deeply versed in geometry, and especially in the properties of the triangle, to which the rules of the arts of design and construction may almost all be referred. But the universal tradition was, that he derived the rudiments of his knowledge from Egypt, so that, as Egyptian monuments also give us ample assurance, science was old when Greece was young. Now Pythagoras flourished several generations before the Periclean age, — the culminating era of Grecian art; nor do we know aught of its earlier history which authorizes the belief that it was at any period in advance of science.

Euclid lived at an epoch about as long subsequent to the Periclean age as the lifetime of Pythagoras preceded it; and from him geometry received substantially the form in which its propositions are taught and learned at the present day. *Substantially*, we say; for his translators have perfected much that was faulty in his arrangement, have supplied many of the steps of demonstration which he omitted, and have given greater precision to terms which he employed, sometimes in a popular and sometimes in a technical signification. But the original structure of his "Elements" indicates even more fully than the modern editions his intimate familiarity with the entire ground; for his omissions are generally of those intermediate portions of a statement or proof, on which the mind of a thoroughly trained mathematician would not pause, but of which a tyro would take distinct and emphatic cognizance. These omissions also have an important bearing, as betokening the receptivity of those for whom he wrote. In fine, his works presuppose for his age no mean standard of attainment in mathematical science.

Archimedes, a century later, developed the geometry of conic sections and of the solids generated by them, as far as was possible without the aid of the Differential Calculus. He led the way, also, in the artistical application of his own principles, and as a practical mechanician and engineer might be brought into favorable comparison with the Arkwrights, Fultons, and Stevensons of modern times. The influence of his mechanico-mathematical researches may be distinctly traced in improved modes of fortification and assault, in massive public works, the vestiges of which are still extant, and in all those utilitarian aspects in which alone Roman surpassed Grecian art.

We have not mentioned India, and have made only cursory reference to Egypt, in this connection; for the vagueness of chronological data with reference to these early seats of a high material civilization leaves us in doubt as to the relative precedence of the sciences in which we know their people to have been adepts, and the arts which have made for themselves a bridge across the gulf of uncounted centuries, and present themselves almost in pristine freshness and perfectness to the

research of the generation now living. But through the entire period of modern history, art has never been to any considerable degree merely tentative or spontaneous, but has always followed in the wake of science; and each age has elaborated only such inventions or improvements as had been tacitly predicted by the enlarged knowledge or the more adequate theories of preceding generations. And in our own day the seeming simultaneousness of scientific and artistical progress resolves itself into antecedence and sequence with abbreviated intervals; for facility of communication and universal activity of mind now perform the work of lengthened time, as by the forced cultivation of the hot-house, ripening science into art with preternatural rapidity.

But, even were not our position capable of being approximately verified in history, it would be none the less certain that all high, enduring, and permanently useful art is, in its nature and essence, mathematical, that is, underlaid and governed by mathematical laws, whether those laws were at first intuitively perceived, ascertained by experience, or reduced to scientific expression. This is sufficiently obvious with regard to architecture* and mechanical operations of every sort, which depend on definite proportions and relations, the violation of which could be atoned for by no exuberance of beauty or misplaced accumulation of strength, but would issue in waste and ruin. Equally do such maritime expeditions as those of Nearchus and Hanno imply an actual knowledge, however obtained, of laws embracing the entire solar system, and extending to the stars, whose distance eludes calculation, yet which were even more essential, before the polarity of the needle was discovered, than now, as finger-posts and milestones on the waste of waters. Similar statements apply to many of the inferior arts, and to numerous mechanical processes which may be conducted by men who know not their multiplication-table. Had not observation identified or sci-

* The dependence of architecture on accurate mathematical knowledge seems to have been as distinctly recognized by the ancients as it is at the present day. Vitruvius says that the architect must be "*eruditus geometria, optices non ignarus instructus arithmetica.*"

ence marshalled into order numerous spaces and proportions, earthly and celestial, our race must have remained at a very low point of civilization;—men would have dared to rear only structures safe from their insignificance or their superfluous and ungainly massiveness;— no machine or mechanical force beyond a rude knife or mallet would have helped the labor of the hand;—hollowed trunks of trees or bark canoes would have continued timidly to skirt the sea-coast, without venturing beyond sight of the shore.

The fine arts, no less than those which minister to humbler uses, are rigidly governed by mathematical laws. "The vision and the faculty divine" may indeed apprehend these laws intuitively, and work out the results, while ignorant of the processes of science; but even the highest genius must often pay the penalty of ignorance by gross errors of detail, and must yield to better cultivated mediocrity in point of those negative merits which chiefly claim the cognizance of unimpassioned critics.

Music is a science of numbers, and has owed its development hardly less to Newton, Lagrange, and Euler, than to Mozart, Beethoven, and Rossini. The theory of the flute-note finds its place in the Principia with the harmony of the spheres. The relative magnitude of the pipes of an organ, the duration of their vibrations respectively, and the quality of the resulting tones, constitute a series of numerical proportions not less definite and uniform than those which govern the planetary orbits. The sole reason why reed-instruments and reed-pipes are less manageable than other instruments of music is, that they involve complex problems which still lack a complete mathematical solution, so that only empirical, and not exact rules, can be laid down for their construction. Musical intervals are rightly designated by arithmetical names; for they may be represented with no less definiteness by figures than by notes, and indeed the former mode has gained general currency as regards the instrumental bass.

Nearly allied to music is the entire subject of practical acoustics, as to which there are few determinate rules of art, simply because the science which should furnish them is still in its infancy. It is, as we well know, a question involved in

utter obscurity, and to be answered only by trial, whether a hall or a music-room in the process of construction shall reflect the waves of sound symmetrically or confusedly, with a gentle rebound or with a deafening echo. Here even experience is at fault; for it is almost impossible to repeat a successful experiment in all the details of materials, dimensions, and arrangement, and there is always a strong probability that the seemingly unessential point of deviation will vindicate its importance by the failure of the trial. It must then be ultimately by the embodiment of profound and recondite principles of science, that the most queenly of the arts can command a throne worthy of her sceptre, or an audience-hall fit for her mission.

Mathematical principles equally underlie the arts of design. Colors have their mathematical no less than their chemical laws, and, as separated by the prism or as recombined in art, indicate mutual relations which can be expressed only in abstract formulæ. All delineation worthy of the name — whether it be of actual objects of sight or of ideal objects to which the imagination gives an actual *situs* — corresponds to one or another mode of mathematical projection. True, there is often no consciousness of this; but the eye of the born artist geometrizes by right of nature, apprehends focal distances intuitively, and has the laws of perspective inscribed on its retina. The picture, however gorgeously colored, which is mathematically false, at once disappoints and displeases. A phototype of the human countenance seldom satisfies, and this for two mathematical reasons. First, the focal distance of the camera is too short with reference to the elevation and depression of the different features, so that the fidelity of the image is in inverse proportion to the prominence of the features; and, secondly, only a hemisphere of the human head can be projected upon the daguerrean plate, while more than a hemisphere is seen by the two eyes of the living observer. This last defect is remedied by the stereoscope, which simulates binocular vision, either by means of mirrors blending two pictures in one statuesque image to be beheld by the single eye, or by placing the two pictures at such a distance that, as seen by both eyes, they shall be blended in one image. But may

not the application of mathematical laws to the daguerreotype be yet made the means of giving to the pictorial art an accuracy hitherto unrealized? No countenance or object can be detained by the painter for so microscopically minute a delineation as the sun burns into the plate. Why may not the daguerreotype be as it were translated, the correcting formula be applied to its several portions, and thus the image which would be painted on the living retina deduced from that on the metallic surface? Find fault as we may with the sun as an artist, we believe that, by some such process as this, portraiture especially is to attain a fidelity and a lifelikeness closer beyond all comparison than are usually reached by the sittings in the painter's *atelier*.

But in these matters we confess ourselves of the laity, and know not but that on the one hand we may have been propounding what are truisms among the initiated, or on the other parading our ignorance, rather than our philosophy, of art. But however this may be, our sole object in these few and desultory remarks, suggested by the Year-Book, has been to substantiate and illustrate the proposition, that all art is essentially mathematical in its fundamental principles and in the reasons for its rules.

Mathematical science is literally a portion of the Divine intelligence, — not our faint approximation to it, or our distorted version of it, but an unperverted transcript of it. In mathematical relations, laws, and proportions, and probably in these alone, we see precisely as God sees, — we attain absolute and necessary truth, — we have glimpses of the actual plan of the universe, — we handle the compasses with which the Almighty meted out the borders of the earth and described the stellar orbits. In metaphysical and moral science, we gain only relative or proximate truth, our views alter as they grow, and with every accession of knowledge or enlarged comprehensiveness of conception there is need of correcting numerous errors that had attached themselves to lower stages of attainment. But in mathematics no increase of knowledge stales or modifies what we previously knew. The first law of numbers, the first geometrical theorem which the child learns, remains for ever unchanged to his apprehension, though he

may reach the stature of a Newton or a Bowditch. Here then is the loftiest dignity of art. It is the embodiment of absolute truth, — the circumscription in material forms of principles that are universal and eternal, — the transcript by human hands of the thoughts of God. Its rules could have been devised, codified, and applied only by minds, which at this point could enter into direct communion with the Supreme Intelligence, — which could in this regard occupy the Divine point of view, — which could comprehend the very relations and proportions that dwelt from all eternity in the Infinite Spirit, and were crystallized by his fiat in suns, worlds, and systems. Here most assuredly we reach the climax of "the inspiration of the Almighty that giveth man understanding." Let then the anthem of toil, and skill, and handicraft, go up to the Creator. Let man, the maker, the artificer, the builder, praise him. Let thoughts of worship run through the crowded haunts in which

> "The busy heart of universal man
> Seems throbbing ever without pause or plan."

For in this view the "incorruptible Spirit that is in all things" is no less vitally and demonstrably present in the massive and sky-reaching structures of human skill and might, in the world-subduing energies of culminating art, in the thronged mart of industry and traffic, than in the silent mountain, the primeval forest, the multitudinous roar or the "many-twinkling smile of the ocean waves."

ART. XI. — *Memoir of* ROBERT WHEATON, *with Selections from his Writings.* Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1854. pp. 385.

WE have here, delicately traced by a sister's hand, the outlines of a mind and a life of singular beauty and promise. Robert Wheaton, the son of Henry Wheaton, the distinguished diplomatist and world-renowned writer on international law, was born in 1826, and spent nearly the whole of his short life in Europe, mostly at Copenhagen, Berlin, and Paris, where he enjoyed the best advantages of education furnished in those cities, without being separated, except for comparatively a short period, from the fostering influences of a home enlightened by the most cultivated society, and enriched by the intelligence, the refinement, the warm affections and Christian graces, which lend a charm to the privacy of domestic life. He was brought up in those European capitals with as much simplicity and purity as he could have been in the retirement of a New England village. In 1847 he returned to America, and in the spring of 1848, by the death of his father, between whom and himself the most intimate and confidential relations had always existed, new and heavy responsibilities devolved upon him. But he was not unprepared for them. He was engaged in the study of the law, and at the same time filled the office of a teacher in Harvard University, where he secured, to an unusual extent, the confidence and affection of all with whom he was connected. In July, 1851, he was admitted to the Boston bar, and on the 9th of the October following, four days after he had completed his twenty-fourth year, he died at his mother's home in Providence.

Such is the brief and naked outline of a life, short indeed, but filled up with as many attractive qualities, as many kind thoughts and graceful acts, as are often allowed to one so young. As a scholar he was led by high aims through habits of well-ordered industry to uncommon attainments, and his example is one which might well be held up to all young students, while in the different relations of life his conduct was such as must win their esteem and love. We gladly recom-

mend the book to them, and to all who as parents and teachers would direct the education of the young. It is modestly and simply prepared, with fine touches of character and deep feeling, — written evidently with a tearful eye, but with a trusting heart and a hand that firmly suppresses more than it allows to appear. The delicate labor of love could not have been more delicately or more lovingly performed, and yet the portraiture is as faithful as it is delicate. They who knew Robert Wheaton while he lived will not shrink from this as an exaggerated or distorted picture of their friend.

We were going to say, that there was nothing unhealthy or precocious in the development of his faculties. His writings evince calmness, good sense, and that desire to see all round a subject, which, when united, as in this case, with habits of patient research, give the surest promise of constant growth, and of intellectual distinction and success. But perhaps he was right, when, in quoting the remark, "A soul of thirty in a body of fourteen," he says, sadly, "I find in it my portrait at fourteen." It may be that the orderly and harmonious habits of his early life, grasping at no sudden prize, but looking on to distant results, gave some evidence of a premature wisdom, and some presage of an early death. He always looked upon himself as destined to a short life. Except for the sake of his friends, he desired no other. And as we think of him now with a knowledge of the event, we see in his early character indications of what the result must have been.

The Memoir is a touching, a beautiful one. But it belongs to a class of books which we can ill afford to have multiplied among us. The sense of what we and the community have lost in furnishing such a subject for a Memoir, is too painful to allow us to enjoy, as we otherwise might, the rare and lovely traits which are brought before us.

This book, which we have read with such mingled emotions of pleasure and sadness, calls up before us a whole series of lives cut off just as it was beginning to appear how richly endowed and full of promise they were. Among them are Margaret and Lucretia Davidson, whose names are endeared to us, and made to hold a lasting place in our literature, through the beautiful Memoirs of their lives which have been

prepared by Miss Sedgwick and Washington Irving. To these we may add William Friend Durant, "an only son," of whose short life (for he died when in his nineteenth year) a very instructive and affecting account was given by his father, Robert Swain, and Robert Troup Paine, both, like Durant and Robert Wheaton, only sons, whose lives were too beautiful to perish wholly from the earth; and James Jackson, Jr., whose Memoirs by his father, so simple, modest, and truthful, we should delight to have placed in the hands of every boy who is capable of being touched by a pure example of youthful virtue and intelligence. We might add other names more widely known in the world of letters. There is Henry Kirke White, at the age of twenty-one, sinking, to use his own expressive words,

> "As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets
> Of busy London,"

but to whose name and writings the sympathy excited by his early death has given an interest, with which the faithful labors of a longer life might have failed to invest them. Chatterton, "the marvellous boy," born in 1752, and dying before he had completed his eighteenth year, though superior in genius, does not awaken the same undisturbed feelings of love and respect which are inspired by the other names that we have mentioned, or by that of Keats, who comes before us almost as the ideal of a youthful poet, calling out all our tenderness, but too frail and sensitive for life, and, at the age of twenty-four, passing away,

> "Purpureus veluti quum flos succisus aratro
> Languescit moriens."

Living to a maturer age, though belonging to this same class, is Arthur Hallam, known within a limited circle through the Memoirs by his father, but known wherever our language is spoken through Tennyson's "In Memoriam," where his life and memory have become, like Milton's Lycidas, immortal.

It is not, however, our purpose to dwell on these examples of youthful promise, "fading timelessly," but rather on other topics suggested by them. Beautiful as have been the characters of those who have passed away so early, promising as their works have been, and touching as are the memorials

of their lives that remain to us, there is no one among them all who has left a single work which, on its own merits, would take a permanent place in the higher literature of the world. Their names are preserved. Their lives are read with interest and profit. But maturer thoughts, and faculties enriched by longer study and a riper experience, are needed for the construction of those great works which live on in the minds and hearts of after generations. The richest intellectual soils are the slowest to mature their fruits. They may be, and they often are, the earliest to give indications of future greatness. But their best works are usually those which are produced after they have completed the first half of their threescore and ten years. Wonderful stories are told of such men as the Admirable Crichton, whose life was two years shorter than that of Robert Wheaton, and John Picus of Mirandola, who was already one of the most accomplished scholars of his time when he died, in 1494, at the age of thirty-one. We hear of their marvellous attainments, but no one reads their works.

The memory is sometimes singularly retentive in early life. The powers of acquisition are never perhaps greater. There is a quickness of perception and emotion, a rapidity of utterance, and an extraordinary dialectic skill. But the formative faculty which perfectly masters and controls its materials, moulding them into grand and beautiful poetic creations, or drawing from them the largest inductions of wisdom, belongs to a later age. The richness of style, which in all the higher works of literature has such power over us, but which is so much a part of the thought itself, and of the emotions by which the thought is pervaded, seldom belongs to the earlier productions of any distinguished writer.

From the age of twenty to that of thirty-five or forty is a period of great efficiency and activity. Politicians, orators, warriors, and artists are then formed, and some of their greatest triumphs gained. Alexander, Hannibal, and Napoleon had made themselves known by some of their most extraordinary military achievements before they were thirty. William Pitt was the prime minister of England when twenty-five, and as a statesman and debater in the House of Commons sustained himself from that day onward against such men as

Fox and Burke. In our own country, Alexander Hamilton was but little more than thirty years old when, in the Convention for framing the Constitution of the United States, he showed himself inferior to none of his able and experienced associates, and before he was thirty-seven, as Secretary of the Treasury, he had matured and carried into effect the most complicated and difficult measures for the successful administration of the new government.

But in the richer productions of genius which belong to the highest departments of literature, a longer preparation is needed, and among the greatest authors that the world has known we can call to mind only two or three who would have left any of their best works behind them, if they had died before the age of thirty-five, or even forty. Stores for future use have not only to be laid up, but to be prepared in the mind by the mellowing influence of time. A facility in the use of materials is to be acquired. The faculties are to be strengthened and harmonized. The grand thoughts which are to be perpetuated in later works have, perhaps, been suggested. An ideal of what is to be dawns vaguely upon the mind. The intellectual character is formed. But the perfected results are usually of a later growth. Newton, when twenty-four years old, had already anticipated the two great discoveries which were afterwards to lie at the foundation of his enduring fame; but he was forty before he had verified his grand conception of the law of gravitation, forty-two before he had completed his calculations, and forty-four before the great work on which his reputation rests was ready for the world. Bacon at the age of twenty-three had "taken all knowledge to be his province"; but if he and Newton had died before the age of forty, neither of them would have left any production to hold the highest place in his peculiar department, and if remembered at all, they would have been remembered only as among the lesser divinities of thought. Shakespeare's Hamlet was probably written when he was thirty-three, and revised three years afterwards. But, with this exception, his grandest works, The Tempest, Lear, Macbeth, and Othello, were among his latest productions, and composed after he was forty years of age. Milton was early moved by a consciousness of the ex-

traordinary powers which God had intrusted to him, but he was fifty-nine when his Paradise Lost was published, and his Samson Agonistes and Paradise Regained belong to a considerably later period. At the age of thirty-seven Spenser published the first three books of the Faerie Queene, and died at forty-five without having completed the poem. Chaucer was sixty years old when he began to compose his Canterbury Tales, the most delightful of all his poems, overflowing with animal spirits and youthful emotion, and marked by humor, wit, sound sense, and the finest instincts of poetic genius. All the most admired of Dryden's writings, his Satires and Fables, his Don Sebastian, and his Ode to St. Cecilia, were composed after he was fifty. Indeed, the Ode to St. Cecilia was written after he had entered his sixty-seventh year. Pope began to write verses when he was only a child, and composed his Rape of the Lock, his Temple of Fame, and Eloise and Abelard, while still young; but his ablest and most finished poems, his Dunciad, his Essay on Man, and his Epistles, were published after he was forty. Dr. Young's preface to the Second Part of his Night Thoughts bears the date of 1744, when he was sixty-five years old. Goldsmith published his Deserted Village at the age of forty, and Cowper, "the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers," prepared no volume for the press till after he had completed his fiftieth year. Dr. Robertson was forty-eight years old when he finished his History of Charles V. Hume was fifty when he completed his History of England; and Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, a work which, with all its faults, is perhaps the greatest monument of historical genius that has ever been given to the world, was not published in full till 1787, when the author had entered his fifty-first year.

Thus, if the most eminent of our English writers before the present century had died at the age of forty, scarcely a single production that now holds a lofty rank in the higher departments of literature would be left in our libraries. The ablest philosophical works, the most popular and elaborate histories, the most elevated and delightful poetry, would be swept away, and, except a few of Shakespeare's plays and the earlier parts

of the Faerie Queene, hardly a work belonging to the highest region of thought and fancy would remain.

We have not looked with the same care into the literature of other nations; but a momentary glance at the great works which belong rather to the civilized world than to any particular country, will tend to show that they have been the products of mature thought. Of Homer's age we know nothing. Virgil died at fifty-one, leaving his Æneid so far unfinished that he requested in his will that it should be destroyed. Of the great tragedians of antiquity there is no drama now extant which is supposed to have been written before the author was forty-three years old, and only two, The Persians of Æschylus and the Alcestis of Euripides, that were brought out before the writer had completed his fiftieth year. The Orestes and the Iphigenia at Aulis were composed after Euripides was seventy years old, and the Œdipus at Colonus is believed to have been written by Sophocles after he had lived more than fourscore years.

Of modern writers, Dante and Cervantes are the two whose influence has been most felt beyond the limits of their own country. Dante, though he represents himself in the beginning of his great work as

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita,"

must have been more than ten years beyond the middle of the journey of life before he had completed that extraordinary poem, which is rightly called *La Divina Commedia.* And Cervantes, born in 1547, did not publish the First Part of his Don Quixote, which he had composed "in the midst of poverty and embarrassments," till 1605. The Second Part was published ten years later, when he was sixty-eight years old. We cannot help copying in this connection a few sentences from Mr. Ticknor's admirable work on Spanish Literature: —

"But the life of Cervantes, with all its troubles and sufferings, was now fast drawing to a close. In October of the same year, 1615, he published the Second Part of his Don Quixote; and in its dedication to the Count de Lenos, who had for some time favored him, he alludes to his failing health, and intimates that he hardly looked for the continuance of his life beyond a few months. His spirits, however, which

had survived his sufferings in the Levant and at Algiers, and which, as he approached his seventieth year, had been sufficient to produce a work like the Second Part of Don Quixote, did not forsake him, now that his strength was wasting away under the influence of disease and old age. On the contrary, with unabated vivacity, he urged forward his romance of 'Persiles and Sigismunda'; anxious only that life enough should be allowed him to finish it, as the last offering of his gratitude to his generous patron. In the spring he went to Esquivias, where was the little estate he had received with his wife, and after his return wrote a Preface to his unpublished romance, full of a delightful and simple humor, in which he tells a pleasant story of being overtaken in his ride back to Madrid by a medical student, who gave him much good advice about the dropsy, under which he was suffering; to which he replied, that his pulse had already warned him that he was not to live beyond the next Sunday. 'And so,' says he at the conclusion of this remarkable Preface, 'farewell to jesting, farewell to my merry humors, farewell to my gay friends, for I feel that I am dying, and have no desire but soon to see you happy in the other life.'" — Vol. II. pp. 97, 98.

We have pursued this subject further than we otherwise should, on account of an impression which seems to prevail pretty extensively in this country, that youth is the only time for the exercise of original, and especially of inventive genius. We remember to have heard it stated in a public lecture, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, by a writer who now is himself an effectual confutation of what he then maintained, that no man after the age of thirty is likely to make any important contributions to the original thought of the world. And that idea enters pretty largely into the spirit of our times. We would do nothing to chill the ardent expectations of youth. We gladly welcome into our ranks, from year to year, the young, who, having completed but little more than a score of years, throw new ardor into the community of letters, and quicken the somewhat heavy pace of their elders. There is a contagion in their enthusiasm that we love to feel as it comes like the breath of May over the brown fields. The old Michael Angelo should not be driven out of the temple by the winning and beautiful genius of the youthful Raphael, but should rather feel a new spring-time sending its warm gales to quicken his tardy pulse and inspire him with fresh hopes for the future. But, however important the immediate

influence of writings composed by very young persons may be (and they certainly do much to clear the sluggish and stagnant waters of life), and however glad we may be to welcome them to the world of letters, it is well for them to remember that youth is principally a period of preparation, and that the greatest works of genius, those which outlive the fashions of the day and the weightier vicissitudes of thought and feeling that mark the progress of centuries, have been, almost without exception, the finished products of man's maturest years. Most works of this high and enduring character have received their last touches, if not their body and their form, after the author's mind had been enriched by the thought and the experience of half a century.

There is something fascinating in a career like that of Picus of Mirandola, and an indescribable charm in the memoirs of those who, like Robert Wheaton and others whom we have mentioned or left unnamed, make life beautiful, and in the freshness of their early hopes and affections pass from us. Their example must have a salutary influence on the young. We rejoice in such books, though they are purchased at a cost which we can ill afford. The blossom is beautiful, though in plucking it death must destroy the fruit which alone can show to us the ripe fulfilment of its promise.

In some departments of literature, the best specimens that we have are from the young. The best songs have, we believe, been mostly composed by young persons. We need not mention the name of Burns, of Moore, or Barry Cornwall, whose early lyrics have been read and sung with such delight by persons of every rank and occupation. Campbell's best songs, and among them are the noblest patriotic and war songs ever written, — "The Exile of Erin," "The Soldier's Dream," "Hohenlinden," "Ye Mariners of England," "The Battle of the Baltic," — were composed before he was twenty-six. So our finest naval lyric, the "Lines to the Frigate Constitution," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, was written when the now *venerable* author was a very young man.

It seems natural that the songs of a people, perfumed with the fine aroma of youthful love and enthusiasm, should come from those with whom the enchantment and the spell have

not yet been banished by the sterner experience and more severely common-sense views of advancing years. But there is another field of poetry, which we should on *a priori* grounds assign to a riper age, which has nevertheless been most successfully cultivated by the young. We mean that which usually passes under the name of religious poetry. One who examines with reference to this point any of our most popular selections of sacred poems, will, we think, be surprised to see how large a part of it belongs to the young. The most touchingly beautiful pieces on death and the glories of immortality will be found to have been written by those whose visions of heavenly bliss have not been clouded by too long a stay in the damp atmosphere of this mortal world. George Herbert, with his "Lyrics of the Temple," and Henry Vaughan, whose lines beginning, "They are all gone to the world of light," make one of the sweetest and divinest songs of immortality that have ever been written to comfort and uplift the mourner's heart, gave themselves up to more commonplace duties before they had reached the meridian of life. We are not quite sure of the fact, but we believe that both Watts and Doddridge wrote their hymns before they had prepared the heavier prose compositions which they regarded as their serious occupation. Milton was but seventeen when he wrote his exquisite stanzas, marred perhaps by the pedantry of his age, "On the Death of a Fair Infant," and but a few years older, we suppose, when he wrote his Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, and his Ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," the grandest religious lyric that we know of in any language.

In this country the same general remark holds true. Bryant's Thanatopsis, a solemn religious poem, was the product of his early youth, as were Willis's Scripture pieces, Miss Townsend's lines on "The Incomprehensibility of God," and Jones Very's Sonnets and other poems, which in depth and purity of thought and sentiment, as well as in beauty of imagery and exquisite simplicity of language, deserve a place beside the best religious poems of any age. A Christmas Hymn in eight stanzas, by the Rev. E. H. Sears, composed, we believe, before he entered on the duties of his profession,

stands at the head of its class, and can hardly be read without a thrill of emotion and an uplifting of the soul in harmony with the theme.

With these and possibly a few other exceptions, the finest productions of genius belong to the later periods of life. Generally speaking, there is a richness of style which can be perfected only by time. We see it in comparing the earlier and later writings of the most distinguished men. Let any one compare Burke's "Observations on a Late State of the Nation," written in 1769, or his "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents," written the next year, though the author had then attained to the mature age of forty, with his "Reflections on the Revolution in France," or his "Letter to a Noble Lord," written a quarter of a century later, and we think he will find in the later works, that, while there is no abatement of enthusiasm, there is a mellowness and harmony of style, an ease and grandeur in the flow of his sentences, in short, an indefinable charm of expression, far beyond what is to be perceived in his earlier writings. Let one compare in the same way the earlier and the later writings of Washington, and he will hardly fail, we think, to feel the deeper tone of sentiment which pervades the language and affects the style of his later productions. The forty intervening years, with all their varying emotions, and trying experiences, and wisdom ripening through great and generous deeds, have infused something of their richness even into the severe simplicity and sound common-sense of his unimaginative language. We think that we recognize much of this improvement in Mr. Webster's speeches and writings. No one can read the Life or the writings of Dr. Channing without seeing the marks of this progress in the richer coloring and greater ease and simplicity of his style.

If the view that we have taken of this subject be sound, it should make us lenient in the judgments that we pass on the writings of the young, and should lead the young who are inspired with the noble ambition to produce something "which the world will not willingly let die," to prepare themselves as the great men of other days have done; not to be discouraged by any temporary failures, or elated by the successes of the

day, but to keep their faculties alive by constant effort; and to lay in stores of knowledge and of thought, that by and by, in the fulness of all their powers, they may bring forth the ripened fruit of a generous culture, mellowed by the large experience, the slowly maturing wisdom, and the ever-deepening emotions of the revolving years. It is thus that the greatest works of genius have been prepared in times past, and so it must be in times to come.

Art. XII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Junius Discovered.* By Frederic Griffin. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1854. 16mo. pp. 310.

America supplies everything. It is always impossible to tell what will be the next curiosity she will exhibit to an amazed world. All that she knew herself of the Great Industrial Exhibition was, that she had not sent forward the labor-saving machines she was most proud of. And the prizes she won there were in many instances for things as little known at home as abroad. In this book she has outdone herself in singularity. She has actually furnished a candidate for the authorship of Junius.

It is our excellent old Governor Pownall, who is now advanced as the claimant to what are left of Junius's honors. It seems that he was in London while the letters were written, and in pretty constant opposition to government. He spelt *chearful* with an *a*, as Junius did, and dated his letters with the name of the month first, instead of the numeral, as Junius also did. He was a Cambridge man, as Junius is supposed to have been, and more than fifty at the time, as Junius affected to be. He was neither a soldier nor a lawyer, nor was Junius. He was a member of Parliament, and so was Junius. Scattered through the book are other suggestions of similarity; but the above-named are some of the insignificant, and all the leading, points on which the argument is founded. Governor Pownall's handwriting is not like Junius's; but it is thought that, if he had disguised his hand, it would have been, or the reader is invited, if he prefer the alternative, to believe that Sir Philip Francis copied his letters for him. And thus the most formidable competitor is removed; unless, indeed, John Pownall copied them, as is also

suggested. It seems that Sir Philip Francis was a connection, by marriage, of Governor Pownall's.

The conjecture is not sustained at all by the testimony, faithfully and ingeniously though this be put together. Mr. Griffin has persuaded himself, — has made a very agreeable book to persons interested in history; but in rescuing Governor Pownall from the semi-obscure, into which time was consigning him, not unjustly, he has not made a Junius of him, nor anything but what he was, a faithful public servant, — too honest to serve any party then in the ascendant, and too dignified in manner, and too completely "respectable," to make from his independent position any very deep impression on his times. To imagine Junius becoming a member of that most worthy institution, the English Society of Antiquaries, — publishing now a Memoir on Antiquities in the *Provincia Romana*, and now one on Drainage, — is a hard play of the fancy. On the other hand, to imagine Governor Pownall, chary as he was of his well-earned reputation, and disposed to place before the public all honors that were his due, keeping Junius's secret for thirty years, and dying without revealing it, is no less unnatural. The only sign he gave in dying was a direction that "he might be laid in an oaken coffin without ornament *or inscription*." "What could he mean," says Mr. Griffin, "by this direction for an inscriptionless coffin, but a repetition of the motto, '*Stat nominis umbra*'?" — the motto of Junius. Really, as he suggests, this is "a little fanciful."

The book does not show who Junius was. It does show pretty distinctly that Governor Pownall was not he. In face of all the coincidences which Mr. Griffin brings together, he also brings in, of necessity, the palpable contrast between the sharp, vivid sentences of Junius's style, and the elaborate dignity of the Governor's, pompous, as became his time, and apt to be long-winded. As one reads the book, it is amusing to see how eagerly he lights on the scraps of Junius as a rest, after a passage through the Governor's stately sentences. The sharp epigrams scattered through Junius are almost all that now preserve the memory of what he wrote. We have read all that there is of Governor Pownall in this volume without hitting upon one. Mr. Griffin is conscious of this evident difference of style, and attempts to account for it by saying that we have only public speeches and set letters of Governor Pownall's, and do not know but that he would have written more sharply under a mask. We do not know it. But we do know that, if he could write as well as Junius, he would have done so in his published writings, unless he were a man of much less sense than Junius.

The book thus defeats its avowed object. It brings to light by the way, however, a good deal of curious Revolutionary history, and places

Pownall's career, and his gallant advocacy of the Colonial interests, in a light which has not been distinctly enough disclosed before, and which our historians ought not to omit to mention hereafter. Especially curious are twenty-five letters from Governor Pownall to Dr. Samuel Cooper, of Boston, and one to Samuel Adams, written in the trying times before the outbreak of the war. They show how much confidence was reposed in Pownall by the patriots of that day, and how heartily he had their interests in view, though he could not step so fast as they did, and they hardly expected him to do so. These letters fell into the hands of Dr. John Jeffries, who took them with him to Halifax when Boston was evacuated, and afterwards presented them to a Mr. Thompson, supposed to have been the king's librarian, who states these facts in a note, in which he "presumes, most humbly, to lay them at his Majesty's feet, as a literary as well as a political curiosity." The king condescended to pick them up, and to have them preserved in his library, which now forms a part of the British Museum. These facts have, we believe, been made public before, but the correspondence of Governor Pownall is now printed for the first time. Everything is of value which illustrates the progress of the feeling of alienation, — the steps in revolution; and these confidential letters, addressed by a man of his ability to one in Dr. Cooper's position, are specially interesting.

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2. — 1. *National Education in Europe.* By Henry Barnard, LL.D., Superintendent of Common Schools in Connecticut. Second Edition. Hartford. 1854.
2. *Reformatory Schools.* By Mary Carpenter. London. 1854.

Mr. Barnard's valuable report has been greatly enlarged, and is now published in a cheap edition, which will give it, we trust, a very wide circulation. We allude to it at present to call attention to its valuable chapter on Schools for Juvenile Delinquents, in connection with Miss Carpenter's new book named above.

Now that the attention of our own State has been turned to the necessity of providing some penal institution better fitted than a jail can be for the discipline of boys and girls, it would be a great pity if we made all the mistakes, and went through all the doubtful experiments, which were necessary in Europe, before the Schools of Discipline on the Continent attained so effective a condition as those of the Rauhe Haus of Mettrai in France, and others in Switzerland, France, and Belgium have attained. These schools must be organized with the ele-

ments which make children's homes happy, and not on the principle of rendering a prison dreadful. Every step towards home-life in them is something gained. Every piece of prison machinery or apparatus is so much lost.

Miss Carpenter's book on "Reformatory Schools," published in 1851, is a very valuable collection of information. She continues the subject, very thoroughly and practically, in this volume.

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3. — *Elements of Character.* By MARY G. CHANDLER. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 16mo. pp. 234.

THIS is a book full of good sense, carefully digested, and so arranged as to be indeed available as a book of education, — as very few books of education are. The difficulty with such works is, in general, that the people who need them most will not read them. That difficulty is met here as far as it well can be; for though there is no pretence at gilding a pill, and no Miss Grace Goodchild is introduced whose character is formed by the process recommended, the essays are eminently readable, and the training which the author pleads for is practically illustrated, and made so clear as to give at every corner hints for every-day life.

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4. — *Field-Book for Railroad Engineers.* By JOHN B. HENCK, A. M., Civil Engineer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. xvi., 243.

WE hardly know how, in a few words, to do justice to the merits of this little book. If Mr. Henck had given us a purely scientific treatise, we should feel that he was going over ground already well surveyed by some of his predecessors, and the only credit to be claimed would be that which is due to the introduction of new matter, or better methods of investigation. If, on the other hand, he had followed the usual routine of field-books, he would have done injustice to himself and to his profession. The rapid multiplication of railroads has of late years drawn many engineers into the field without any previous preparation. By the aid of a field-book, such persons are enabled mechanically to perform the requisite processes, and with this they are content, without stopping to inquire into the reasons for what they are doing, or to investigate the formulæ which they use. As a consequence, the field-

book becomes a mere barren collection of rules, in which we search in vain for anything like reasoning or investigation of principles.

Mr. Henck, in the volume before us, has made a most judicious combination of theory and practice. The scientific treatise and the field-book are united without detriment to either. Every rule is accompanied by a rigid mathematical demonstration, and the resulting formula is so conspicuously placed, as at once to attract the eye in the field.

There is much original matter, of which we would particularly specify the investigation of the radius of curvature of parabolic arcs, and a new method of calculating earth-work. The great variety of useful tables embodied in the work would alone render it a valuable pocket-book for the engineer; and the form, type, and general arrangement are unexceptionable.

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5. — *The Epistle to the Romans, in Greek and English. With an Analysis and Exegetical Commentary.* By SAMUEL H. TURNER, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature and Interpretation in the Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and of Hebrew in Columbia College. New York: Stanford & Swords. 1853. 16mo. pp. xvi., 234.

MOST commentators criticize St. Paul's Epistles, not as letters addressed and adapted to the then current needs of those to whom they were inscribed, but as general treatises on dogmatic theology, designed for universal edification. That this latter purpose entered into the Divine counsels, we have no doubt; but it is the most surely evolved, when we first seek to understand each Epistle in its temporary and personal bearings, and then deduce by a process of generalization the great underlying principles which apply always and everywhere. Now in this regard Dr. Turner does not fully satisfy us. He forgets the unquestionably post-Pauline origin of some of the questions and controversies now rife, and occasionally interprets a text as if Paul had written for Anglo-Saxons of the nineteenth century, not for Romans and Romanized Jews of the first. We regret also that he did not accompany his Commentary by a new translation. But, with only these abatements, we are prepared to pronounce this work inferior in merit to no Pauline commentary with which we are conversant. It contains what the critical scholar most of all needs, — a complete discussion of every mooted question as to the meaning of words and the interpretation of sentences. There is throughout an unostentatious affluence of sound first-hand learning.

The author shows incidentally his acumen as an interpreter of the Hebrew Scriptures, and his familiarity with Jewish opinions and Rabbinical lore. In fine, he comes armed at all points to the discussion of every point. In comparing this work with those of Olshausen and Tholuck on the same Epistle, we hesitate not to say, that his criticism is more profound and thorough, his grasp of subjects in dispute more comprehensive, and his subjection to preconceived theories much less constraining and embarrassing, than theirs. While we dissent from some of his conclusions, we want no more luminous guidance to our own, than we could derive from him. We might speak with similar praise of his works on Genesis and on the Epistle to the Hebrews. We are the more earnest to record our high estimate of Dr. Turner's erudition and ability, in part, because he utterly lacks the art of book-making, nor is there one of his works which, on the bookseller's counter, would attract even a scholar's eye; and, in part, because little pains seem to have been taken to extend the knowledge of his writings beyond his own portion of the Church, while really sound and valuable works in his department are too rare, not only in America, but in our mother tongue, to make it fitting that such as we have should fail of the widest possible currency.

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6. — 1. *A History of Greece, from the Earliest Times to the Roman Conquest. With Supplementary Chapters on the History of Literature and Art.* By WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D., Author of the Dictionaries of "Greek and Roman Antiquities," "Biography and Mythology," and "Geography." Illustrated by One Hundred Engravings on Wood. Boston: Jenks, Hickling, & Swan. 1854. 24mo. pp. 632.
2. *The Same.* Revised, with an Appendix. By GEORGE W. GREENE, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1854. 24mo. pp. 655.

THOSE who have made use of the author's previous works hardly need a word of commendation for his History. It is terse and compact in style; it comprises the latest results of research and historical criticism; and presents not only a narrative of external events, but a sharply-drawn outline of the social and intellectual life of the Greeks at successive epochs, with biographical sketches of poets, historians, orators, and philosophers. While it does not exceed the due dimensions of a class-book, and has the precision requisite for a work of reference, it offers all the points of attraction which the general reader could desire, and would admirably serve the purpose of fastening in the memory, in their respective niches, the details of Grecian history for those who are

familiar with the more extended, but often less systematic, works of Grote and his predecessors. To our eye, the Boston edition has slightly the advantage in mechanical execution. On the other hand, the Appendix by Professor Greene, in the New York edition, comprises matter of very great value. It contains a Geographical Outline from Heeren; Synchronistic Tables connecting the history of Greece with parallel epochs in that of Rome, Persia, and other contemporary states; a "Tabular View of the Great Men of the Age of Pericles and Alexander"; a syllabus of questions for school use; a sketch of the Greek dialects; and a few supplementary notes on subjects of importance and interest.

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7. — *Protestantism in Paris: a Series of Discourses, translated from the French of* A. COQUEREL. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 16mo. pp. 195.

M. COQUEREL has mined no new veins of truth, nor yet do his Discourses abound in metaphors, illustrations, or apostrophes of the kind that startle and electrify the reader. Yet in some respects he probably surpasses any other living preacher. He unites qualities that are often deemed mutually incompatible, — a rigidly methodical division and arrangement of his discourse, uniform chasteness and beauty of rhetorical style, and profound religious seriousness and fervor. He treats the texts of his discourses with a felicity almost without parallel. He often enucleates from a pregnant passage of Scripture a series of significations entirely of his own finding, yet not of his own creating, — such as we acknowledge to have been always latent in the sacred words, but such as without his torch would never have revealed themselves to our view. The six sermons in this little volume, admirable as they are, are hardly a fair specimen of the author's ability either as a rhetorician or a preacher. From volumes of his discourses on our shelves we could select a score or two which we should regard as preferable to the best of these. We trust that the translator may be encouraged to repeat his venture, and that, if he should do so, he will examine with reference to his selection the earlier series of M. Coquerel's sermons, among which are masterpieces beyond his more recent work.

8. — *The Evidences of Christianity, as exhibited in the Writings of its Apologists, down to Augustine. Hulsean Prize Essay.* By W. J. Bolton, Professor in Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1854. 24mo. pp. 302.

All who are acquainted, and not infatuated, with the Patristical writings, know how wearisome it is to seek the scattered grains of precious wheat and genuine Christian seed-corn among the dusty chaff-heaps, which, but for the labor of sifting, would long since have been scattered to the winds. In no other department is the testimony of the Fathers worth so much as in that of the Christian evidences. The very fact that they were Christians, — at an age when every external proof could be intelligently tested, and when, without the internal "witness of the spirit," they must have been forced into apostasy by contempt and persecution, — is of itself no mean attestation to the history of the New Testament and to the divine power of its religion. Many of them wrote polemic treatises in defence of Christianity, and the others in their didactic writings could not fail of frequent reference to the arguments of surrounding opposers, Jewish and Gentile. Mr. Bolton in the book before us has classified such passages from their works as have a bearing on the evidences of our religion, under several happily chosen titles, and has thus rendered an equal service to the theological student by essentially abridging for him the labor of research, and to the public at large, by showing (more conclusively than had been shown before) that the resources of infidelity were exhausted and its canon closed almost as early as the canon of Scripture was settled, and that modern unbelievers and neologists are only exhuming objections that were refuted and hurled into age-long oblivion during the first three or four centuries of the Christian era.

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9. — *The Poets and the Poetry of the Ancient Greeks; with an Historical Introduction, and a brief View of Grecian Philosophers, Poets, and Historians.* By Abraham Mills, A.M. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 16mo. pp. 485.

We know of no other single volume from which the English reader could get so large an amount of accurate knowledge as to ancient literature, as from this. It consists of biographical and historical sketches from the best authorities, with very numerous selected metrical translations from the Greek poets. The translations are not, in our apprehen-

sion, always the best English versions of their respective originals. The author has aimed to clothe his part of the work "in a style sufficiently removed from antiquity to give to the subject all the freshness of which it is susceptible," and he has succeeded so far as this, — that there is no aroma of classical culture about his diction. The absence of this is the chief defect of the book. Mr. Mills is an industrious compiler, but no enthusiast. His work bears the manifest marks of having been rather a book-making enterprise than a labor of love, but it is an enterprise honestly and faithfully carried through. We can, perhaps, best characterize it, when we say that it performs in full for the poetry, and in part for all the literature of Greece, the same office which Chambers has rendered as regards English literature in his Cyclopædia.

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10. — *The Bride of the Iconoclast. A Poem. Suggestions toward the Mechanical Art of Verse.* Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 131.

THE writer of this poem says that he is a minor. He is not without ability, and certainly manifests no small skill in "the mechanical art of verse"; for his rhythm is in general musical and faultless, though with here and there a striking exception. But there is in some parts of the poem an offensive voluptuousness of sentiment, the coarser because veiled under refined forms of speech, and doubly revolting on account of the youth of the author. He is evidently in this regard, as in others, an imitator of Alexander Smith, and we sincerely wish for him, should he again appear before the public, a purer taste and a more worthy model. His imagery is intense, exaggerated, seemingly selected and thrown together at haphazard; and while it is often vague and irrelevant, it is felicitous and attractive perhaps as frequently as the doctrine of chances would authorize us to expect.

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11. — *History of Oliver Cromwell and the English Commonwealth, from the Death of Charles the First to the Death of Cromwell.* By M. GUIZOT. Translated by ANDREW R. SCOBIE. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea. 1854. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 426, 511.

THIS is the second of M. Guizot's works on the history of the English Revolution. His dispassionate mind, the union of liberal sentiments and conservative habitudes in his political character, and his sin-

cere yet discriminating sympathy with the liberal elements of the British Constitution, fit him eminently well to be the historiographer of Cromwell and his times. His narrative is a perfectly colorless medium. He is not an admirer of Cromwell; but at the same time fully appreciates all in his genius, tact, and policy that is worthy to be admired. He represents the Protector as less a hypocrite than a self-deceiver, — as undoubtedly patriotic in his plans and purposes, but as disposed to identify his country's interests with his own elevation. Cromwell's diplomatic relations and alliances occupy a large portion of the story, which is enriched by copious references to, and extracts from, documents in the archives of the French government; and, almost throughout the work, we are permitted at the same time to trace the external development of events, and to see in what aspects they presented themselves to the several French agents, who, either as accredited negotiators or as official spies, maintained a constant watch over the varying phases of English affairs.

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12. — *First Lessons in Language; or Elements of English Grammar.* By David B. Tower, A.M., and Benjamin F. Tweed, A.M. New York: Daniel Burgess & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 125.

Our schools suffer no imposition so egregious as in the cumbrous grammatical text-books in common use, which serve no earthly purpose except to overtask the verbal memory, and to obfuscate the mental perception of the pupil. The Grammar now before us is an honorable exception. Its definitions are as simple as language can make them, and are in every instance illustrated by examples carefully analyzed. Its rules of syntax are few, concise, and comprehensive. It contains no irrelevant matter, and could be studied with interest and profit by an intelligent child of seven or eight years of age. There are but one or two minor points at which we are disposed to take exception. One of these is the identification of articles with adjectives. An article is not an adjective. "Adjectives describe nouns"; but the article designates not a quality of the object to which it is prefixed, but a particular category under which that object is present to the mind of the speaker or writer. Perhaps, however, the definite should be regarded as the only article, and the indefinite as another form of the numeral adjective *one*. But the definite article ought to be presented as a distinct part of speech, if for no other reason, because in most languages it differs essentially from the adjective in its inflections and habitudes. — One of the rules of syntax in the book before us says: "Adverbs describe or limit

verbs, adjectives, and adverbs." Why not add *prepositions?* When we say "He *went almost to* Boston," *almost* does not limit *went*, but *to*. He did not *almost go;* but went *almost to*.

13.—1. *Thomas à Becket, and other Poems.* By PATRICK SCOTT. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans. 1853. 16mo. pp. 214.

2. *The Recalled; in Voices of the Past, and Poems of the Ideal.* By JANE ERMINA LOCKE. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1854. 16mo. pp. 246.

WE associate these two volumes, not by the law of resemblance, but of contrast. Mr. Scott's poetry is greatly praised in some leading English journals; but we have been very little moved by it. It has a perfectness of form worthy of the highest genius. The words are fitly chosen, and the versification is mellifluous; but the sentiments are prosaic and frigid. The drama of Thomas à Becket occupies more than half the volume, and contains hardly a false quantity or an ill-put phrase, but not an original image or a stirring thought. The Cardinal's murder in history is fraught with the deepest tragic interest; in this poem it sinks into the region of commonplace.

Mrs. Locke, on the other hand, must be conscious of powers much beyond the general appreciation. Her deficiency is in form,—in careful elaboration. Her poems abound in rich, bold, striking, truly poetic conceptions, often expressed so crudely and unartistically, that they can hardly be enucleated at the first reading. Had she the unfeminine audacity to set the conventional laws of verse at open defiance, with much less merit, she might rise, or rather sink, to more extended celebrity; for because now and then a genius has been a literary outlaw, the public are over-prone to take every outlaw for a genius. But Mrs. Locke's defects result apparently from her intense and absorbed interest in the vision that is passing before her thought, excessive rapidity of composition, and perhaps an indisposition amounting to a conscious incapacity to revise what she has once written. The following stanzas may illustrate our meaning. The conception to which they give utterance is a profound truth of experience vivified by images of exquisite beauty; the expression is by no means inharmonious or ungraceful, but in point of finish and richness inadequate to the sentiment.

"Only the wounded oyster in its shell
Leaves the pure pearl-drop, beauty's priceless gem;

'T is but from gashes odorous resins well,
Of healing power, made in the leafy stem,
Or living trunk of tree in Eastern dell;
From bruised herbs only fragrant fluids stream.

"Through lacerations takes the spirit wing,
And in the heart's long death-throe grasps true life,
And seraph grows, while powers unearthly spring.
It wraps itself in glory through its strife
Of flesh and blood, till mortals homage bring,
And deem it with angelic beauty rife." — p. 11.

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14. — *Christ in History; or, the Central Power among Men.* By Robert Turnbull, D.D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 540.

If Christ indeed sustains the relations to the Supreme God and the offices toward collective humanity which he claimed to hold, and in which he is received by all Christian believers, then he must needs be in all history. It is impossible that the spiritual teaching and providential leading of man by the Almighty should not, from the very earliest ages, have been in a Christward direction; and equally impossible that the infusion of an element of such transforming power as the Christian revelation and the life and sacrifice of its Author should not thenceforward have tinged the entire current of transactions and events among men. This is the thought which Dr. Turnbull, in the work before us, has illustrated, both in ancient and modern history. The book is scholarly, but not pedantic; grave, yet never dull; redolent of profound religious conviction and feeling, but wholly devoid of cant, exaggeration, and mysticism. "Its form," as the author says, "is rather popular than philosophical"; but, without the abstruseness and technicality, it has the method, precision, and accuracy, of a rigidly philosophical treatise. We regret that we cannot afford room for a more adequate notice of a production equally creditable to the theology and literature of the country.

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15. — *Purple Tints of Paris; Character and Manners in the New Empire.* By Bayle St. John. New York: Riker, Thorne, & Co. 1854. 24mo. pp. 446.

The avowed object of this work is to show how well the Parisians are fitted for the imperial yoke by the absence of all traits that would

qualify them for self-government. The author has performed his task *ad nauseam*. We fear that his representations are too true; but we are sorry to have such loathsome and pernicious details made current in a popular book. Especially must we condemn the gratuitous and disgusting prominence given to the prevailing licentiousness of the French capital.

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16. — *Africa and the American Flag.* By Commander Andrew H. Foote, U. S. Navy. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854. 24mo. pp. 390.

This book does honor to the author's head and heart. Its prime object is to illustrate the beneficent influence exerted by the American squadron on the Coast of Africa, in checking the slave-trade, in protecting the institutions of incipient civilization in and around the colonies, and in defending the legitimate commerce of our citizens. With this purpose, Captain Foote enters somewhat at large into the history and statistics of the Guinea Coast, Upper and Lower, and gives a condensed and spirited narrative of the cruise of the United States brig Perry, under his command, in the years 1850 and 1851. The work is characterized by a wise humanity, and contains much information and numerous suggestions that cannot but be of value to all who are interested in plans for the regeneration of Africa.

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17. — *The Church: in a Series of Discourses.* By Rev. Sylvester Judd, Pastor of Christ Church, Augusta, Maine. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 274.

The object of the Sermons in this volume is to set forth the Christian and ecclesiastical rights of the children of Christian parents, — their right to be regarded and educated as born members of the Church, and to avail themselves from their earliest years of all the benefits and privileges to be derived from the organization and ordinances of the Church. As to the formal portion of the author's theory, there must of course be a wide diversity of opinion; but his clear and masterly exposure of prevalent defects and anomalies in what is called religious education, and his earnest advocacy of the highest standard of early Christian culture, must needs give currency and value to the book beyond the denomination of which he was a member. The Memoir of Mr. Judd,

which will soon be published, will afford us the opportunity, which we must now forego, of considering his merits as a literary artist, as also of paying our affectionate tribute to the memory of one whose noble powers and strenuous industry were consecrated to whatever could diffuse among men the spirit of heaven, and whose undeniable eccentricities, if they sometimes cast a penumbra over his genius, only heightened the manifestation of his kindliness and philanthropy.

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18. — 1. *Russia as it is.* By COUNT A. DE GUROWSKI. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 24mo. pp. 312.
2. *The Knout and the Russians; or, the Muscovite Empire, the Czar, and his People.* By GERMAIN DE LAGNY. Translated from the French by JOHN BRIDGEMAN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1854. 16mo. pp. 266.

COUNT GUROWSKI is a Pole by birth, and was actively engaged in the Polish insurrection of 1830–31. At a subsequent period he became a zealous champion of Panslavism, and looked to the Emperor Nicholas, in the earlier and better portion of his career, as the destined head of the Slavic races. He is now again a republican exile, after having won the right to say, with regard to the principles and policy of the Russian autocrat, *Expertus novi.* His work is almost wholly confined to the political condition and administration of the empire, and constitutes, as we suppose, by far the most trustworthy source of information on that subject within reach of the American public. He writes in the most grave and serious spirit, and is evidently more solicitous to convey the exact truth, than to give vent to his personal prejudices and enmities.

The Frenchman's book, garnished with illustrative engravings, is light, sketchy, dashing, almost gay, though the subject-matter is all sombre and sad. It enters into numerous details of manners, customs, domestic life, and characteristic anecdotes. It gives a sad picture of the priesthood and the religious condition of the Russian Empire, which is represented as being hardly a shade above heathenism.

These books, though occupying separate planes of delineation, mutually confirm each other. They corroborate the belief, which we had derived from other sources, that the Russian government, with its show of invincible strength, has the weakness of barbarism, and cannot permanently sustain itself in conflict with more civilized nations. Its finances are ill-managed; its commissariat inefficient and corrupt; its military forces, for the most part, poorly appointed, ill-disciplined, and

wretchedly paid; and its subjects held to their allegiance only by an omnipresent despotism. Its revenues are derived chiefly from taxes on agricultural industry, and of course must be seriously affected by the conscription necessary to recruit its armies in actual service, so that the larger the apparent strength it brings into the field, the more hopeless must be its embarrassment as to the means of sustaining its forces in a serviceable condition.

19.—*An Art Student in Munich.* By Ann Mary Howitt. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1854. 16mo. pp. 470.

For once genius is hereditary. The souls of William and Mary Howitt find joint rejuvenescence in their daughter, who inherits the graphic power of one parent, the poetic fancy of the other, and the genial, happy, sunny temperament of both. Her book is a perfect kaleidoscope, and presents a new picture with every turning of a leaf. Buildings, paintings, and statuary, royal and rural festivals, manners and opinions, food and raiment, summer flowers and winter sledging, talks with artists and gossipings with eccentric landladies and despotic housemaids, are all so vividly portrayed, that it is hard to say where the writer's genius lies. And the book is running over with the innocence, joyousness, and enthusiasm of a young soul of transparent purity, intense vitality, and sincere devotion.

20.—*Wensley: a Story without a Moral.* Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1854. 16mo. pp. 302.

The plot of this story is simple, and the only ripple in "the course of true love" that runs through it is an almost successful scheme of atrocious scoundrelism for the ruin of the heroine's father. But the story is charmingly told. It is pervaded by an exquisite humor, which never bursts into a flash of wit, but perpetually corruscates in lambent fires, like the heat-lightning of a summer's evening. The characterization, also, could hardly be surpassed in lifelikeness. The personages are such as we who have passed middle life have known, and could almost identify. There is a Massachusetts parson, whose ministry dates from the last century, his negro serving-man, such as were, but are no longer, the deacon, the tavern-keeper, the village choir, and the host of village worthies,—in fine, a whole portrait-gallery of such forms as were once the pride of New England, and represented the idiosyncra-

sies of those little communities, self-formed, self-governed, self-sufficing, isolated from the great world, uninfected by city notions, fashions, pretensions, or vices. Railroads no more surely equalize prices, than they assimilate manners, opinions, and characters. What were our villages are now suburban districts. There are no rustics, — there is no unsophisticated country life; and we thank the author who has recalled the vanished hues and buried forms of a social condition, which in the days of our Revolutionary conflict was *ferax virorum*, and to which we must ever recur with fondness, for the manly virtues which it nourished, for the free institutions which it founded and cherished, and for the noble lifeblood which it poured into the veins of succeeding generations.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Algernon Sidney: a Lecture, delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, December 21, 1853. By Robert C. Winthrop. Boston: S. K. Whipple & Co. 1854.

Scarcity of Seamen. By Thomas V. Sullivan. Boston. 1854.

Forty-second Annual Report of the Trustees of the Society for the Advancement of Christianity in Pennsylvania. Philadelphia. 1854.

Proceedings of the First Meeting of the General Committee appointed by the World's Temperance Convention, with their Address, &c. Albany. 1854.

The Relation of the Medical Profession to the Ministry: a Discourse preached in the West Church, on Occasion of the Death of Dr. George C. Shattuck. By C. A. Bartol. Boston. 1854.

Two Sermons occasioned by the Death of William H. G. Butler, preached November 6, 1853, and April 30, 1854. By John H. Heywood. Louisville. 1854.

Fifth Annual Report of the Female Medical Education Society, and the New England Female Medical College. Boston. 1854.

Documents of the Constitution of England and America, from Magna Charta to the Federal Constitution of 1789. Compiled and edited, with Notes, by Francis Bowen, Alford Professor of Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity in Harvard College. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1854.

The Two Records: the Mosaic and the Geological. A Lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, in Exeter Hall, London. By Hugh Miller. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1854.

Dedication of Antioch College, and Inaugural Address of its President, Hon. Horace Mann, with other Proceedings. Yellow Springs: A. S. Dean. 1854.

Annual Report of the School Committee of the Town of Danvers, together with the Second Annual Report of the Superintendent of Schools. Boston. 1854.

Minority Report from the Committee on Banks of the House of Delegates of Virginia. By John C. Rutherfoord. Richmond. 1854.

An Examination of the Mosaic Laws of Servitude. By William Jay. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1854.

The Central Principle. An Oration delivered before the New England Society of New York, December 22, 1853. By Mark Hopkins, D.D., President of Williams College. New York: E. French. 1854.

The Agriculture of Massachusetts, as shown in Returns of the Agricultural

Societies, 1853. Prepared by Charles L. Flint, Secretary of the Board of Agriculture. Boston. 1854.

First Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture. January, 1854. Boston. 1854.

New and Elegant Edition of the Holy Bible according to the Douay and Rhemish Versions, with Haydock's Notes, complete. Nos. 29 and 30. New York: Dunigan & Brother.

The Recreations of Christopher North. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 8vo. pp. 307.

Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions, the Pursuit of Truth, and on other Subjects. By Samuel Bailey. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1854. 16mo. pp. 422.

Theological Essays and other Papers. By Thomas De Quincey. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1854. 2 vols. 16mo.

Select Speeches of Kossuth. Compressed and abridged, with Kossuth's Express Sanction. By Francis W. Newman. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1854. 24mo. pp. 445.

Morbida, or Passion Past, and other Poems; from the Cymric and other Sources. London: Saunders & Otley. 1854. 16mo. pp. 168.

The History of the Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote of La Mancha; translated from the Spanish by Motteux. A new Edition, with copious Notes; and an Essay on the Life and Writings of Cervantes. By John G. Lockhart, Esq. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1854. 4 vols. 16mo.

Martin Merrivale, his Mark. By Paul Creighton. Illustrated. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. Nos. 1–4.

Truths Maintained. By James Biden, Monckton House, Anglesey, Hants, Author of "The True Church." London: Aylott & Co. 1854. 16mo.

History of the Protestant Church in Hungary, from the Reformation to 1850; with special Reference to Transylvania. Translated by Rev. J. Craig, D.D., Hamburg. With an Introduction by J. H. Merle d'Aubigné, D.D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 559.

The Christian Doctrine of Prayer. An Essay. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 24mo. pp. 224.

The Voice of Letters. Ancient Proprieties of Latin and Greek; the Standard of English Letter Customs; their inherent System; and preferred Orthography. By Joseph B. Manning, A.M. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 135.

Five Years in the Land of Refuge. A Letter on the Prospects of Coöperative Associations in England, addressed to the Members of Council of the late Society for promoting Workingmen's Associations, now re-constituted under the Title, "The Association for promoting Industrial Provident Societies." By Jules Lechevalier St. André. London: Pelham Richardson. 1854. 16mo.

Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of T. Noon Talfourd. With Additional Articles never before published in this Country. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 8vo. pp. 176.

Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, on the Finances. 33d Congress, 1st Session. Executive Document, No. 3. 16mo. pp. 384.

The Works of John Adams, Second President of the United States: with a Life of the Author, Notes, and Illustrations. By his Grandson, Charles Francis Adams. Vol. IX. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1854. 8vo. pp. 643.

Discourses, by Abiel Abbot Livermore, Cincinnati, Ohio. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 426.

An Essay on the Relations of Labor and Capital. By C. Morrison. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans. 1854. 16mo. pp. 328.

The Hundred Boston Orators appointed by the Municipal Authorities, and other Public Bodies, from 1770 to 1852; comprising Historical Gleanings, illustrating the Principles and Progress of our Republican Institutions. By James Spear Loring. Third Edition, with an improved Index of Names. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 720.

The Relation between Judaism and Christianity, illustrated in Notes on Passages in the New Testament, containing Quotations from, or References to, the Old. By John Gorham Palfrey, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. xxii., 344.

The Complete Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers; with a Biographical Sketch, and Notes. Edited by Epes Sargent. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 460.

The Plurality of Worlds. With an Introduction. By Edward Hitchcock, D.D., President of Amherst College, and Professor of Theology and Geology. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1854. 24mo. pp. 307.

The Trials of a Mind in its Progress to Catholicism: a Letter to his Old Friends, by L. Silliman Ives, LL.D., late Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in South Carolina. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1854. 12mo. pp. 233.

A Defence of "The Eclipse of Faith," by its Author; being a Rejoinder to Professor Newman's "Reply." Also, "The Reply" to "The Eclipse of Faith." By Francis William Newman. Together with his Chapter "On the Moral Perfection of Jesus," reprinted from the third Edition of "Phases of Faith." Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. pp. 75, 208.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXV.

OCTOBER, 1854.

Art. I. — 1. *The Works of the Author of the Night Thoughts. Revised and corrected by himself.* London. 1762. 4 vols.
2. *Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality.* By Edward Young. *With a Memoir of the Author, a Critical View of his Writings, and Explanatory Notes, by* James Robert Boyd. New York: Charles Scribner. 1851.
3. *The Complete Works, Poetry and Prose, of the* Rev. Edward Young, *revised and collated with the earliest Editions, to which is prefixed a Life of the Author, by* John Doran, LL.D. London: Tegg & Co. 1854.
4. *The Poetical Works of* Edward Young. [With a Life of the Poet, by the Rev. J. Mitford.] Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.'s Series of the British Poets. 1854. 2 vols. 16mo.
5. Young's *Night Thoughts. With Life, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes, by the* Rev. George Gilfillan. Edinburgh: Nichol. New York: Appleton & Co. 1854.

The fame of Young, the author of the Night Thoughts so much quoted by our fathers, seems, after a partial obscuration while the nineteenth century was busy with its own original literary idols, to be experiencing just now something of a revival. Four new editions of the whole, or the most important portions, of his works have recently appeared. One, of

the Night Thoughts, has been very diligently annotated by an American editor, Mr. Boyd, who, with occasional surplusage, has reduced the intricacies, grammatical and speculative, of the author's embarrassed style to the level of the most negligent apprehension. A London editor, who holds a lively pen, and is practised in the arts of the cultivated magazinists and leading reviewers of the day, Dr. Doran, has given us a full and carefully prepared text, with an anecdotical and spirited memoir of the author. The Aldine edition of the Rev. John Mitford — whose wide and thorough reading and sound judgment, brought to bear upon many points of critical inquiry in the illustration of the British poets, have secured for him the warm respect of the literary world — has just been republished in the substantial and attractive series of Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. of this city. And lastly, a popular writer, who, from the frequency of his appearance before the public and the marked peculiarity of his style, is deserving of more particular mention, has undertaken the poet's life and the preparation of his chief work.

Rev. George Gilfillan is the latest exhibitor of Young. Mr. Nichol of Edinburgh was by no means fortunate in his choice of an editor for a series of the English poets, when he selected this gentleman to preface every volume with "a critical dissertation." He is well known as a productive and very lively author, a sort of literary conjuror in the sober walks of criticism, who never appears without a blaze of fireworks about his head. He carries what is called fine writing to an excess which quite outdistances the usual range of sophomoric effort in that direction. Like Sir Hudibras,

> "For rhetoric, he could not ope
> His mouth, but out there flew a trope."

He is a standing example of the evil of possessing too much fancy, too much sublimity, too much excitability, and too ready a command of the English and Scottish vocabularies. His metaphors are entirely out of proportion with the necessities and fitnesses of his subjects. There are quite too many of them to be genuine. We see the prettiness, and admire the sparkle, but think the display too extensive to be real. We judge the diamonds to be paste from their quantity,

knowing that no honest exercise of the human mind is capable of their production, and are reminded of the inordinately huge basket in Hogarth's print of the "Strolling Players," carefully tied with a string and ticketed "Jewels."

Young, the startling and attitudinizing author of the Night Thoughts, is, to be sure, a dangerous subject for a writer of the peculiar disposition of Mr. Gilfillan; but the critic is hardly to be entitled to much allowance on that score, since he gets up the same yeasty enthusiasm over the sanctities of George Herbert and the learned discipline of Milton. Such is the restless and rickety vitality of this writer, that, were he to indite a life and critical account of Bishop Butler, he would set that grave and logical divine dancing a jig through every page of it.

Young, however, is a man after his own heart. The critical commentator admires his splendid fustian, his mingling of things human and divine, his confusion of imagery, his rantipole expression, justifying his poorest passages, and in fact making him out to have been a sort of Gilfillan of the seventeenth century. "He was," says our critic, "one of those prolific, fiery, inexhaustible souls, who never seem nearing a limit, or dreaming of a shallow in their genius; who, often stumbling over precipices, or precipitated into pools, rise stronger and rush on faster from their misadventures; who, sometimes stopping too long to moralize on fungi and ant-hillocks, are all the better breathed to career through endless forests and to take Alps and Andes at a flying leap." Again, he is called, "not a middle-sized, neat, and well-dressed citizen, but a hirsute giant, — not an elegant *parterre*, but an American forest, bowing only to the old tempests, and offering up a holocaust of native wealth and glory, not to man, but to God." We are told that "Night had never before found a worthy laureate," — the writer forgetting the sweet singer of Israel, who might indeed be omitted by others, out of reverence, though not by Gilfillan, after his book on the authors of the Bible. We are then treated to an inventory of the topics of night, — "its oceans of original and ever-burning fire called suns, — its comets, those serpents of the sky, trailing their vast volumes of deadly glory through the shuddering system, — and *those two*

awful arms into which the Milky Way diverges, and which seem uplifted to heaven in silent prayer, or in some deep and dread protest." Can any one fathom this romance? Why are the arms of the Milky Way awful, or rather why has it any arms at all? Why silent prayer more than self-examination, or anything else? and "deep and dread protest" against what, except it be against the extraordinary rhetorical impudence of Gilfillan?

We are next told that Dante and Milton were embarrassed in their "improvements" of night by the Ptolemaic system, and that Young had the advantage of the Newtonian philosophy, — just as "Bailey, A. Smith, and Bigg" * have availed themselves of the telescopes of Herschel and Lord Rosse; "and there is even yet room for another great poem on the subject, entitled 'Night,' were the author come." We might ask, were it worth while, under which scientific system the poetry of the book of Job was written. As for the telescopes employed by Bigg and Co. in their practical sweep of

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* We may mention for the information of our readers, that the Bigg alluded to is a young poetof England, just emerging from the newspaper state of pupilage into bookhood. His prenomen and cognomen, it may be added, are J. Stanyan. His drama is called "Night and the Soul." Alexis and Ferdinand in "thought-raptures" talk about substances and splendors and effluences, in the most pompously obscure manner, throwing in occasionally some such beautiful comparison as,

> "grand cathedral-spires, whose gilded vanes,
> Like glorious earth-tongues, lap the light of heaven,"

or a quiet picture of Thought, which

> "shows its mighty convoluted throes
> In embryotic suns and nebulæ,"

and much other stuff of the same kind which would be profane were it not nonsensical,

> "Making the soul a sky of rainbows": —

the expression is one of Mr. Biggs's own, and highly descriptive of this peculiar kind of rhapsody. This trash is popular among boarding-school misses and half-educated boys. The sale of Alexander Smith's poems, a volume of the same kidney, it is stated, has reached eleven thousand. As for Bailey, the third member of the trio, he was known a few years since as the author of Festus, the rhapsodies and religiosities of which were so greedily absorbed by the spongy brains of his admirers. To those who would get a pleasant view of the productions of this school of writers, with an exhibition of its peculiar tendencies, we commend the happy parody in the number of Blackwood's Magazine for May, — a mock review of the tragedy of Firmilian, which bears every mark of the accomplished lyrical and humorous pen of the editor, Professor Aytoun. Satire has been seldom more truthfully employed.

the sky, we would suggest that the critic has, in this case, mistaken the instrument. These poets pretend to offer you a telescope that you may get a clearer view of the heavens through a pure achromatic lens; and you find that you have in your hands only that toy filled with tinsel and painted glass, — the kaleidoscope.

Then our critic informs us that he is inclined to believe that in its religious influence the "Night Thoughts has effected more practical good than the Paradise Lost, the latter being a splendid picture, the former a searching, powerful sermon." This may be so, or not; but if the remark be true it is not worth making, the purpose and scope of the two works being entirely different, and as little admitting of this comparison, as Colburn's Arithmetic would bear to be compared on the score of utility with Newton's Principia. An occasional doubt of the relative greatness of the Night Thoughts, however, sometimes obtrudes itself. "It must not be named, in interest, finish, material, sublimity, and artistic completeness with the Iliad, the Divina Commedia, or the Paradise Lost. It ranks, however, at the top of such a high class of poems as Cowper's Poems, Thomson's Seasons, Byron's Poems, Blair's Grave, Pollok's Course of Time." In the last two cases the preference may be readily granted. "Byron's Poems" is too general a statement to be comprehended; Thomson is at least the equal of Young in eloquence and his superior in method; and Cowper possessed, in addition to their earnestness, a gracefulness of mental character belonging to neither of them. When our critic further states that there is more moral sublimity in Young's poem "than in any which has since appeared in Britain," we might remind him of Wordsworth and "The Excursion."

But enough of the critic; a few words now of his author.

Young, with his knowledge of the world and meditative piety, had enthusiasm and vivacity, and was able, like the lion instanced by Longinus, to lash himself into constant fits of sublimity, in which he frequently causes us to forget the effort, though we are not seldom reminded of it. The cardinal defect of his character and of his poetry would appear to be a lack of reverence, — of that modest, quiet, teachable

spirit, which, when associated with genius, is capable of receiving and giving forth the noblest utterances of inspiration. There is little calm, humble waiting upon Providence, like that of Wordsworth, whose meditations seem to have grown with the plants and trees of Rydal and Grasmere. There is none of that sacred devotion to art, literature, and religion, which consecrated the Muse of Milton when it attempted a work "not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapors of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained from the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters; but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." His poetry, too, fails in the sweet, earnest, heart-tempered declamation of Cowper.

Too much of the Night Thoughts is rant, scolding, and fury. It is on many pages a truculent, tumultuous poem, filled with a sort of vinous, bacchanalian piety. The sacred Muse of Young goes forth shouting and frantic with some leaves of the thyrsus yet about her from the revels of the Duke of Wharton. We are reminded at times of his stage performances when he was building up swelling heroics for the exquisite burlesque of Fielding, soared before the pit in Busiris, and was compelled to descend, failing to reach the hearts of his audience. What can it profit or delight a man to read whole pages such as this?

> "What wealth in souls that soar, dive, range around,
> Disdaining limit, or from place, or time;
> And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
> Th' Almighty fiat, and the trumpet's sound!
> Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
> What was, and is, and more than e'er shall be;
> Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
> Creations new in fancy's field to rise!
> Souls, that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty made,
> And wander wild through things impossible!
> What wealth, in faculties of endless growth,

In quenchless passions violent to crave,
In liberty to choose, in power to reach,
And in duration (how thy riches rise!)
Duration to perpetuate — boundless bliss!"

Vox et præterea nihil. This is sheer galvanized dulness, and hundreds of lines of the same kind might be cut out from the Night Thoughts with advantage to the reader. Who would not willingly spare such intellectual puzzles as this? —

"Is this extravagant? of man we form
Extravagant conception, to be just:
Conception unconfined wants wings to reach him:
Beyond its reach, the godhead only, more.
He, the great Father! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals; one spirit poured
From spirit's awful fountain; poured himself
Through all their souls; but not in equal stream,
Profuse, or frugal, of th' inspiring God,
As his wise plan demanded; and when past
Their various trials, in their various spheres,
If they continue rational, as made,
Resorbs them all into himself again;
His throne their centre, and his smile their crown."

To Young's question, we should simply answer, *This is extravagant.* It is a forced passage throughout, in which we see the author floundering about among his ill-made verses till he joyfully jumps to land at the conclusion of his paragraph in the final line, which has a taking sound at any rate with its well-planted cæsura, and its show, for it is not the reality, of antithesis. There are in this brief quotation at least a dozen make-shifts of inversion, exclamation, qualification, and explanation. The matter could be a great deal better conveyed in plain prose, if it would bear the exposure.

The obscurities of Young take off a considerable percentage from his poem as a merchantable commodity in the literary market; and what adds to the grievance is, that it is for the most part entirely unnecessary. Your teeth are broken in the endeavor to crack the hard nut, and it turns out empty after all. What more provoking than to meet with such a sentence as this: —

"Should any born of woman give his thought
Full range on just dislike's unbounded field?"

"Just dislike's unbounded field." There is a fine echo about these words, which keeps bombilating round and round in the head with utter defiance of sense and progress. It is a species of charm which might detain the reader for ever at that particular point, say one third of the way through the Night Thoughts, leaving the rest of that great poem for ever unknown. Stop and translate the passage into ordinary language, it would not impede the attention for an instant.

There is a curious use of a word in the first Epistle to Mr. Pope, where Young calls the author tribe up for judgment for their love of fame: —

"Shall we not censure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous, or champagne?"

"With ale irriguous!" Was there ever a viler phrase imported from the Latin into the English? Translate it into ordinary Saxon, it describes a second-rate author moistening his clay with malt liquor.

Here is another instance in point: —

"And is devotion virtue? 'T is compelled:
What heart of stone, but glows at thoughts like these?
Such contemplations mount us; and should mount
The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man,
Unraptured, uninflamed. — Where roll my thoughts
To rest from wonders? Other wonders rise;
And strike where'er they roll: my soul is caught:
Heaven's sovereign blessings, clustering from the cross,
Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
The prisoner of amaze!"

Now what is compelled, virtue or devotion? Take the obvious reading, "Devotion is compelled to be virtue," what is the meaning? But that is not it. Young had probably fallen into the way of many pulpit orators, of asking questions without expecting them to be answered. He simply means that the scenes of the Passion, which he has been describing in a highly spasmodic style, make so transcendent an appeal to the feelings that man must be devotional. The

question of devotion and virtue which he seems about to argue is a mere whiff of the excited poet's mind. He is not thinking at all about it, and does not wait for an answer. The next stoppage, or bad pass, as the Spaniards in Peru call an interruption of their mountain river navigation, is at the word "mount," which perplexes us between its personal and transitive signification. When we are told that the "contemplations mount us," we think irreverently of the language of pugilists, or of the ring; or, to express ourselves very familiarly, "the contemplations are too much for us." Then "my thoughts roll," and "wonders rise and roll" too, "striking" beside, so that, to appreciate this figure, you must fancy the mind to be an elevated table-land, with unequal ridges, otherwise the wonders would not "strike where'er they roll." Before the period is closed, this vast bowling-alley becomes a net in which the soul is caught, or rather a battle-field in which it is taken prisoner by the "blessings," — the "prisoner of amaze." *Amaze* here is put by poetic license for *amazement*. We trust no unfortunate proof-reader or critical emendator will ever distribute the word thus, *a maze*, thinking perhaps of Pope and Hampton Court, —

"A mighty maze, but not without a plan," —

though this would hardly add to the incongruities of the passage. Young, in fact, violates one of the first principles of literary composition: he mixes his metaphors, — a course as fatal to poetry as miscellaneous tippling to the constitution, — a warning illustration with which the symposia of his day might have supplied him.

Where Young is happier in his imagery, it is not always appropriate in its application. He is considered by his critic, Gilfillan, very much at home among the stars. Here is his introduction of the comet, whose advent is rather pompously heralded as analogous to the Saviour's second coming: —

"Nature is Christian; preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.
Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
On gazing nations, from his fiery train

Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Through depths of ether; coasts unnumbered worlds,
Of more than solar glory; doubles wide
Heaven's mighty cape, and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years.
Thus, at the destined period, shall return
He, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze:
And, with him, all our triumph o'er the tomb."

After making every deduction for the author's indebtedness to Milton, of whose sublime description of the comet we are reminded, enough remains to render this an exceedingly fine passage. The suggestion of some mighty cape in the heavens, similar to the twin extremities of the great Southern seas, which still, in spite of all improvements in navigation, remain objects of great respect to mariners, is one of those bold ventures and successful achievements in poetry which are accomplished only by the man of genius. We doubt whether Young ever wrote a finer descriptive line — a line the sensuous sweep of which lengthens to the imagination — than

"From the long travel of a thousand years."

The application is not so happy. The comet is too vaporous and unsubstantial a body to afford a comparison for the Sun of Righteousness.

From these notices of the imperfections of the Night Thoughts, rendered imperative in any just estimate of the author and his writings, or any effective study of the human mind, (one of the great purposes for which Young's writings yet remain in the world,) we turn with far greater pleasure to the exhibition of that genius in its happiest moments. Books are but the representatives of men, and display like unevennesses of character; their virtues sometimes being at the cost of corresponding vices. Young's struggles and bathos were his failures in his aim at sublimity; but he very often hit the mark. In looking at his weaknesses, we should remember the inequalities of other writers. It is not alone the good Homer who sometimes nods. Cowley was in many respects a finer poet than Young, but to the critical eye there are as many weeds as flowers in his garden of the Muses. George

Herbert was instigated by a deeper religious training, and his verses justified by the intensity and truth of his convictions; but these same verses contain a great many forced constructions of the art poetical. Shakespeare, as the great Johnson has told us, would sacrifice the world for a bad pun. Milton, with his inveterate strength of purpose and long classical preparation, has introduced puerilities into Paradise Lost. Wordsworth yielded something to the critics when he revised his poems. In fine, we shall see that the brightest sun has its spots. It is well, as in the case of Young and the examples we have just instanced, if the shadow also shows us the corresponding mountain elevation.

We have seen some of his purposeless and uncontrolled vagaries; we have now to look upon some of the most ingenious, weighty, comprehensive illustrations which the fugitive wit of man, in this department of moral writing, has ever contrived.

In estimating the worth of literature as a practical, every-day matter for the guidance and instruction of the world, too much importance can scarcely be given to the class of sententious authors, — those who present thought, not, as many great writers, in ore and in bullion, but assayed, refined, minted in authentic, current coin, stamped with the highest sovereign authority of intellect, so as to be known and recognized at once for its sterling value by the humblest in the land. In determining the rank of these literary producers, we might follow out the analogy of material art, and possibly find certain mechanical processes in both cases. It is undoubtedly not always the greatest minds that are the most skilful in elaborating proverbs and aphorisms, though we think it will be found that every great work in literature will contribute its full share of them. They are the expression of the moral element in its relation to the manners of the world, and involve several independent faculties of the mind. Thus Shakespeare abounds in proverbs. If all others were destroyed, we might stock the great English-speaking nations from his plays. But it is also undeniable, that writers of far less calibre have been very prolific in these utterances. No one will compare Pope with Shakespeare; yet he could and did turn out proverbs

and quotable couplets to as great or greater extent from his patent verse-manufactory. Dr. Franklin was a man of an active, ingenious turn of mind, but there are many heights of intellect and genius which he never ascended; yet he, too, had a patent condenser for making periods out of the world's wit and wisdom. Nay, in our own day, has not Martin Farquhar Tupper reeled off pages upon pages of Proverbial Philosophy, with the facility of a ribbon-weaving machine?

One proverb, however, differeth from another proverb — in poetry. Shakespeare is to be left here, as in so many cases, out of the question. Dr. Franklin's proverbs were very useful and economical linsey-woolsey affairs, cut out in plain prose. Pope was moderately gifted with poetic expression. Tupper is a fine organ-grinder. Young has more of the poet. To take in hand again the old simile, his coinage is of a clearer die and bolder relief. Time has not worn the edges or abraded the profile of his gold and silver. Take a handful from his bag, eagles, half-eagles, and quarters, at random.

Hear the sexton ringing his bell of warning: —

> "We take no note of time
> But from its loss."

That is a proverb; so is the pointed declaration, —

> "All, all on earth, is shadow, all beyond
> Is substance";

and still more unquestionably the following, for it has long since passed into the common parlance of the world, in use among many people who know not the name of its author: —

> "All men think all men mortal but themselves."

What fitter apologue to the conscience than this imaginative line?

> "The spirit walks of every day deceased."

An aspiration is hardly proverbial, or we would instance the appeal to Lorenzo, —

> "O for yesterdays to come!"

Of the following there is no question: it is declarative, and fulfils every condition of a proverb: —

> "Love, and love only, is the loan for love."

Similar to this is the expression, —

"Hearts are proprietors of all applause."

So, too, the oft-remarked creative efforts of the imagination in enhancing the terrors of death: —

"Man makes a death, which nature never made."

It is to Young, and not to Goldsmith, that we should assign the sentence, — they both have it, but the latter *borrowed* it, —

"Man wants but little; nor that little long."

A proverb should be in one line; but the privilege may be extended to so fine a saying as the celebrated

"Earth's highest station ends in 'Here he lies';
And 'dust to dust' concludes her noblest song."

It would be well if some of those loudest in their praises of Young would bear in mind the following: —

"'T is impious in a good man to be sad."

The concluding line of the Fourth Night is memorable: —

"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

What a world of trouble the following might save critics and fault-finders! It quite puts out the lantern of Diogenes.

"'T is vain to seek in men for more than man."

Solomon has been before Young with this: —

"The man of wisdom is the man of years."

How often has the experience of the world pointed the following: —

"Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow!"

There is a nobleness which cannot be too familiar to us in this, —

"Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth," —

with its accompanying gloss, —

"Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps."

A great hero who acquired a reputation some years since by

jumping off precipices into rivers, immortalized himself by an advance beyond the proposition, —

"And all may do what has by man been done."

The alliteration does justice to a noble sentiment in the following: —

"'T is moral grandeur makes the mighty man."

There is also much virtue in the line, —

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

"Procrastination is the thief of time," —

you may hear anywhere, on 'change, in counting-houses, in the streets.

These examples might be multiplied at will. The most cursory perusal of the poem will suggest others, which, if not exactly proverbs, bear a strong family relationship to those tenacious dwellers in our memories.

These are chiefly proverbs in the strict requisition of the word, and are certainly sufficient to show how eminently successful Young was in this mode of expression. It was his custom to retire early in the evening, and after a first sleep to think over his literary quota for the morning's work at the desk, so that his compositions were actual, and not merely title-page, Night Thoughts. We may fancy him lying awake, inwardly repeating to himself the pros and cons of his long-drawn argument with Lorenzo, till he bursts out aloud in the night-watches with the *eureka* of one of those fine sentences in which he wrenches the secret from life and providence. To throw off these vivid lines in the heat of mental excitement must have been to him one of the highest pleasures and rewards of his long life of intellectual labor.

We pass to another class of poetical expressions, often to be met with in Young, where the sense is neatly packed in the most felicitous manner, by antithesis or other contrivance, yet where the thought is too purely fanciful, or its assertion too little positive, for a proverb, properly so called; as, for instance, his exclamation, —

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!"

and this, —

"An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there."

The now common collocation of words, "strenuous idleness," is to be found in connection with one of these passages. There are couplets in Young which a man may quote to himself, but which he would not pass off in company; such as, —

"'T is greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven."

This is too personal and essayish for a proverb, which must be a matter-of-fact affair, a truism.

Again, here is a comparison, which is a trifle too long for a proverb: —

"Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopened to the sun."

Here is a turn of thought equally correct and felicitous: —

"Soon as man, expert from time, has found
The key of life, it opes the gates of death."

So, too, is the contrast of the youthful passions of age with its decrepitude: —

"Like damaged clocks, whose hand and bell dissent,
Folly rings six, while Nature points at twelve."

Here is a new appeal to the imagination for an old moral, — the universality of ambition: —

"No sultan prouder than his fettered slave:
Slaves build their little Babylons of straw."

There is a merciless rigor in the satire on the widow in society: —

"She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,
Though from the stately cedar's arms she fell;
With stale, forsworn embraces, clings anew,
The stranger weds, and blossoms, as before,
In all the fruitless fopperies of life:
Presents her weed, well-fancied, at the ball,
And raffles for the death's-head on the ring."

These are momentary exercises of the fancy. There is

another numerous class of passages in Young where the idea and sentiment are thoroughly woven in with the subject, and seem to give life to it, not to be controlled by it. Take, for instance, his comparison, —

> "Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
> Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
> Still more enamored of this wretched soil?
> Shall our pale, withered hands be still stretched out,
> Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age?
> With avarice, and convulsions, grasping hard?
> Grasping at air! for what has earth beside?"

The famous brook flows on through the page very naturally: —

> "Life glides away, Lorenzo! like a brook;
> For ever changing, unperceived the change.
> In the same brook none ever bathed him twice:
> To the same life none ever twice awoke.
> We call the brook the same; the same we think
> Our life, though still more rapid in its flow;
> Nor mark the march, irrevocably lapsed,
> And mingled with the sea."

The familiar, conversational style of Young is as noticeable as his rhetorical effort. He can be magniloquent, eloquent, vigorous, simple, and vulgar; and the transition from one to another of these styles is a chief secret of his power. He is certainly vulgar enough when he describes his *literateurs* in one of the Epistles to Pope: —

> "They make a private study of the street;
> And, looking full on every man they meet,
> Run souse against his chaps."

But Young sometimes manages his changes so well that he appears under no delusion, and is master of his cunning instrument of language, one part of which he plays off against the other, as in the following instance, where his swelling Latinized expression is brought to a happy period by a vigorous full stop in Saxon. He is speaking of the Bible.

> "Read and revere the sacred page; a page
> Where triumphs immortality; a page

Which not the whole creation could produce;
Which not the conflagration shall destroy;
In Nature's ruins not one letter lost:
'T is printed in the mind of God for ever."

Of the similes of Young involving a high order of wit, we may instance his comparison of pleasure with quicksilver, in the fifth of his Satires. It is very happily varied in its gay, sparkling commencement and its solemn close, and has the advantage of scientific accuracy, as well as of picturesqueness: —

"Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
If seized at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it, but rank poison in your veins?"

There is another passage from the same poem which shows equal wit: —

"Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive."

We have glanced at some of the inequalities of the genius of Young, have seen its heights and depths, and have taken most of our instances from altogether the noblest of his poems, the Night Thoughts. His other writings, especially his Plays and Satires, afford added proofs of his intellectual strength and weakness, and are particularly significant as studies of the man, the influences by which he was formed, and the society in which, for so long a period of his life, he moved. The remainder of our article shall be given to these personal illustrations.

All biographers of Young celebrate and regret his intimacy with the man who is called, in the life of the poet edited by Johnson, "the infamous Duke of Wharton," and whose portrait has been handed down, in the most memorable manner, for the world, in the famous lines of Pope. A more brilliant opportunity never presented itself to the antithetical little bard of Twickenham. Not even in Villiers had he a better example of the vicissitudes of fortune or the incongruous in character: —

"Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain."

Pope points the moral of his life in the lust of praise, a passion, by the way, which seems to have haunted the mind of Young. It is remarkable how often the latter rings the changes on this word. It is sprinkled about everywhere in his writings, is the main theme of one of his long poems, "The Love of Fame," and even invades the sanctities of the Night Thoughts. If Pope had made his theme the lack of principle, he would have found the application to Wharton quite as constant, and a little more profound, if not so striking, as the thirst for praise. Vanity alone never would have made such egregious mistakes.

We shall probably get a pendant to Pope's consummate lines in a brilliant prose sketch by Macaulay, who is hastening, in his English history, to the time and events in which this hero flourished.

"Wharton! the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies:
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too;
Then turn repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart:
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible to shun contempt;
His passion still, to covet general praise;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no one can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refined;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;

He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great." *

A few notes on this fine poetical description by Pope will afford a sufficient biography of the man. He was born in 1699, the son of that eminent Marquis of Wharton who was one of the first supporters of William and the Protestant Succession. In his youth he gave signs of considerable vivacity, which induced his father, looking to his future position in the state, to make his education an object of great care. At fourteen he had Horace by heart, was crammed with the actions of the great men of the world, and played the orator out of Shakespeare to admiring private audiences. There is a story of his having been noticed at this period by Addison, who was on intimate terms with his father. Spence has preserved a foolish anecdote of the young lord's playing a trick upon Mr. Secretary, by taking him into the fields to see the horses of the Marquis, and keeping him swinging on the top of a high gate, having induced him to ascend under pretence of not being able to find the key. He was a precocious youth; for at sixteen he had made a start in life by marrying clandestinely a lady, — the daughter of a major-general, — a match much below the ambitious plans of his father, who survived the disappointment only a few weeks. At seventeen he is off on his travels, under the care of a French Huguenot, bound for Geneva; but as there was nothing at all Calvinistic in his disposition, the severities of the place did not suit him. So, leaving a cub-bear which he had kept, — a proper companion, as he said, for his learned friend, the tutor, — he abandoned the town for Lyons, where he took it into his head to throw his fortunes away upon the Pretender, the last of all persons in the world for a Wharton to have anything to do with. He sent the Chevalier St. George a fine horse, and the Chevalier St. George very handsomely, in return, created him Duke of Northumberland. He passed one day with the Pretender, and travelled post-haste to the queen-dowager's mock court at St. Germain's, insulted the English embassy, and lived a kind of Tom and Jerry life about Paris. These were "eccentricities of genius" in a fine young nobleman, which appear to have been thought

* Pope's *Moral Essays*, Ep. I., *To Sir Richard Temple.*

little of when he returned to England, picked up his friend Young, and travelled with him to Ireland. He took his seat by some Irish title in the House of Lords, supported the government, and, sinking his Grace of Northumberland, was created Duke of Wharton. When he comes of age he is in the English Parliament, where he signalizes himself by turning another somerset into the arms of the Jacobites, and attacking the administration in a series of political essays, entitled The True Briton. All this while, he was squandering his large estates in so reckless a way, that the Court of Chancery took charge of his property for the payment of his debts. So his Grace went abroad again, to economize. His wife, whom he had treated in accordance with his character as a profligate scoundrel, died about this time; and, writes the friendly hand which pens the notice prefixed to the edition of his works, "Considering the Duke's age, quality, address, and amorous disposition, it was hardly to be believed that he would very long remain a widower." Of course not. He tumbles into the arms of a Spanish maid of honor, the daughter of an Irish colonel, and incidentally, but that was a matter of very little consequence, into the Spanish Church. He is next at Rome, a place which he is soon compelled to leave by a hint from the police; and then this noble English duke does himself the infinite honor of volunteering in a Spanish attack upon his country's post of Gibraltar, for which his Grace was attainted under an indictment for high treason, — a little incident in the life of a British peer which would probably not much have dampened his remarkably fine spirits if his funds had not been cut off by the same proceeding.

Before turning professed Jeremy Diddler, he tried the life of a monk in a convent, where he engaged in some religious duties which did not prevent his writing an impudent letter to London, authorizing the prosecution of several journals for "touching his reputation." The Duke of Wharton, we are amusingly told, "was looked upon in the convent for a devotee. He talked so well upon all points of religion, that the pious fathers beheld him with admiration. They thought themselves happy in having among them a man so remarkable for his quality, fine understanding, and, as it now seemed to them, exemplary life; they esteemed him little less than a

saint, and if his conduct had not been the most regular in the world before this, they found in him such lively tokens of repentance, and so thorough a conversion of manners, that they imputed the change to a peculiar and immediate act of Providence, and valued the blessing accordingly."* The worthy fathers, if they indulged in any such hopeful hallucinations, soon found out their mistake. When he left them he was all the worse for his retirement, but not a whit the more unhappy. His friendly apologist says of him at this period: "His heart was as cheerful and gay as it had ever been in his most prosperous fortune, so that I may say with truth, that he was the merriest undone man in Europe. The poverty of his circumstances proved a fund of inexhaustible humor; an empty bottle was the subject of many a dry joke, and the want of a dinner seemed to whet more his wit than his stomach."

The anecdotes of his life in France furnish ample materials for farce. On one occasion, at St. Germain's, he borrowed the coach of a nobleman on business of the first importance, and induced the owner to ride with him in the night to Paris. He secured with the utmost haste "the music" of the opera, and packed the half-dozen performers off with him in a coach and four on his return, which he accomplished by five in the morning, just in time for a serenade to some young ladies, the end of the affair being, that his noble Irish friend was compelled to lend him twenty-five Louis d'ors to pay the players for the night's adventures. He seems to have understood perfectly the humor of Irish gentlemen; for he diddled another, who invited him to celebrate a *fête* in costume, out of a splendid credit on his tailor. One of his companions who followed him up in this portion of his career describes himself as "one whisked up behind a witch upon a broomstick," and regrets that this shining light of the House of Lords, who had held listening senates in applause, should have descended so low as to weary out his pot companions, — "for you know," adds this observant and philosophical friend, "he is but a bad orator in his cups, and of late he has been but seldom sober."

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* Memoirs of the Life of his Grace, Philip, late Duke of Wharton, by an Impartial Hand. 1731.

The Duke had a literary *penchant*, his early education and that boyish acquaintance with Horace not having entirely deserted him. He used to admire the Beggar's Opera, and gave his graceless chums rich names from that ready storehouse. He once set about a translation of Telemaque, and worked so hard at it the first day, that he would without doubt have finished it if he had not forgotten it the next morning. His last work was penning a few scenes of a tragedy on Mary Queen of Scots. But he was interrupted by a graver occupation; his own life tragi-comedy was now closing prematurely. Utterly worn out and exhausted, he was picked up by some charitable Bernardine fathers in a village in Spain, and carried to their convent, where his spirits revived for the moment under their kindness, and he was enabled, it is said, to die penitently. Thus, at the age of thirty-two, in the year 1731, the noble British duke was buried among the poor monks of an humble Spanish convent.

There are two ways of forming an estimate of a man. One, which is much affected in the criticism of the present day, is to accept the circumstances of life as the great motives and palliatives of conduct; the other, of a more rigorous school of morals, is to test the essential manhood by its control and formation of circumstances. Wharton would fare badly under either treatment. His education and position gave every inducement to virtue. The evil was in himself; for he had to take extraordinary pains to invert the relations into which he was thrown. One hundredth part of the labor expended on his crooked Spanish and French courses would have made his a great and honored name in the history of his country. His temperament must have been singularly unhappy. His life is a constant lesson of the danger of activity of mind when unrestrained by sound principle. A good portrait by Jervis is prefixed to the edition of his writings. It shows an open, sensuous expression of countenance, but with that softness which the acute painter of human nature, Hogarth, has depicted in the face of the Rake in the celebrated Progress.

Young's intimacy with this man makes an important phase in his character. In 1722, Young dedicated his tragedy of

Revenge "to his Grace the Duke of Wharton," in such terms of fulsome panegyric as he often employed, which procured for him an impalement in a couplet of Swift, and which have awakened the manly indignation of every one of his biographers. At the time of this dedication the Duke was in his twenty-third year, having sown a very large crop of those wild oats which he was always scattering about Europe, and in the eyes of all virtuous and sensible men. The nature of the harvest was sufficiently apparent. If there was a man in England capable of understanding him and his position, it was Young. He turns his knowledge to account by celebrating the great glory to which he had attained by his grace and eloquence in Parliament. He tells him that now, "at an age which in some well-constituted states would exclude him their grand council, having finished a reputation," (could Young have been ironical and heaped insult to his friend upon injury to the public?) "in that of Great Britain," if he goes on "in proportion to his first degree of glory," he need not thank posterity for ranking him among the greatest men the nation has produced, and ("unkindest cut of all") even "though his great father be in the number of them." Then he is pictured to us as a model of disinterested public virtue, saving the ship of state while others are endeavoring to wreck her and swim ashore on the ruins; and then we see him at home, the most ingenious, sweet, and laborious scholar, quite a model of amiable scholastic virtue. But that is not all. He has been so generous to Young himself, — "my present fortune is his bounty, and my future his care," — that Young even with his richly endowed vocabulary despairs of expressing his obligations in words, and "begs leave to refer him to the whole future course of his life for his sense of them." Alas for the constancy of human resolutions! When Young published the edition of his works in 1762, he saw fit to omit the dedication entirely, though he was not over-fastidious in preserving some other things. He was compelled to admit to the world in that dedication that his Grace had enemies, but he adds, with the *naïveté* of a thorough-bred courtier: "Nor am I sorry for it. All shining accomplishments will be for ever either loved or envied," — and so forth, in the best English and

worst obsequiousness. The year before, Young had received from Wharton six hundred pounds, in compensation for not entering the Church and availing himself of two livings in the gift of his college, but on the contrary preferring relations of sycophancy to his Grace. He had previously been with him in Ireland, and been endowed with an annuity; he afterwards received another of a hundred pounds; and when he published his "Universal Passion," Wharton is said to have given him two thousand pounds for it.

When this bounty and the best years of his life were gone, and he had made the most of the world, Young turned state's evidence against its follies, published his Satires, and warned the public of the vices of Lorenzo.

The antecedents of the poet, to adopt the fashionable phrase of the day, did not altogether justify this life about town of Young's first forty years. His father, the Dean of Sarum, was a most estimable divine. He was chaplain to the royal pair; published two volumes of sermons which Sterne, who always stole what was worth stealing from books, pilfered for his own discourses; and at his death was honored by a handsome eulogy in his cathedral church from the lips of Bishop Burnet. The father's character procured for Young a choice of fellowships at Oxford. He shortly threw himself upon his own resources as a political hanger-on and man of letters, preferring the company of Wharton, as we have seen, to the Church. He seems to have carried a conscience about with him, however, and some reminiscences of his father's pulpit; for we find him at college disputing with such rank infidels as Tindal, on the side of Christianity, and afterwards throwing in among his plays such serious mixtures as "The Last Day" (a premonitory symptom of the Night Thoughts published thirty years later), and a poem on Lady Jane Grey, with at least a devout title, "The Force of Religion." The latter was written in 1713, when Young was thirty-two. In 1719 he issued his "Paraphrase on Part of the Book of Job," a production of sinewy strength, though one of his recent critics, Dr. Doran, taking advantage of the preliminary note, thinks that it "betrays the author's growing intercourse with the playhouse and theatrical people. He speaks

in the very spirit of a stage-manager when he alludes to having added a mountain, a comet, and the sun, besides a peacock and a lion, to the properties already employed in the Scriptural drama. Nay, we recognize the very manner of a modern manager, when the author, magnificently scorning to ask the indulgence of the audience for his omissions, additions, and transpositions, complacently addresses himself to the judicious, and confidently asks from them the sanction of their applause." But whatever may be said of theatrical effect, there are many proofs of Young's instinct of sublimity in this poem. The entire description of Behemoth is in the author's strongest "concatenated style," and Collins has borrowed one of the finest incidents of his Eclogues, the printed feet of the lion in the desert, from a still finer line in this Paraphrase. Busiris, the bombastic Busiris, Young's first tragedy, was acted in 1719; and Revenge, in the same year. The Satires, reeking with the wickedness of the world, came along six years afterwards, when the author was forty-four. An Installation Ode procured him, in 1726, a pension of two hundred pounds from George I. When he had finished the Satires and disposed of the world, he took orders in the Church. One of his first honors in this quarter was his chaplaincy to George II., in the exercise of the duties of which, in St. James's Palace, he was on one occasion so seriously affected by finding his whole audience asleep, that he burst into tears in the pulpit. Not long after this, he secured from his college the living of Welwyn in Hertfordshire, where he passed the remainder of his life in a retirement, which, we fear, was quite compulsory, but with a dignity and solemnity, which, as expressed in the Night Thoughts, will always fascinate the attention of the world. We are sorry to find that it was about the period of his entrance upon clerical life, or perhaps later, which would make the matter worse, that Young addressed a very humble letter, begging for court favor, to Mrs. Howard, the royal mistress.

At Welwyn, Young married and assumed those domestic relations, the breaking up of which was to give poignancy to so many passages of the Night Thoughts, and to supply "Lucia, Narcissa fair, Philander." The passage descriptive

of the burial, at Montpelier, of his favorite Mrs. Temple, his wife's daughter by her first husband, for whom,

"With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole,"

remains, — a burst of indignation still echoed in public meetings and government expostulations against the inhospitable priestcraft of Europe, which, after the lapse of more than a century, "in the cursed ungodliness of zeal," denies the privilege of public worship to the living and the rites of burial to the dead. Young's step-daughter was buried in a common field, now within the inclosure of the Botanic Garden, where a brief Latin inscription tells the story, —

"Manibus Narcissæ Placatis."

The husband of Narcissa, the Philander of the poem, survived this event four years; and shortly after, Young's own wife, the "Lucia," followed to the tomb. "Insatiate archer!" shrieks the poet to the King of Terrors, "would not one suffice?" As for Lorenzo, he has the credit of being a reminiscence of the Duke of Wharton. So he may have been in some particulars, but that personage is quite too much in demand to be any one individual. We suspect him to be a generic representation of this present world, kept by Young conveniently at his elbow, as the famous Sarah Gamp's still more famous Mrs. Harris.

The Night Thoughts were published in separate books, from 1741 to 1745. The poet meanwhile had grown old, and had settled down into a character at Welwyn. He was occasionally sought out by literary ladies and travelling critics, who were struck by the sublimity of his conversation. In 1753 he put upon the stage at Drury Lane his tragedy of "The Brothers," the proceeds of which he made up to a thousand pounds and gave to the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." In 1754 he sent forth a satirical attack in prose upon infidelity, — "Centaur not Fabulous," — the idea of which was, that the race of mingled man and beast was not extinct in the world. The preface is witty, but so plain-spoken an account of wickedness that it is not quotable at the present day. In 1759, when Young was seventy-eight, he published a prose "Essay on Original Composition," which has

been considered a masterpiece for that period of life, which is more than can be said of the feeble poem of "Resignation" that concluded his labors in print. He died in 1765, at the age of eighty-four. In his latter days he was imperiously henpecked by a domineering housekeeper, a type of the not unfrequent viragoes of that description; and an affecting story is told of his estrangement from his son in his last years, chargeable in the first instance to the management of the said Mrs. Hallows. Yet he sent a message to that son on his death-bed, saying that his bodily pains were too great to see him with composure, but that he would find himself remembered in his will; for he never meant to carry his displeasure to the grave.

Such was the life of Edward Young, — a curious contrast of worldliness and piety, of luxury and devotion, plays mixed with sermons, profligates with angels, and dross with stars. The statue of Young, if one half of gold, rests below upon baser metal. Noble instincts were always strong within him; but the world, to the end, divided, in different degrees, his affection with the Church. A dramatist himself, his own life offered violent dramatic contrasts. His style, which is the image of the man, is as eccentric as his life. His description of death is vivacity itself, and his muse shows us the depth of the grave while dancing on its edge. His poetry warns the world of the folly of building below the skies, while he is seeking to establish himself by the help of the wickedness of earth. His portrait, leering sideways on the world, has a very suspicious look for saintship. The most simple-hearted and most earnest-minded men cannot be his greatest admirers. His studies of life want variety and repose. He is somewhat too much in glare and gas-light. Theologically regarded, the topics of his poem are disproportionately treated. He dwells too much upon single arguments. His writings may frighten a sinner, but they will hardly construct a saint.

Yet we cannot part with Young without anew expressing our admiration of his genius and our sympathy with the solemn humors of the man. If he was not exactly of the stuff out of which heroes and martyrs are made, his life and writings furnish matter enough to touch us with tender apprecia-

tion. As readers grow older, they probably find more which comes home to them in Young. The world then has a hollow sound, which echoes to their own hearts the satirical mockery of the poet's verses. They too would fain sing at heaven's gate, and exult in the hope of immortality. Old men are Young's best readers. Nor should it be forgotten how much the pulpit owes to the Night Thoughts, — how often the listless attention of the somnolent audience has been roused by the momentary thunder of their startling appeals. Many a dull sermon has been suddenly invigorated by an apt quotation from the rector of Welwyn. If his associations, as we have seen, were at times at war with his convictions, we should remember that his experience may have been necessary to supply his eloquence, and that it is not easy to understand how a man can write with such accurate knowledge of the world, who has not lived in it. As Dr. Johnson said in a similar case, "he must not be too hastily condemned." Satire and profligacy-painting argue an acquaintance with strange company, but, it may be, not a very close participation in their habits. When Young retired from the world he cultivated "a melancholy of his own," as the philosophic Jaques claimed for himself. We fancy him out at night with the stars, or walking among the devices and inscriptions of his garden, or contemplating his literary achievements in his library, — feeling there, too, that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." It is a dark heart that will not be moved by the growing solitariness of Young, and his pains and penalties of age, as he retires farther and farther from his once brilliant world of youth and that hard-living eighteenth century. It is a weak imagination which will not rise with him on his sounding strains to the contemplation of the world unseen.

ART. II. — *The Life of* HARMAN BLENNERHASSETT. *Comprising an Authentic Narrative of the Burr Expedition; and containing many additional Facts, not heretofore published.* By WILLIAM H. SAFFORD. Cincinnati. 1853. 12mo. pp. 239.

AARON BURR was born at Newark, New Jersey, on the 6th of February, 1756. His father, a divine of eminence, was the first President of Princeton College; his maternal grandfather, Jonathan Edwards, the metaphysician, was the second President. Burr gave early indications of talent, and was graduated with distinction at the age of sixteen. The Revolution, just opening, aroused the enthusiasm of all the ardent youth of the country. It reached its crisis when the battle of Lexington was fought, on the 19th of April, 1775; and Burr, in company with many others, in the following July, joined the American army at Cambridge. Quebec, the most important fortress on the Canadian frontier, was at that time the stronghold of the British at the North. An expedition for its capture was projected by Arnold. It was generally conceived to be a desperate project: the winter would set in before the troops could reach the St. Lawrence; Maine at that time was a perfect wilderness, and its dark pine-forests were supposed to be almost impenetrable; but Arnold was firm, and Burr, eager for excitement and martial glory, proposed to join the expedition.

They marched from Cambridge on the 14th of September. After sixty or seventy days of incredible toil, they effected a junction with Montgomery, then commanding that portion of our army stationed on the St. Lawrence. The combined forces made an attack, under cover of a snow-storm, on the morning of the 31st of December. The result was disastrous to the Americans. They were repulsed; and Montgomery fell, mortally wounded, into the arms of Burr, who conducted himself throughout the march and attack as a skilful tactician and a courageous man. Recommended to the esteem of Washington by his gallant bearing on this occasion, he received an appointment near the person of the Commander-in-chief. A few weeks were sufficient to arouse distrust on one

side and aversion on the other. The circumstances of this affair are yet involved in mystery; but until a satisfactory explanation is produced, his sudden departure must reflect upon the character of Burr. Washington was never hasty, and seldom incorrect in his judgment; and from that period he declared that his confidence in Burr was for ever destroyed. He afterwards refused to sanction his nomination as Ambassador to France.

Burr was about to quit the service; but, at the solicitation of Hancock, he joined the staff of General Putnam, and exhibited his usual intrepidity at the battle of Long Island Heights, and the subsequent night's retreat to New York. He served in the army, with the rank of colonel, until March, 1777, and was considered a faithful, brave, and efficient officer.

Under the plea of ill health, he handed in his commission, stating the reasons which induced him to resign it. The reply of Washington was courteous, but laconic. He regretted the loss which the service would sustain by the absence of Burr, and also the cause which rendered his absence necessary, and closed by notifying him that, when he found it convenient to transmit a settlement of his public accounts, the resignation would receive a final acceptance. Although Burr's promotion had been commensurate with his services, we have good reason to believe that his resignation was partially induced by a feeling that he had been slighted. Burr had sided with Gates and Lee against Washington, when the rupture took place during the winter of 1777–8, at Valley Forge; and he felt that his conduct during this affair would do nothing toward ameliorating the early impressions that Washington had formed against him. Not powerful enough to supplant him, and too proud to endeavor to conciliate his esteem, he determined to escape the overshadowing influence of Washington's command and popularity.

Shortly after his retirement, he married the widow of Colonel Prevost, of the British army, studied law, and was admitted to the bar at Albany. The Revolutionary war was now drawing to a close; the preliminary treaties of peace were signed; and in the autumn of 1783, New York having been evacuated by the British soldiery, Burr removed to that city, where his legal

skill and sagacity soon gained for him an extensive practice. Upon removing to New York, he had joined the ranks of the Federalists, whom his chances of promotion afterward induced him to desert. He was not the man to scruple at a political somerset, and finally gave in his adhesion to the Democratic, then called the Republican party. He was appointed Attorney-General, then Judge of the Supreme Court of New York, then chosen United States Senator. He took his seat in the Senate in the autumn of 1791. He opposed the measures of his former coadjutors with an energetic spirit, and was considered the member of the opposition most capable of counteracting the ascendency of Hamilton, the illustrious leader of the Federalists. He took an active part in supporting the contested seat of Albert Gallatin. He opposed the appointment of Chief Justice Jay as Ambassador to England, and also the treaty with that country, negotiated by Mr. Jay after his appointment; but his party was in the minority, and he was unsuccessful in all the measures which he advocated. The style of his oratory was precisely opposite to that of Hamilton, his great competitor. Burr reasoned; Hamilton speculated. Burr's manner was cool, compact, and destitute of all rhetorical embellishment; Hamilton's was impetuous, and his diction of Ciceronian splendor.

At the expiration of Burr's term in the Senate, he was elected a member of the State Assembly for the City of New York. In the mean time, the administration of Mr. Adams was drawing to a close; and, having performed the duties of his responsible office to the satisfaction of his own party, he was nominated for re-election. Mr. Pinckney, of South Carolina, was substituted upon the new ticket for Thomas Jefferson, the then Vice-President, who now headed the ranks of a distinct and powerful party. Jefferson dissented from the financial system of Hamilton, which had been adopted by the Federalists. He advocated a curtailment of the privileges of the judiciary, rotation in office, and State sovereignty. Jefferson and Burr were the nominees of the Republicans. The result of a Presidential election, at that time, promised to be such as would necessarily carry out the wishes of the great mass of the people; but the contest of 1800 subjected the

election laws to a practical test which clearly demonstrated the contrary. It was perfectly understood that Jefferson was the choice of the Republicans for the Presidency. Ordinary care would have secured his choice by the vote of the Electors. The Constitution declared that each State should appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof might direct, a number of Electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State might be entitled in Congress. These constituted the Electoral College, each member of which voted by ballot for two persons. The person receiving the greatest number of votes was declared President, provided such number was a majority of the Electors appointed. If there were more than one having such a majority and an equal number of votes, the election devolved upon the House of Representatives, voting by States. A quorum for this purpose consisted of the Representatives from two thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States was requisite for a choice. Adams was the Presidential candidate of his party, and one Federal Elector withheld his vote from Mr. Pinckney, in order to secure the majority of Adams. From some misunderstanding or blunder, such a precaution was neglected by the Republicans; and when the electoral votes were unsealed by Jefferson, as presiding officer of the Senate, in the presence of both houses of Congress, Burr unexpectedly found himself elevated to a competitorship for the first office in the gift of the nation. It was a dizzy eminence, and might have subjected the principles of a more virtuous man to a severe test. Burr had no small claim upon the gratitude of his party. They had appointed him to offices calling for the display of integrity and talent; he had certainly filled them with marked ability, and, so far as we know, with perfect uprightness. Whatever might be the result of the approaching contest, the Democratic President would owe his election to the instrumentality of Burr. In the election for President in 1796, New York had cast a Federal vote; since then, Burr's influence had won ascendency for his own party, reversed the vote of the Electors, and (as in the memorable contest of 1844, the national result depending upon the vote of New York) secured victory to the Republicans. His position was now unpre-

cedented, yet there was but one course for a high-minded man to pursue. Purely entitled to accident for the place he occupied, he should have instantly disclaimed all competitorship for the office intended for another. Burr was at Albany whilst the election was pending. The votes were unsealed on the 11th of February, 1801. On the 16th of December previous, Burr had written to Senator Smith, of Maryland, thus: "It is highly improbable that I shall have an equal number of votes with Mr. Jefferson; but if such should be the result, every man who knows me ought to know that I would utterly disclaim all competition. Be assured, that the Republicans can entertain no wish for such an exchange. As to my friends, they would dishonor my views and insult my feelings by a suspicion that I would submit to be instrumental in counteracting the wishes and expectations of the people of the United States; *and I now constitute you my proxy to declare these sentiments, if the occasion shall require.*"

The Federal party in the House of Representatives had a numerical, though not a State majority. Burr had lately defeated and long since deserted them. But they had less to fear from his election than from that of Mr. Jefferson. The Federalists, in this dilemma, embraced the lesser evil, and when the contest came on, Burr was placed at the head of a formidable and dangerous opposition. The representatives determined to vote day and night without adjournment, until an election was effected; and for thirty-five ballotings Burr was supported by the united strength of the Federal party. The Republicans were equally inexorable. At that time there were sixteen States in the confederacy, the vote of nine, therefore, being requisite for a choice. From the first to the thirty-fifth ballot, Jefferson received the vote of eight, Burr of six, while two were divided, either of whose respective votes could have terminated the contest, and they were controlled by General Morris, of Vermont, and Mr. Bayard, of Delaware. The period of Adams's administration was near its close, and had these gentlemen persisted in their opposition, and dared to assume such a responsibility, they might have prevented the election of a new President; for the adherents of Burr were firm, and those of Jefferson would never have yielded. Deeply

impressed with the necessity and justice of giving way to the wishes of the nation, the Federalists were yet determined to negotiate for terms of capitulation; and upon their being assured, from a reliable source, that important principles of the Federal policy would be recognized by the administration of Jefferson, the election was brought to a close, upon the thirty-sixth ballot, by Mr. Bayard, who, by withdrawing his opposition, changed the vote of Delaware, and terminated the protracted contest, Burr, according to the then existing provisions of the Constitution, being declared Vice-President.

It was supposed that Burr might have secured his election by a mortgage of executive patronage; and it was inconceivable to the public that such an opening had escaped the practised eye of that consummate political gamester, who had been trained in the labyrinthine mazes of New York politics, which, more than half a century since, acquired the complicate nature they have always retained. Burr's principles were not so rigid as to have recoiled from corruption; but there is no evidence whatever that it was employed. He was known to have resorted to dishonorable artifice when little was to be gained, and now that so splendid a prize was at stake, it was highly probable that his customary chicanery would be employed. The darkest rumors were circulated, and, unfortunately, the previous conduct of Burr had been such as to justify suspicion and give a speciousness to the charge. Jefferson never forgave him; and his subsequent treatment of his defeated rival was utterly unworthy of the statesman and philosopher. Burr entered upon the duties of his new office with the reputation of a baffled intriguer. The culpable silence he always preserved under just or unjust imputation has been his most formidable accuser. Before a legal tribunal, the want of conclusive testimony of guilt justifies an assumption of innocence; but at the bar of public opinion, a man who fails to repel suspicion and reproach virtually indorses the correctness of the popular verdict. Burr's reputation was injured, but not irretrievably; we confidently believe that upon this occasion he suffered unmerited obloquy. Yet future rectitude would have reinstated him, for justice will gain the ascendant as inevitably as the tide that ebbs will flow

in its appointed course; and lapse of time might have varnished over this imputed blot upon his escutcheon, had not an unhappy event which was shortly to follow led to the resuscitation of every error he had ever committed. There was no possibility of his re-election to the Vice-Presidency; but his local influence in New York was great, he could depend for State appointments upon the support of a powerful party, and while still presiding over the Senate, in 1804, he was nominated for the Governorship of New York.

The influence of Alexander Hamilton was, at that period, perhaps greater than any single man has ever exercised in the State. Though not the opposing candidate, he threw the whole weight of his power into the Federal scale, and supported that cause with all the fiery impetuosity of his nature. Washington had long since declared Burr a dangerous and unprincipled man. Hamilton's conviction of his baseness was equally firm and immutable. He denounced him in philippics of scathing bitterness, as a profligate libertine and an infamous traitor to every principle of honor, integrity, and patriotism. The canvassing was conducted with a fierceness which threatened to end in violence and bloodshed. It lost its political character, and assumed a tone of personal animosity unworthy of the noble accuser, and terribly fatal in its results. Other politicians had denounced Burr with equal bitterness; but Hamilton was no ordinary antagonist, — he had been the evil genius of Burr's life, the friend of Washington whom he hated, the leader of a party which he had betrayed. Hamilton had been the chief obstacle to his promotion at every step of his career, his early competitor at the bar and in the Senate. When Burr made his fierce onslaught upon Jay's treaty, Hamilton had stood forth as the ablest defender of the executive policy, and finally had been instrumental in Burr's defeat for the Presidency. These offences were not to be overlooked. Burr had a keen sense of personal dignity. Eclipsed by his superior talents, and stung by his indignant rebukes, he challenged his accuser.

Hamilton reluctantly yielded an assent, and at sunrise on the 10th of July, 1804, in the forest of Weehawken, opposite New York, overlooking the beautiful Hudson, by the hand of

an assassin, perished a man in whom integrity and splendid talents were signally blended. Even those politicians who dissented from the theories of the limited monarchist acknowledged that his faults were those of a noble nature, and that the errors he committed were owing to the fiery vehemence of a lofty and an ardent mind. Terrible as was the result, more terrible still was the ensuing retribution. When it first became known throughout the country that Hamilton had been sacrificed by such an antagonist, the nation broke forth in execrations of indignant rebuke. Burr was denounced from the pulpit, shunned in public places, and completely ostracized in the private circles of which he had lately been the model and the ornament. The inconsistency is a strange one, that the very tribunal from the fear of whose condemnatory verdict many a duellist has gone forth to the field, instead of greeting the victor on his return from the conflict, refused the bloody hand, and proscribed for ever the unhappy man that had yielded to its exactions. Other men have engaged in similar affairs with no comparative injury to their fame. Society occasionally punishes by decimation, and one is made to suffer the penalty of a crime of which ten are guilty. Better men than Burr have been the objects of popular caprice; and more than one abject creature has been tired of hearing Aristides called "The Just." But nothing of the kind can be urged in extenuation of the present instance, and we must look elsewhere for a solution of the obloquy which Burr now found himself condemned to endure. Any one who will read the correspondence preliminary to the duel, will be satisfied that the death of Hamilton was the culmination of a purpose deliberately contrived and systematically carried out on the part of his antagonist. He felt that the limits of this country were too circumscribed for the presence of Hamilton and himself. The affair was conducted on the part of Burr with coolness and premeditation; he made unreasonable exactions, to which no honorable man could accede; and his memory was burdened with the foul deed for thirty-two years, without his uttering one sentiment of compunction or regret.

Burr thought it expedient to absent himself from the immediate scene of popular indignation, and travelled in the South-

western States until the meeting of Congress in the autumn. His term expired in the following spring. Mr. Jefferson was re-elected President; Mr. Clinton, of New York, was chosen Vice-President. Burr delivered a valedictory upon his retirement from office. Such an occasion had always been one of interest; but upon this occasion it is said to have been impressive beyond former example. The Senate contained at that period a constellation of talent, to find whose parallel we must come down to the time of the immortal triumvirate so recently removed. The lobbies were crowded in expectation of the event. There were to be seen side by side the stately dignity of beautiful women, and the noble bearing of accomplished and high-spirited men. Burr, the duellist politician, did not command the sympathies of his audience; but his talents were extraordinary, and his oratory, though not brilliant, possessed an earnestness, point, and energetic vigor, which to an enlightened audience are far more attractive than the studied graces of the mere elocutionist. He adverted to the kindly amenities which he had experienced from the members. He recommended a rigid adherence to the most trivial points of decorum and order, and urged them to maintain the dignity, which he had endeavored to inculcate by precept and example, so requisite for legislative bodies, and commensurate with the high position of Senators. In closing, he challenged their attention to considerations more momentous than any which regarded merely personal honor and character. He told them in the most earnest and impressive manner: "This house is a sanctuary and a citadel of law, of order, of liberty; and it is here — it is here, in this exalted refuge — here, if anywhere, will resistance be made to the storms of popular frenzy and the silent arts of corruption; and if the Constitution be destined ever to perish by the sacrilegious hands of the demagogue and the usurper, which may God avert, its expiring agonies will be witnessed on this floor." Thus closed his valedictory. He neglected to vindicate his reputation, and the public construed that neglect into the sullen contumacy of guilt. All the avenues of honorable distinction were now closed against him, and his lot was thenceforth to be cast with that of the adventurer and the outlaw; but ignominy and

disgrace could not extinguish the ambition which had carried off the honors of Princeton, and the energy which had penetrated the forests of Maine. He could hope for no executive appointment under the administration of Jefferson. Hated by the Republicans for having nearly defeated their champion, hated by the Federalists for having slain their idol, stung by the rebukes of a justly indignant community, he angrily turned to projects as reprehensible as the annals of ill-regulated ambition have ever recorded.

Far away, toward the tropics, lay an extensive and magnificent empire. Rumor had invested it with the wealth of some fabulous El Dorado. Its climate was mild and genial, its soil of spontaneous fertility, and its mineral wealth had long poured a silver stream into the treasury of Spain. No ordinary share of the blessings of this planet had been vouchsafed by nature to Mexico, but with those blessings appeared to have been mingled a curse; and, possessing all the natural elements of national greatness, — a territory of immense extent, and a soil no less productive than that of Belgium or France, — she held no position among the nations. That beautiful country was inhabited by a degenerate race. There were to be found in contemptible perfection the fierce vices and the abject pusillanimity of the coward, the bigot, and the slave. No trace remained of the ancient civilization of the Aztecs, whose character and polity, though rugged and cruel, were not entirely destitute of ennobling attributes. An ignoble submission to a foreign yoke now extinguished every vestige of nationality. They languished under the despotism of their Spanish masters, and were kept in cringing subjection by the weak arm of an inefficient and profligate soldiery. The state revenues were monopolized by tyrannical viceroys, and by a church already rich in everything but those principles of enlightenment which are the origin of national prosperity and power. Commercial stagnation, ignorance, and superstition told of civil discord and the dominion of the Jesuit. The government had become a stake for political gamesters. The vice-regal palace was a Gehenna of pollution, and those creeping reptiles, the intriguers for office, without integrity or talent, rioted in the corruptions of the body politic. Such was the condition of

this unhappy land, when a new Cortez was meditating the seizure of what prosperity and power remained to its inhabitants. The project of its revolution had at one time been considered expedient in the highest diplomatic circles of Washington. Miranda, in 1797, had sounded Hamilton concerning a similar enterprise in South America. The British ministry had seconded his views, and was to supply a fleet; the United States was to furnish the invading army. The scheme had been discountenanced by the President, and abandoned, but the affair had given direction to the public mind.

Burr now turned his thoughts to the conquest of Mexico, and with no unreasonable hopes of success. The government was weak and unstable, like all governments not founded upon the interest or affection of its subjects. The daring conspirator possessed, in an eminent degree, those qualities of intellect and bearing which would have enlisted the admiration, and a force of will which would have curbed the outbreak, of the abject nation which he aspired to control. His marvellous talents for intrigue and persuasion were now brought into full play for the accomplishment of his designs. By touching upon the interest, ambition, or philanthropy of those he wished to enlist, he presented the plan to each in its most plausible and attractive shape. To the avaricious, he would point to the mines of Potosi, and hold up to miserly eyes a vision of booty not less splendid than that with which a Peruvian Inca had essayed to purchase his life; to the ardent and imaginative mind of youth, he would offer a prospect of distinction and martial glory, sounding titles of office, the dazzling insignia of orders, and all the gorgeous pomp and ceremonial of a splendid court; while he would gain the sympathies of prudent age and discretion, by the hope of regenerating a downtrodden people, of diverting into their legitimate channels the ample resources of agriculture and commerce which were now stagnant from the oppressive restrictions of a narrow-minded colonial policy, and establishing a free and independent government over one of the fairest portions of America, whose advantages to the civilized world would be immediate and inestimable. No man could present these allurements with more skill or argumentative force than Aaron Burr.

In 1797, an Irishman had fled, with his family and fortune, from the political agitations of his native land. He had purchased an island on the Ohio, the most beautiful of Western rivers, and there surrounded himself with all that could minister to the enjoyment of a refined and cultivated taste. Burr found in this retired scholar a valuable accomplice for his purposes. His fortune was ample, his nature was pacific and averse to the excitement of war, and it was in the pursuit of quiet and seclusion that he had sought a home in the Western wilderness. To such a person the ordinary allurements of wealth and distinction would have been held forth with little success by most men; but the persuasions of Burr were irresistible. Herman Blennerhassett was no match for that consummate master of all the arts of diplomacy; and, in a short time, the ascendency of Burr was complete.

General Wilkinson was at that time commander-in-chief of the American army stationed in the Louisiana Territory, and his coöperation was requisite for the success of the enterprise; for he commanded the pass of the Mississippi at New Orleans, and Burr would derive an important advantage from the assistance of Wilkinson, in being able to hold it out to the scrupulous as an evidence of the tacit sanction of the government to his design. Burr was desperate, and would have dared approach any man of known integrity who could have aided him; but the virtue of Wilkinson was not supposed to be incorruptible. Stationed upon the border of the Spanish provinces, and intrusted with the defence of our Southern frontier, popular report had accused him of being the pensioner of the Spanish viceroy, in Mexico. He was distrusted by Jefferson, and had reason to believe that he was in danger of court-martial and displacement. Burr rightly supposed that a man of lax principles would not be unwilling to exchange an office he held by so uncertain a tenure, for the prospect of greater emolument and almost supreme command of the armies of a military despotism.

Burr proceeded from Blennerhassett's Island down the Ohio, to Fort Massac, near its junction with the Mississippi. He spent several days with Wilkinson, who was stationed there; and we have every reason to believe that the result of this

conference was a promise, on the part of the commander-in-chief, of his own coöperation and that of the American army. Our relations with Spain were at that time very unsettled, and the strong probability of a war gave a plausible coloring to the preparations of Burr. This was held out to the pioneers of the Southwest, whom he designed to engage. The usual sagacity of Burr did not forsake him. To have presented his unlawful design in its real nakedness to the mass of his followers, would have been greatly to misconceive the character of those he had undertaken to seduce. They were an impulsive and high-spirited people, the outbreaks of whose temper contrasted strangely with the cool mental equipoise of the North. There was in their nature a patriotism, perhaps not unmingled with an eagerness for excitement, which would have taken up arms upon the first declaration of war with Spain; but one element of that very patriotism was a loyalty which would have revolted from a scheme unsanctioned by the Federal government, and would have been little disposed to assist in, or even connive at, the ambitious projects of a disappointed political adventurer.

For security against the suspicious eyes of his enemies, who were both numerous and influential, Burr gave out, to account for his presence in the Southwest, that he proposed cutting a canal around the Falls of the Ohio at Louisville, and was engaged in land speculation on the Washita. Blennerhassett was superintending the construction of barges for transports down the Mississippi, whilst Burr travelled in the Southwest, enlisting recruits for his enterprise.

The Romish Bishop of Louisiana was informed of the scheme, which was also confided to the Superior of the Ursuline Convent of New Orleans. They undertook to secure the coöperation of the Mexican Jesuits. The network of preparation now began to assume a strength and unity which gave the fairest promise of ultimate success.

General Dayton was also a conspirator; and on the 16th of July, 1807, he writes to Wilkinson thus: —

"It is now well ascertained that you are to be displaced next session. Jefferson will pretend to yield reluctantly to the public sentiment; but yield he will; prepare yourself, therefore, for it. You know the rest.

You are not the man to despair, or even despond, especially when such prospects offer in another quarter. Are you ready? Are your numerous associates ready? Wealth and glory! Louisiana and Mexico!!"

Again he writes thus:—

"As you are said to have removed your head-quarters down the river, and there is a report that the Spanish intercept our mails, which pass necessarily through the territory occupied by them in order to reach you, I think proper to address you in cipher, that the contents may be concealed from the Dons, if they make so free as to open the letters. Everything, and even Heaven itself, seems to have conspired to prepare the train for a grand explosion. Are you also ready? For I know you flinch not when a great object is in view. Your present is more favorable than your late position; and as you can retain it without suspicion or alarm, you ought by no means to retire from it until your friends join you in December, somewhere on the river Mississippi. Under the auspices of Burr and Wilkinson, I shall be happy to engage; and when the time arrives, you will find me near you. Write and inform me by first mail what may be expected of you and your associates. In an enterprise of such moment, considerations even stronger than affection impel me to desire your cordial coöperation and active support."

Burr writes to Wilkinson two days afterwards, by a confidential messenger, thus:—

"I, Aaron Burr, have obtained funds, and have actually commenced the enterprise. Detachments from various points, and under different pretences, will rendezvous on the Ohio, 1st November. Everything external and internal favors our views: protection of England is secured; T—— is going to Jamaica, to arrange with the admiral at that station. It will meet on the Mississippi. England, — Navy of the United States is ready to join, and final orders are given to my friends and followers. It will be a host of choice spirits. Wilkinson shall be second to Burr only. Wilkinson shall dictate the rank and promotion of his officers. Burr will proceed westward, 1st August, never to return; with him goes his daughter; the husband will follow in October with a corps of worthies. Send forthwith an intelligent and confidential friend, with whom Burr may confer; he shall return immediately with further interesting details. This is essential to concert and harmony of movement. Send a list of all persons known to Wilkinson west of the mountains, who may be useful, with a note delineating their characters.

"By your messenger send me four or five of the commissions of your

officers, which you can borrow under any pretence you please. They shall be returned faithfully. Already are orders to the contractors given to forward six months' provisions to points Wilkinson may name. These shall not be used until the last moment, and then under proper injunctions. The project is brought to the point so long desired. Burr guarantees the result with his life and honor, with the lives, the honor, and fortune of hundreds, the best blood of our country. Burr's plan of operation is to move down rapidly from the falls on the 15th of November, with the first five hundred or one thousand men, in light boats now constructing for that purpose, to be at Natchez between the 5th and 15th of December, then to meet Wilkinson, then to determine whether it will be expedient in the first instance to seize on or pass by Baton Rouge. On receipt of this send an answer, and draw on Burr for all expenses. The people of the country to which we are going are prepared to receive us. Their agents now with Burr say, that if we will protect their religion, and will not subject them to a foreign power, in three weeks all will be settled. The gods invite to glory and fortune: it remains to be seen whether we deserve the boon."

These letters were written in a cipher known to all three of the parties, Dayton, Wilkinson, and Burr. The organization was not so widely extended as the hints thrown out might lead us to suppose. It is impossible to ascertain, or even approximate to, the number of adventurers whom Burr had engaged; but they were certainly sufficient, had their plans been conducted with secrecy, to promise success. Had they organized at the mouth of the Ohio, passed rapidly down the Mississippi, and seized New Orleans before it had time to prepare for defence, a multitude of lawless and disaffected spirits, to be found in every community, would have joined their standard, plundered the banks, secured from the shipping a number of transports, and sailed down into the Gulf on their nefarious expedition, under the specious pretext of revolutionizing Mexico from her ignominious vassalage to Spain. But Jefferson was on the alert; his vigilance was perhaps not a little quickened by considerations independent of his duties as guardian of the national welfare, and his emissaries were in the Southwest ferreting out the details of the conspiracy. The public had received intimations of what was going on around them; and, as usual in times of popular excitement, the most absurd rumors were in circulation.

Burr was to seize upon the throne of the Montezumas, and found a magnificent empire. He would then revolutionize the Mississippi valley; and, succeeding in this, would extend the frontiers of his dominion beyond the Alleghanies, and overthrow the Federal government. The keeper of the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa had sold himself to the conspirators. A force of ten thousand men was organizing somewhere. Arms and ammunition were deposited at Marietta.

The idea of dismembering the Federal Union would have been wild and chimerical in the extreme. It is highly probable that Burr may at one time have meditated such a project, though upon his death-bed he solemnly averred that he would as readily have undertaken the conquest and partition of the moon. He certainly sounded upon the subject persons whom he had reason to regard as hostile to Mr. Jefferson, and vauntingly remarked, that with two hundred soldiers he could drive Congress, with the President at its head, into the Potomac; but it is ridiculous to believe that the preparations on Blennerhassett's Island were made with any such end in view. Urged on by resentment against an Executive that hated and a people that distrusted him, eager for action and ambitious of power, there can be no question, that, had his means been adequate to the accomplishment of so mighty a purpose, he would not have been deterred from it by any scruples of integrity. Burr was a desperate and a daring man, but not a visionary, and he is absolved from the imputation rather by the excellence of his judgment than by the strength of his patriotism.

There would not have been the most remote possibility of success. There had been local irritation in the country, but no widely organized popular discontent. Kentucky had threatened to establish an independent government, but had been quieted upon her admission into the Union. Whilst Louisiana was a province of Spain, the right of deposit had been guaranteed to the Federal States at New Orleans. This right had been suspended by Morales, the agent of Spain, — a measure vitally affecting the interests of South-western commerce. Outraged by such an encroachment upon their stipulated rights, the people had threatened the forcible

seizure of New Orleans. For a long time Kentucky had been the most fiercely democratic part of the country. The French Revolution had enlisted the deepest sympathy of the people. Jacobin clubs had been established, and they had been dissatisfied with the neutral and pacific measures of Washington and Adams. They had protested against our fancied subserviency to England, and urged a direct intervention for preserving the liberties of France. But these feelings had now subsided, the political party they favored was in power, and they gave to the administration of Jefferson a most cordial and active support.

Spain had ceded Louisiana to France; and Bonaparte, on the eve of war, in need of money to conduct it, and perhaps fearful that his tenure of so remote a province would be endangered by the naval superiority of England, was induced to negotiate for its transfer to the United States with Monroe and Livingston, their special ambassadors. Without precise authority to make the purchase, they assumed the responsibility, and closed the bargain, which was eventually ratified by Congress.

There was a growing confidence throughout the country in the stability of our institutions, public feeling had become tranquillized, and the nation felt that the Confederacy would soon assume a consolidation, strength, and prosperity beyond any former example. The project of Burr was therefore unfortunate in the moment of its conception, — unfortunate in the perfidy of its accessories, — unfortunate in the ruined character of its principal. Wilkinson became frightened at the rumors which now agitated the whole Southwest, turned state's evidence, and divulged the scheme to the President. A confidential messenger of Jefferson, sent to the scene of the enterprise at Marietta, found Blennerhassett, who, under the delusion that the spy was an accomplice of Burr, reiterated to him in effect the developments of Wilkinson. A proclamation was issued by the Executive, warning the nation of the dangers which threatened it, and calling for the intervention of the judicial authorities. Before it reached Kentucky, "The Western World," a newspaper of Frankfort, had by some means gotten possession of the details, and unfolded the con-

spiracy to the public. Some of the first men of Kentucky were accused of participation in the plot; among others, Harry Innes and Judge Sebastian. The latter had previously been arraigned before the House on the charge of being the pensioner of Spain, and the committee of investigation had reported him guilty. Innes had passed without impeachment, but not without private censure. Burr was now openly accused in "The Western World" of aiming to plunge the country into the horrors of insurrection and civil war. The high position of the parties implicated, the bold confidence with which the charge was made, and the authentic proofs by which it was upheld, threw the people into a state of unprecedented excitement and alarm; which was still further increased when, Colonel Daviess, United States District Attorney, having made application to Judge Innes for process of attachment, to compel the attendance of Burr to answer to the charge of high misdemeanor in organizing a military expedition against a foreign power with which we were at peace, within the territory and jurisdiction of the United States, Innes overruled the motion. Burr was in Lexington at the time, and, when he received news of the affair, at once hurried to the capital, and voluntarily challenged an investigation of the charge. The case was deferred from day to day, for the attorney to summon his witnesses, Burr exhibiting in the mean time his usual tranquillity and composure. At last, on the 2d of December, 1806, the grand jury was finally summoned, and the case was to be brought to a conclusive issue. Burr entered the court-room with easy dignity and confidence, attended by his counsel, Henry Clay,—unquestionably the first criminal advocate this country has produced; for, without the subtle intellect of Calhoun, or the capacious understanding of Webster, in the power of enlisting the sympathies, and infusing into his audience the electric impulse of his own fiery sensibility, he has never been surpassed. Before undertaking the defence, he had exacted a solemn assurance from his client that he was engaged in no enterprise inimical to the laws or peace of the United States. It was readily given in the most explicit and comprehensive terms. The witnesses of Colonel Daviess were not forthcoming, and he

requested a further postponement. Says the historian of Kentucky: "Burr on this occasion remained silent, and entirely unmoved by anything that occurred. Not so his counsel. A most animated and impassioned debate sprung up, intermingled with sharp and flashing personalities between Clay and Daviess. Never did two more illustrious orators encounter each other in debate. The enormous mass that crowded to suffocation the floor, the windows, the galleries, and the platform of the judge, remained silent and breathless for hours, whilst those renowned and immortal champions, stimulated by mutual rivalry, and each glowing with an ardent conviction of right, encountered each other in splendid intellectual combat." Judge Innes refused a further postponement, the grand jury retired with the evidence then before them, and returned with "Not a true bill," and also handed in a unanimously signed paper of complete exoneration and acquittal. Burr retired from the court-room with the same lofty bearing he had maintained throughout the affair, and thus ended the Kentucky episode of the conspiracy. Justice for a time was baffled, but the public mind was aroused and on the alert.

Blennerhassett in the mean time had been superintending the construction of barges up the Ohio. His island was to be the rendezvous and starting-point of the expedition. By authority of the executive proclamation, the Virginia militia had been called out, and were now marching toward the island, to seize the barges and munitions of the conspirators. They reached it on the 11th of December, but the expedition had started the midnight previous. Colonel Phelps, their commander, hastened on to the mouth of the Kanawha, by a short route, to intercept them at that point. Sentinels were stationed along the river banks, and fires were kindled at night; but they escaped his vigilance, floated by under the cover of darkness, and joined Burr, who awaited them at the mouth of the Cumberland. Their united force now consisted of eleven barges, and sixty or seventy men.

The proclamation of the President had by this time reached their vicinity, and elicited similar ones from the authorities of the Southwestern States. Their militia were called out, the passes of the Mississippi were fortified, and the country was

in arms, whilst Burr and his valiant army of undisciplined ragamuffins were quietly paddling their barges down the Ohio. The absurdity of the whole affair finds its parallel only in the late expedition to Cuba. The condition of Burr soon became desperate in the extreme. Openly accused and hunted by the civil authorities, and betrayed by his accomplices, there must have rushed upon his mind, as he floated down the Mississippi, the fate of an ambitious adventurer from another continent, who, more than two centuries ago, found a grave in the depths of that majestic river.

The enterprise, conceived in desperation and cupidity, was now about to end in absurdity and shame. The Governor of Mississippi Territory had issued warrants for the arrest of Burr and his confederates. Burr, having first sunk his arms and ammunition in the river, and destroyed every clew to his warlike designs, landed at Bayou Pierre, and invited an investigation of his affairs. A place of conference was appointed with Judge Rodney of the Supreme Court, who demanded of Burr that his barges should be searched, and his own person surrendered, for trial by the proper authorities. He acquiesced; but Mr. Poindexter, the Attorney-General, insisted that the offences of Burr, having been committed elsewhere, did not come within the jurisdiction of that court. Judge Rodney dissented, and a grand jury was summoned. Poindexter refused to have anything to do with the matter. The jury declined making a presentment.

Burr was not yet safe; and, learning that he was to be seized by military force as soon as he was released from civil custody, he escaped his keepers, and, disguising himself, fled into the interior of Mississippi Territory. Blennerhassett, having been discharged, returned up the Ohio, and was proceeding through Kentucky to his island, but was arrested in Lexington, and carried for trial into Virginia, within whose jurisdiction the overt act of treason was said to have been committed. The barges, with the subordinates of the expedition, had floated down to New Orleans, where they were seized by Wilkinson, and their occupants imprisoned by the same authority.

On the 19th of February, Burr was arrested on the Tom-

bigbee River, in company with a single companion, Major Ashley, who escaped. The midnight previous they had passed through the village of Wakefield, Alabama. The lateness of the hour and the mysterious conduct of the travellers had excited the suspicion of the sheriff, who followed them to Colonel Hinson's, in the neighborhood, where they alighted for the night. Burr requested some refreshment of the hostess. The vivacity of his countenance and his courtly demeanor soon assured her that she was entertaining no common guest. The sheriff, who entered shortly after, had often heard of the extraordinary lustre of Burr's eye, which at that moment, excited by the exercise of his journey, shone with unusual brilliancy; and he no longer doubted the identity of the celebrated man before him. Knowing his brave character and desperate position, he thought it expedient to go back for assistance. Burr had watched him, and started at daylight, before the sheriff had returned, but was pursued, captured, and sent off under a strong guard to Virginia for trial.

On the 31st of March, 1807, the court convened at Richmond, under the presidency of Chief Justice Marshall. It is impossible to trace the events of that memorable occasion without recalling to mind the impeachment of Hastings. The intrinsic and derivative grandeur of Westminster Hall, — the devices of Gothic art, — the forms of procedure, whose origin was lost in the dim twilight and fable of a remote antiquity, — the transcendent talents of audience, advocates, and accusers, — all combined to invest the trial of the English Verres with a species of interest which is wanting to that of the American Catiline; but in the latter instance the principles involved were no less important, and its termination was fraught with lessons of no less moment. The prisoner at the bar was no ordinary man. Great political influence cannot be entirely the result of circumstances, and the dominion which Burr had so powerfully exercised over the men of his generation was not compatible with intellectual mediocrity. He had filled the Vice-Presidency, and was now arraigned before a tribunal of his fellow-countrymen for having betrayed the confidence with which they had honored him, and accused of having sought the downfall and dismemberment of that

Union which he had sworn to support. When he entered the court-room his mien was not that of a guilty man. His step was firm, his person erect and symmetrical. A skilful physiognomist would have detected, in the compressed lip and finely cut nostril, the stern inflexibility of purpose which raises men to power, and, in the keen lustre of his eye, the fertility of expedient which enables them to retain it. He seemed

"For contemplation and for valor formed."

His countenance bore the unmistakable superscription of one born to dictate and control.

The preliminaries were conducted on the part of Rodney, Attorney-General of the United States, in a manner worthy of the position he occupied. He was at one time the host, and had long been the friend, of Burr; but he stated in opening, that the natural impulses of private regard must become subordinate to the duties of high import and responsibility that he owed to justice and his country. Burr had intrusted five eminent lawyers with his defence, but the accused himself was the mainspring of it all, and he handled every defensive legal weapon with masterly skill. Much time was spent in discussing points of law in regard to the admissibility of certain evidence before the grand jury. It required the discrimination of an ingenious casuist to determine precisely how far the offences of Burr came within the jurisdiction of American law; yet Marshall fully upheld his reputation for justice and clear-headed sagacity. Every point which could give an advantage to either party was pertinaciously contested. The result of the preliminary examination was the commitment of Burr to answer the charge of high misdemeanor. The court convened again on the 22d of May, and the jury this time brought in indictments for both treason and misdemeanor; and Burr was notified to attend and answer to the charges on the following 3d of August. John Randolph of Roanoke was the foreman. Burr plead "Not guilty," and occupied himself until the appointed day in preparing his defence. When the court met in August, much difficulty was experienced in finding a jury. Several panels were necessary to complete the proper number. Such was now the popular feeling in Vir-

ginia against Burr, that he was compelled to receive men of known hostility in selecting his jurors, and we venture to say that a more prejudiced jury never pronounced upon a prisoner at the bar. When some objection was made to a proposed candidate, he tauntingly observed, that a sufficient ground for his rejection might be found in his name, which was Hamilton. The remark was conceived in a spirit of illiberality and malice, and would never have escaped the lips of a man of any magnanimity or honor. No change of countenance betrayed the terrible recollection which must at that moment have rushed upon the mind of Burr; — he merely rejected the candidate, and proceeded to complete the impanelling. After much difficulty, it was finished. Sixty witnesses were examined, and the evidence was sifted on both sides with extraordinary diligence and acumen.

It was now midsummer, and the court suffered extremely from the heat of a Southern climate. Burr was a man of great physical strength, and, after studying and arranging his defence until near daylight, would snatch a few hours of repose, and appear at the bar fresh and vigorous, giving no indication of the midnight's toil. For the sake of expedition, he proposed that the court should sit for ten consecutive hours daily. The judge and prosecuting officers shrank from testing their powers of endurance with the iron frame and inflexible will of the accused, and after some discussion they compounded for seven. Yet Burr seems to have found time for other pursuits. Blennerhassett remarks in his journal: "The vivacity of Burr's wit and the exercise of his proper talents, now constantly solicited here in public and private exhibition, while they display his powers and address at the levee and the bar, must engross more time than he can spare from the demands of other gratifications, while they display him to the eager eyes of the multitude like a favorite gladiator measuring over the arena of his fame with firm step and manly grace, the pledges of easy victory."

At one stage of the proceedings, Burr rose and stated that he had no desire at the present exigency to derange the affairs of government by demanding the presence of its officers, but that papers known to be in the hands of Mr. Jefferson must

be forthcoming, or he should certainly issue process of attachment, to compel the attendance of the President himself. Such a concession on the part of Jefferson would have been the last resort. Every expedient would have been tried before he would have allowed himself to mount the witness stand and be stretched upon Burr's inquisitorial rack. That legal anatomist would have laid his subject on the dissecting-board, and, with keen scalpel and steady hand, every ingenious method of torture would have been applied, until Jefferson would have wished himself a heretic, in the more tender clutches of a Romish inquisitor. The prosecution was driven by the potent enginery of executive influence. When we remember the private relations existing between the two men, it is clear that Jefferson manifested an unbecoming zeal. The author of the immortal protest for the rights of nations stooped to an ignoble part. The conduct of Burr throughout the trial was commendable in the highest degree. His reputation was ruined, but his life was at stake, and he might yet save himself the final degradation of the gibbet. He abstained from all personality, and entreated his counsel to do likewise; he was respectful to the august tribunal before which he was arraigned; to his accusers he was even courtly, and his bearing was in all respects worthy of a better cause and a nobler man.

Generals Eaton and Jackson were present as witnesses, to the former of whom Burr had hinted at the dissolution of the Confederacy. Eaton left the grand jury in rage and tears, protesting that his evidence had been probed, sifted, and handled as though he were a villain. Wilkinson had also been summoned, and when he made his appearance in the court-room his bearing is said to have been dignified and commanding, whilst Burr's usually placid countenance manifested a haughty contempt upon being confronted with his perfidious accomplice. Wilkinson was sent in to the jury, where perjury was clearly proved against him. He had altered the celebrated hieroglyphic letter from Burr, deciphered it, and transmitted a translation to the jury, upon oath that it was an exact counterpart of the original. The forgery was detected, and the guilty man forced to make an acknowledgment of his shame.

It would be irrelevant for us to enter into the minute details of the trial in the limited space of a review article; but there was one brilliant episode in the imposing drama which is deserving of especial mention. The government had engaged the services of William Wirt, second to no lawyer of that time, in a State fruitful in splendid legal talents. A motion was made by the counsel of Burr to exclude certain evidence, upon the ground of Burr's absence from Blennerhassett's Island during the assemblage of the conspirators, thereby endeavoring to thrust Blennerhassett into the foreground as the principal. Upon this motion Wirt rose to speak. The skill of the accomplished rhetorician was made to embellish the learning of the fine jurist and the elegant scholar. The flowers of his exuberant fancy served to conceal the solid strength of his argument, and obstructed the march of his logical deductions. His diction was perhaps too ornate for the occasion, and he manifested an impassioned vehemence that strongly savored of personal hate, though such a feeling was altogether inconsistent with the high-toned magnanimity of Wirt. The secret of his unusual fire is to be found in his thorough conviction of Burr's guilt, and, as it was justly remarked of Burke, his reason was carried away and made red-hot by the impulse of an ardent sensibility. In opening, he characterized the measure as a bold and original stroke in the noble science of defence, indicating the hand of a master, but highly dangerous to the administration of impartial justice, and sanctioned by no precedent in the annals of equity. Its legality was handled in his peculiar rapid and felicitous manner, but he was not fully himself until he approached the miserable attempt to shield the principal behind the mere instrument and accessory. In language of Isocratean elegance he depicted the island paradise of the unfortunate Irishman, and invested a wild spot in the Western backwoods with the sunset colorings of romance and poetry. Seldom had his audience listened to such a display of eloquence, and it would have been difficult for them to believe that the glowing pictures existed chiefly in the vivid imagination of the orator. All who listened to his oration, (for it possessed little compactness or unity as an argument,) bore witness

to the exquisite grace and the passionate volubility of its flow.

The motion was allowed by the Chief Justice, and the jury consulted upon the admitted evidence, and agreed upon the following verdict: "We, of the jury, say that Aaron Burr is not proved to be guilty under this indictment, by any evidence submitted to us. We therefore find him 'Not guilty.'" Burr protested that it was an unusual and improper verdict. The judge allowed it to be recorded "Not guilty." The court then took up the indictment for misdemeanor. The prosecution, from the insufficiency of their evidence, moved a discharge of the jury, and the dismissal of the case; but Burr, now elated by success and confident of victory, insisted upon a verdict. The judge decided for the accused, and the jury, after a short consultation, pronounced a concise and unqualified verdict of "Not guilty."

Burr left the court-room an acquitted and a ruined man. The collateral evidence, decided to be inadmissible to the jury until the overt act of treason was proved by at least two responsible witnesses, was quite sufficient to prove him guilty of high misdemeanor. The verdict on the charge of treason clearly showed that they were satisfied of his criminality, but could not convict him under their instructions. Under the English constitution, where meditated treason is a capital crime, Burr would have suffered the highest penalty of the law. He was ordered to give bail for his attendance in Ohio to answer to the charge of misdemeanor, which he did; but the case was never brought up for trial.

The miserable man, completely ostracized in his native country, sought an asylum in Europe; but the mark of Cain was on him, and he found himself an outcast and an alien in the land of his forefathers. After wandering four years over Western Europe, he applied for passports to return; but they were refused by the United States officials, one of whom had assisted in the prosecution at Richmond. Burr submitted to the outrage with characteristic equanimity, and some time afterwards found means to return without their sanction.

When he arrived in New York, he was unnoticed. He commenced practising law; but with little success, for public

confidence in him was destroyed, and men shrank from contact with him as from a leper. Henry Clay, his former advocate, had now become convinced of his guilt, and refused his proffered hand in the Supreme Court. He earned a bare subsistence by his profession. Even at this time, for his private life no terms of censure can be too strong. It was that of a heartless and profligate libertine.

It is pleasing to turn from so repulsive a picture, and contemplate the noble youth of 1776, flushed with collegiate honors, — the hero of Quebec, greeted upon his return with the unanimous "All hail!" of his admiring countrymen, and like a vigorous athlete, with sinewy limbs and elastic tread, entering the arena of life in which he gave the fairest promise to enact a glorious, an immortal part.

At this time he lost his daughter, an only child, who had married Mr. Allston, and removed with him to South Carolina. She is said to have been a remarkable woman, possessing, in addition to the strong practical sense of her father, that bewitching grace and gentleness which is the peculiar gift of her sex. Upon her father's return from Europe, she embarked for New York on the Patriot, which was never heard from after leaving Charleston, and is supposed to have been lost in a storm, or possibly captured by the pirates which at that time infested the South Atlantic main. All the ordinary consolations of age were denied to Burr. He had no family in which he could seek for happiness and a refuge from public disgrace; the men of his own generation had nearly passed away, covered with honors and grateful remembrance; and he was to survive them, clouded in ignominy and shame. At last, in 1836, he died, and for years there was over his ashes not an epitaph, which is accorded to the obscure, not even a tombstone, which is the privilege of the stranger.

When we consider the fundamental and recognized political axiom, that the best government is that which secures the largest amount of happiness to a people, it becomes a point of reasonable conjecture whether the success of Burr's enterprise would not have materially benefited Mexico, though there can be little doubt that his government would have been that of an autocrat, — a military despotism. His administra-

tive talents were great, and though his rule would have imposed the evils which result of necessity from an exotic yoke, they might have been more than counterbalanced by the abolition of bloodshed and violence, the protection of property, and the restoration of social order.

Burr's letter to Wilkinson clearly indicates an understanding between the writer and the recipient. Otherwise, Burr was far too sagacious to have committed himself by so direct an acknowledgment of his unlawful enterprise to a man holding high office under the government, whose participation or even tacit sanction would have been a betrayal of the national trust. Wilkinson's conduct toward Burr does not bear the stamp of a noble mind filled with regret at the errors of a misguided friend, but rather of the anxiety of a frightened and perfidious accomplice to clear his own skirts of the affair, even at the sacrifice of his coadjutor and principal. Had Burr addressed him in such familiar terms in the hope that they would presuppose an implication in the project on the part of Wilkinson, an exposure of which would involve the recipient, thereby compelling his secrecy, what would have been the course of an innocent and high-minded man? Without hesitation he would have given the letter publicity, and disclaimed participation in the plot; he would have challenged investigation, and denounced the man who had attempted to coerce him into unlawful measures by the dread of apparent self-crimination, and who, unable to secure his cooperation by the hope of advancement, would at least compel him to silence by the fear of infamy; and then he would have boldly thrown himself upon his former good name for acquittal and support. Wilkinson was finally guilty of the consummate impudence of sending a messenger to the Spanish Viceroy, demanding the modest amount of two hundred thousand dollars for having saved that country, at great personal sacrifice, from the audacious machinations of Burr, or, as the General characteristically expressed it, "for throwing himself, Leonidas-like, into the Pass of Thermopylæ."

Though he was an accessory to schemes which he must have known were reprehensible, the mention of Blennerhassett awakens emotions of another nature than those with

which the memory of his principal is associated. Ruined in fortune, he returned to his native land, where he died. His wife came back to America to seek indemnity for the outrages committed by the populace upon their beautiful home on the memorable 11th of December. Her claims were eloquently supported by Henry Clay, and would have been allowed by Congress; but before the bill was passed, they received intelligence from New York of the death of the broken-hearted petitioner. Seldom has romance afforded so dark a tale of misfortune, as reality has woven around the name of Blennerhassett. The passengers on the steamer gliding down the beautiful Ohio crowd the guards in silence, as they approach the island that still bears his name, and seek to find some trace of the paradise described in the passionate language of Wirt. The stately residence was long since burned to the ground, its site is overgrown by the woodbine and wild-brier, and a few giants of the forest, isolated and alone, are the sole memorials of the sylvan beauty that has departed.

Aaron Burr was certainly an extraordinary man. Bold to conceive, and prompt to execute, he might have become one of the greatest military commanders the world has ever seen. His mental equilibrium was too finely adjusted to be much disturbed either by success or disaster. As a lawyer, he possessed a marvellous instinct for seizing upon the vulnerable points of an argument; as a politician, his judgments of character were sagacious, and his skill in arranging the minor details and machinery of an election was invaluable to his party. Wirt speaks of the light and beauty of his conversation, the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The proper field for the successful display of Burr's remarkable talents was not where a few intrepid minds, in defiance of obloquy and of personal sacrifice, were to make a stand for the great principles of liberty and progress; but when there was a demand merely for ambition, adroitness, and courage, he would have been among the foremost. Under Charles the Second he would have contested with royalty the smiles of those frail beauties whose images have been preserved to us by the pencil of Lely; under Frederick his intrepidity and skill would have placed him in the front rank of those great

captains of the Prussian army, long renowned for being the first tacticians of Europe; under Lorenzo de' Medici, his talents for diplomatic intrigue might have given Machiavelli some reason to fear the influence he would have exercised over his beloved Italy. Burr's heart was hard; his ambition was selfish; his public life was guided by no fixed principle; his private life was that of a debauchee. These are the crimes for which he stands arraigned before the judgment of all good men and patriots. The obloquy his memory has had to endure is not so much because he violated the laws of his country, which are local, but because he systematically outraged and set at defiance the broad principles of common honesty and decency, which are universal. It was for this that he fell ignominiously from his high position, became accursed of his race for ever, and his name a by-word and a shaking of the head to the nation; and that, when he died, philosophy pointed to his life as an example of the evils which may result from the dangerous union of moral depravity and intellectual power, and virtue congratulated itself upon escaping the contaminating presence of a man whom neither public disgrace nor private affliction had contributed in any degree to chasten or to purify. The offences of some other men may have resulted in greater injury to their race; but the errors of Burr were not those of a lofty and heroic mind, and it requires nothing beyond the ken of human prescience to say, that the age is remote when the most lenient of moralists will venture to urge anything in extenuation of the faults that have darkened his fame.

There are two men whose deeds have blackened the page of our national record, and the men of the present generation have shown no disposition to mitigate the sentence which their forefathers passed upon the characters of Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr. We cannot have the pride of remembering that our greatest benefactors have always been honored with office, yet we can justly reflect that ignominy or forgetfulness has invariably rewarded the Judases that have betrayed us.

ART. III. — *A Treatise on the Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity.* By I. RAY, M. D. Third Edition, with Additions. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1853.

THE study of Insanity in its various phases has occupied much of the attention of the medical practitioner, and taxed the acumen of the metaphysician; and it needs but to glance back to the time when lunacy was regarded as a special manifestation of Divine wrath, and therefore as putting the victim outside the pale of human sympathy, to satisfy us that humanity, if not science, has gained by the labor of the student and the observation of the medical man. Solitary confinement and heavy chains have been supplanted by kind treatment, and by free intercourse with companions within reasonable limits. The superstition, which among some savage tribes made the madman respected as an object half of pity, half of reverence, and among more enlightened nations caused him to be regarded as an outcast from God, has given place to the belief that insanity, in whatever form it appears, is but a disease, — a disease which, like most others, may be detected by the professional eye, even when its existence is unsuspected by the many who are in constant intercourse with the sufferer, and the course of which may be checked, and its power perhaps destroyed, by treatment founded on scientific principles.

We have used the term Insanity to denote collectively all abnormal conditions of the mental powers. And the fact meets us on the threshold of our investigation, that the word admits of no more precise definition than this, which includes at once the idiot and the monomaniac. It is indeed impossible to discover any common element in the condition of the sufferers under the several forms of insanity, save that their minds are in an abnormal state.

Mental disease, however, may be considered under two general types, the one embracing those cases whose characteristic is an incomplete or defective development of the faculties; the other, those which are marked by a derangement of the faculties after their development. In the first class we

place idiocy and imbecility, both which may be congenital, or the effect of some obstacle to the development of the faculties supervening in infancy. In the second class we place all the other phases in which insanity appears. These last are commonly divided into *Mania*, intellectual and moral, or, as the latter form is sometimes called, affective; and *Dementia*, described as being sometimes the last stage or sequel of *mania*, and sometimes as the result of old age.

The idiot is destitute of all power of reflection, is unable to comprehend the relations of things, has no sense of propriety, no ability to reason. Nor is he better gifted morally than intellectually. He has ordinarily none of the human affections, though cases occur in which he manifests an excessive religious veneration, self-esteem, or love of approbation, and this to such a degree that the trait appears to make up his whole character. His physical development is no less strongly marked, though no particular conformation can be regarded as inseparable from that condition of mind. The head is almost invariably too large or too small, and generally misshapen, the limbs are often crooked, and the motions shambling and awkward.

The imbecile man is a grade higher in mental character than the idiot. He has some intellectual capacity, but is not able to reach the degree of mental power which belongs to the mass of men subjected to like influences with himself. He may learn to read and write, and has an idea of the proprieties of life, but is always deficient either in a just perception of the relations of things, or in the moral motives which should regulate his intercourse with his fellows. He is lacking in forethought, is easily influenced, and has no fixedness of purpose. He often exhibits the same physical deficiencies with the idiot, from whose condition his differs in degree only, being the same in kind.

Mania, embracing the various forms of mental disease which are popularly called insanity, consists in a derangement of the intellect or of the moral powers. It is sometimes general, sometimes partial, including alike the monomaniac whose disease seems to affect only a single intellectual faculty, the otherwise rational person whose only unsoundness

seems to be a propensity to kill, and him whose intellect and affections are so equally disordered that it would be impossible to assign the case to any one division of mania rather than to another.

We have said thus much in the way of description, not with the hope of giving information on the general subject of insanity, but for the sake of bringing up before the mind the grand divisions usually made in mental disease; and, these things premised, we proceed to consider the legal consequences of the insanity of persons charged with the commission of crimes.

With regard to the idiot, there cannot for a moment be any hesitation. The total absence of understanding, the utter ignorance of right and wrong, takes away from his acts all moral character. The idea of responsibleness is inseparably connected with power to discriminate; the law claims no right to punish those whose minds are undeveloped, whether by reason of tender years or of constitutional deficiency; and the condition of idiocy is so strongly marked, and so susceptible of proof, that there is little or no room for question to arise concerning it. We shall therefore leave the idiot out of view in what we have to say further.

Though the difference of opinion among physicians as to the origin of insanity is immaterial to our present purpose, we cannot refrain from suggesting that the *somatic* theory — that which places the seat of the disease in the brain, and not in the mind — is sometimes, at least, urged with greater zeal than discretion. For example, it is said that all enlightened physiologists admit "that the mind must of necessity be put in connection with matter, and that the brain is the part of the body by means of which this connection is effected. Little as we know beyond this fact, it is enough to warrant the inference that derangement of the structure or of the vital actions of the brain must be followed by abnormal manifestations of the mind, and, consequently, that the presence of the effect indicates the existence of the cause."

Now we do not question the statement that the brain is the connecting link between mind and matter, and it seems to be a warrantable inference from this proposition, that derange-

ment, either organic or functional, of the brain, will be accompanied by abnormal manifestations of the mind. But neither logic nor courtesy to the author of the extract quoted above requires us to go further, and say that such manifestations of mind can result from no other cause. It seems reasonably probable, to say the least, that a diseased mind would give abnormal manifestations of itself; nor is there any obstacle to our believing that such is the case, in the fact that the same symptoms sometimes proceed from an inflamed brain. But to our inquiry this matters little. Whether the wild action of a frenzied mind has been the cause or the effect of cerebral irritation, in most cases where examinations have been made of those who died insane, an unnatural condition of the brain has been discovered. And it makes no difference to the physician in his treatment of the patient, nor to the jurist in his handling of the subject, whether the seat of the disease be in the brain, or behind it, in its motive power.

The plea of insanity has come to be viewed, by many men whom we are wont to regard as discreet, in the light of a *ruse*, by which to enable a guilty man to avail himself of the natural disinclination of juries to convict of crimes whose punishment is death. Often, no doubt, a desire to avoid the responsibility of putting an offender to death has made shadowy evidence of mental disease strong and clear to the timid juror; and it may be that this defence has been attempted when it was known to the parties interested that there was no foundation for it, in the hope of providing a way of escape for a jury, when the commission of the act charged was clearly shown, but there was not nerve enough in the panel to subject the criminal to capital punishment. But nothing can be less philosophical than to argue, from the abuse of such a line of defence, that it ought never to be admitted. Even the juror who, from a morbid sympathy with the victim of the law, evades the responsibility of his position, and compromises with his conscience by a sort of half-discharge of the duty he has sworn to perform, is not more deserving of rebuke, than the man who, in the fear that the frequent escape from punishment on the ground of insanity will cause an increase of crime, would hang the irresponsible victim of disease on the same gibbet with the murder-loving assassin.

It is to be remembered that, in the vindication of the laws, the state does not aim at vengeance. It is not on the principle of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," that punishment is meted out. The object sought is merely security for the citizens in person and property; and the penalties attached to the perpetration of crime are designed as a terror to evil-doers. In order, therefore, that the majesty of the law may stand unquestioned and unabated, it is necessary that it lay a firm grasp on those who properly come under its condemnation, and that it freely and fairly acquit those who are in no just sense amenable. An indiscriminate punishment of all who should be charged with crime, without inquiring into their guilt or innocence, would be tyranny, and would as surely bring the laws and their ministers into disgrace and contempt, as it would to allow every variety of crime to stalk the streets unchecked. And though the effect is less strongly marked and less widely conspicuous, it is of the same evil nature, when a mistaken philanthropy or a false sympathy makes the conviction of the acknowledged criminal a matter of difficulty, and his punishment, when convicted, a more uncertain matter still. The severity of punishment is of less importance in the prevention of crime than the certainty that it will ensue. If it could be an unfailing effect, sure to succeed its cause, there would be comparatively little occasion for inflicting it. It is impossible, therefore, that, as good citizens, or prudent friends of humanity, we should exert ourselves to save the felon from the penalty attached to his crime. Even when the punishment seems somewhat disproportioned to the offence, it is wiser to find the remedy in a change of the law, than to encourage evil by making the law a dead letter.

Common sense, however, tells us at once that he who commits an act prohibited either by natural law or the law of the land, while bereft of power to judge of the quality of actions, ought not to be accounted guilty. And this in general terms has been recognized as a principle of jurisprudence for a long period. Formerly, however, there was but an indistinct notion among judges, as well as physicians, of the nature and characteristics of insanity. With nothing better to guide

them than the crude opinions then prevalent among the medical faculty, jurists laid down as law what is far behind the more enlightened judgment of the present time. Lord Coke, for example, divides the *non compotes mentis* into four classes: —

"1. An idiot who, from his nativity, by a perpetual infirmity, is *non compos*. 2. He that, by sickness, grief, or other accident, wholly loseth his memory and understanding. 3. A lunatic that hath sometimes his understanding and sometimes not, *aliquando gaudet lucidis intervallis;* and therefore he is called *non compos mentis* so long as he hath not understanding. 4. He that, by his own vicious act, for a time depriveth himself of his memory and understanding, as he that is drunken."

Accordingly, we find it pronounced, that one charged with an offence must appear to have been deprived, at the time of doing the act, of all memory and understanding, if he would be excused on the ground of insanity. And Lord Hale says: "Such a person as, laboring under melancholy distempers, hath yet ordinarily as great understanding as ordinarily a child of fourteen years hath, is such a person as may be guilty of treason or felony." More recently the power to distinguish right from wrong has been given by judges as the test of criminal responsibility; and this was recognized as correct in the trial of Arnold, in 1723, as well as by Lord Mansfield, in Bellingham's case, in 1812, and is given by Sir William O. Russell as the law, in his work on Crimes and Misdemeanors.

Now to a person familiar with the manifestations of insanity, Lord Coke's definition is simply absurd. Rarely, if ever, has a case appeared in which there was a total loss of memory and understanding; or, if at all, it must have been some extreme instance of dementia, following as a sequel upon long-continued and severe mania, when the powers of mind had, as it were, burned down and burned out. Nor is Lord Hale at all nearer a correct idea of the nature of the disease, when he ascribes freedom from responsibility to those only whose understanding is less than that of a child of fourteen years. Insanity is not a weakness, but rather a distortion, though a metaphor is likely to mislead, and it is safer to call it an abnormal manifestation of the mind. It relates not to the ca-

pacity or power of the mind, and may attack the mightiest as well as the common intellect. Indeed, it would seem, from the instances of shrewdness and deliberate preparation for any scheme which the patient may have conceived, as if the wards of the insane asylum had gathered their inmates from among the keenest men and those most fertile in expedients.

Nor yet is it safe to take the power to distinguish between right and wrong, in a general sense, as a criterion by which to frame a decision. Many an insane patient will discourse with accuracy on the baseness of ingratitude and the awful nature of crime, — and this, it may be, while he is meditating the accomplishment of some violent act, which in a sane man would be a heinous offence.

Mr. Erskine, in his celebrated speech in defence of Hadfield, charged with treason for shooting at the king, made the existence of delusion a sufficient excuse for committing a deed which in a sane man would be a crime, and showed conclusively the insufficiency of the rule laid down by Lord Coke. So powerful was his eloquence, and so clear his argument, that the judges on that occasion swerved from the strictness of their previous decisions, and in the opinion then expressed coincided with that of the distinguished advocate of the accused. This was the first instance, of which we have any record, wherein the English courts showed an approach, even, to a correct apprehension of the nature of insanity; and, as we have seen, they fell back from this ground in the trial of Bellingham, in 1812.

But if we take the word *delusion* as meaning that the person to whom it is applied is the victim of false perceptions of the senses, the position of Mr. Erskine was not perfectly accurate; for it often happens that a person sees incorrectly, — seems, that is, to see objects which do not exist, — and yet retains his mental faculties clear from the deception. Ben Jonson, for example, used to spend the night in watching the battles of Turks and Christians about his great toe, and was yet able to reason himself into the belief that this sight was a delusion. He, therefore, was in no sense insane. Such an experience may well enough have given rise to the answer of some one to the question whether he believed in ghosts, —

"No, I have seen too many of them!" The delusions, in order to free the victim from responsibility to the law, must be acted on by him as realities. His mind must believe in the existence of what he sees.

The difficulty in the whole matter arises, in great measure, from the impossibility of defining insanity more exactly than we have defined it above. The state of the mind, or of the organ by which the mind manifests itself, cannot be described, or even known, except by the mental manifestations. We infer the presence of the evil from the abnormal exhibitions, the nature of the case precluding the possibility of our examining into the substance of the mind itself, or of the brain. We cannot, therefore, reason *a priori*, from the observed state of the mind or of the brain, to the mental manifestations which will ensue in the conduct of the patient. Our inference is of the cause from the presence of the effect. If, therefore, we suppose ourselves in possession of complete information as to the mental manifestations of an insane person in a given instance, we cannot therefrom state the precise condition of the mental principle, or of the brain, in that person, nor tell how that condition differs from the state of mind or brain in another person, whose insanity shows itself in a somewhat different form. Nor, on the other hand, if we suppose ourselves perfectly acquainted with the condition of a given brain, as by means of a *post mortem* examination, can we state with any certainty what were the peculiar mental abnormities of the person to whom that brain belonged, whether the insanity, for example, was intellectual or moral, whether partial or general. Physiologists tell us that the brain is not divided into compartments, each the moving power of a single faculty, but acts as a whole, its power and vigor being indicated by the convolutions of the substance of the brain. Nor are we taught to regard the mind as a bundle, or association of powers, working together, yet independent of one another. The mind is a unit possessed of certain attributes which we call faculties, but which are in no sense separate existences.

It follows, therefore, that whether the seat of insanity be in the brain or in the mind itself, it is impossible, with our limited knowledge, to fix any bound to the extent of the disease

in a given case. In all the treatises on insanity, there is a degree of vagueness and generality in describing its symptoms and manifestations. And though it is divided into several classes, we find these divisions of mania constantly running into one another. Indeed, it is hardly going too far to say, that they are arbitrary, and have little scientific foundation. The partial intellectual mania differs from the general merely in that the aberration of mind has manifested itself, so far as observed, in a particular direction only; and no practitioner would dare to say that it might not appear to-morrow in an entirely new phase, or, if this should occur, that a new condition of either mind or brain had supervened. We find, too, that the intellectual mania and the moral frequently appear at the same time in the same patient. It would be rash, to say the least of it, for a physician to predict that the intellectual maniac of to-day will not show symptoms of moral mania to-morrow; and certainly no less rash to declare that such a manifestation, when made, showed a change in the state of the mind or brain. However proper, then, it may be to divide mania into several classes, so far as to indicate that in many cases the disease has shown itself in certain ways only, and in other cases in certain other ways only, it seems hardly warrantable to infer from this fact that there is a materially different state of mind or brain attendant on these several phases of the disease; for we find that the manifestations laid down as peculiar to the several classes are often coincident in the same case, and frequently alternate with one other, without any discoverable cause for a change in the character of the disease itself, and without the concurrence of any circumstances authorizing a belief in an alteration in the disease, unless such alteration may be inferred from the change of manifestation itself. Certainly, this change of manifestation is no better ground for supposing an alteration of the disease, than we find in the different moods of an insane man who is sometimes calm, tractable, and gentle, and at others wild and unmanageable, or than we find in the alternations of high fever and prostration in the sufferer under various forms of inflammatory disease.

Especially is this clear when we consider that insanity may

prey upon a patient for a long time before its existence is suspected, exhibiting itself only in what are regarded by his friends as mere eccentricities, till at last some decided outbreak of the disease shows beyond question to what cause the strange conduct of the man is attributable. Then, too, a multitude of instances arise, forming, so to speak, the debatable ground between sanity and insanity, wherein it is a matter of difficulty for the most skilful practitioners to determine whether the person in question is insane or not; and these are the cases in which the law is most frequently brought into requisition. In these cases, surely, if it is decided that insanity exists, it is folly to say that the man is but little insane, but half mad, because the disease has shown itself only in acts calling for careful scrutiny in order to ascertain their true character. However difficult the dividing line between sanity and insanity may be to find in given cases, it is still certain that the states separated by that line are the opposite of each other, and that each case is completely in one state or the other. If, then, we have so few indications of the disease that its presence is difficult of detection, it is decidedly unsafe to assign a limit to a malady of whose character we have so slight opportunity to judge.

And in this connection it should be remembered that the insane are often wonderfully adroit in concealing the symptoms and characteristics of their disease. Whether from a feeling that they are different from other men, or from the idea that the restraint put upon them is owing to the exhibition of these characteristics, their whole ingenuity seems turned towards hiding what they believe to be the cause of their being confined or watched; and their success is so great, that in some instances they have baffled the scrutiny of the keenest minds. Behind all this is the fact, that the cases which have come under scientific treatment fall far short of the whole number; and even these, of necessity, have gone unwatched during a large part of the time.

Everything, therefore, tends to strengthen the position, that it is hazardous to draw strict lines between the different classes of mania, or to name the portion of the powers over which each branch extends. And until investigation has discovered

that each of the classes into which the disease is ordinarily divided is governed by fixed laws, which are never infringed, and which the discoverer has been able to reduce to language, — so that, a case being given, with its manifestations so far as hitherto observed, its future can be foretold and demonstrated, — we may assume that mania is one disease, and that the branches into which it is classified are merely a convenient arrangement of phenomena, presupposing and asserting no law and no distinct character. As well might we predict the course of a ship at sea, without rudder, spar, or canvas, and undertake to foretell the moment and direction of every lurch and plunge. And if it be objected here, that the occurrence of phenomena so utterly unlike as the manifestations of intellectual and of moral mania presupposes the existence of distinct causes equally dissimilar, and that it is incumbent on us to account for the multiform effect of a single cause, or to retire from the position we have taken, our answer is this: The sane mind presents an almost infinite variety of manifestations, and the experience of every one teaches him that the same combination of circumstances affects no two minds in precisely the same way. Though absolutely alike in essence, the minds have an inherent difference of some kind, — for want of a better name we call it a difference of attribute, — which causes the variety of feeling. The musical composition, to hear which will melt one lover of harmony to tears, will fill another with a wild glee, and soothe a third to sleep. But the sounds are the same in each instance, the acting cause is one. Now why this is, why there is such a variety of effect from a single cause, it is no part of our plan here to inquire. We are certain that the variety comes from something inherent in the minds, not in the agent; and beyond this, human knowledge cannot penetrate. It requires, however, no stretch of imagination, and does no violence to the law of probability, to believe that the variety in abnormal manifestations of the mind equally proceeds from something inherent in the mind, rather than from a variety in the causes of mental abnormities.

We would not be thought to disparage physicians, or to detract from their merit, in the argument we are urging. We would not seem to say, that their investigations into the na-

ture of insanity have resulted in nothing, or in little. What we know of the disease is mainly due to their industry and skill. The wide difference between its treatment now and in past times, and the frequency of its cure by the treatment now pursued, would be answer sufficient to any such imputation from any source. But no one is more ready than the intelligent physician himself to acknowledge that his profession is full of uncertainty; nor need we go further, in order to show that this uncertainty extends to the science of insanity, than the fact already alluded to, that there are two opposing theories as to the seat of the disease, both which are supported by learned and patient students. We mean only to say, that in the present state of investigation, which is yet in its infancy, there is not sufficient evidence of a radical difference in the branches of mania, as it is ordinarily divided, to override the inference to be drawn from the oneness of the mind and the oneness of the brain; and so long as this continues to be the case, the law, in its treatment of supposed offenders, should recognize but one dividing line, the line between sanity and insanity.

We are aware that this is not precisely the view of the law taken by courts of the highest authority, and of confessedly profound and extensive learning. Chief Justice Shaw, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, for example, laid down a rule in the case of Rogers, indicted for killing the warden of the State prison at Charlestown, somewhat at variance with the position we have taken. He says: —

"A man is not to be excused from responsibility, if he has capacity and reason sufficient to enable him to distinguish between right and wrong, as to the particular act he is then doing; a knowledge and consciousness that the act he is doing is wrong and criminal, and will subject him to punishment. In order to be responsible, he must have sufficient power of memory to recollect the relation in which he stands to others, and in which others stand to him; that the act he is doing is contrary to the plain dictates of justice and right, injurious to others, and a violation of the dictates of duty.

"On the contrary, though he may be laboring under partial insanity, if he still understands the nature and character of his act, and its consequences, — if he has a knowledge that it is wrong and criminal, and a

mental power sufficient to apply that knowledge to his own case, and to know that, if he does the act, he will do wrong and receive punishment, — such partial insanity is not sufficient to exempt him from responsibility for criminal acts.

"If, then, it is proved, to the satisfaction of the jury, that the mind of the accused was in a diseased and unsound state, the question will be, whether the disease existed to so high a degree, that, for the time being, it overwhelmed the reason, conscience, and judgment, and whether the prisoner, in committing the homicide, acted from an irresistible and uncontrollable impulse. If so, then the act was not the act of a voluntary agent, but the involuntary act of the body, without the concurrence of a mind directing it."

Now, without stopping to comment on the inaccuracy of calling the act of an insane man "the involuntary act of the body," when we know, from almost daily observation, that these acts are often the consummation of plans laid and pursued with wonderful sagacity and art, we see that the distinguished judge recognizes the existence of a partial insanity which does not release from responsibility. And yet, in the same charge to the jury from which we have just quoted, he says that the state of delusion may indicate to an experienced person, "that the mind is in a diseased state; that the known tendency of that diseased state of the mind is to break out into sudden paroxysms of violence; so that, although there were no previous indications of violence, yet the subsequent act, connecting itself with the previous symptoms and indications, will enable an experienced person to say that the act was the result of the disease."

Now this is all that we contend for; and until it can be shown that there are distinct forms of insanity, some of which never manifest themselves in violence, it would seem that the doctrine of the passage just quoted should make it imperative on every judge to order an acquittal of the prisoner whenever the jury are satisfied of the existence of insanity. For if all the forms of mania have been known to result in acts of violence, on what principle shall we refer the violent act sometimes to the disease, and sometimes to the wickedness of the accused? Such an inconsistency in the administration of justice leaves the lives of men at the mercy of the obtuseness

and obstinacy of juries, or to the candor of a professional man who has a favorite theory to support.

Nor is it an objection to this position, that crafty criminals will find it easy to simulate insanity of some sort, and may by this means go free, though the phase of the disease assumed be the remotest possible from all connection with the act done. To say nothing of the general principle, that the possibility of its abuse is no argument against the adoption of a just rule, we have the fact that it is a matter of extreme difficulty to simulate the disease so well as to deceive one experienced in observing its peculiarities. So difficult is it, that we may regard it as impossible for the pretended condition of mind to be successfully maintained in any case, if brought under the observation of a skilful practitioner. At all events, the danger of deception, if any there be, might easily be guarded against by the adoption of suitable regulations for bringing the supposed offenders under the superintendence of men skilled in insanity, whenever there is difficulty in determining whether the disease exists or not.

It remains for us now to consider the nature and sources of the evidence which is admitted in courts on the inquiry as to the sanity or insanity of persons charged with crimes.

In the trial of ordinary issues, as every one knows, witnesses are allowed to testify to facts only, leaving the inferences from those facts to be drawn by the jury. Opinions formed from the knowledge of facts, however correctly and justly, cannot be offered by the witness. For example, if the question be whether a party to a suit has paid an account, the witness may not say that he believes, from circumstances which came within his observation, that the account is paid. He must confine his testimony to the facts which he knows, leaving the jury to say whether or not these facts tend to show payment.

There are, however, many subjects which lie beyond the experience of men in general, and about which they are unqualified, without assistance, to form judicious opinions. Such are questions as to the proper management of particular branches of business, requiring peculiar experience and skill, — as, for instance, the management of a ship at sea. Such, too, are all questions of science, which are understood

only by those whose attention has been specially devoted to the subject. Where a person dies suddenly, a jury would be unable to say whether the death was caused by poison or by some disease of a vital organ, unless aided in forming their opinion by a medical man. In all cases of this description, where a peculiar experience or extraordinary acquaintance with a particular branch of knowledge is requisite to arriving at an intelligent answer to the question raised, the law recognizes the propriety of admitting the opinions of those who are skilled in the matter, — *experts*, as they are called, — to go to the jury as evidence. And the question of sanity or insanity comes within this rule. As we have seen, physicians only — and, we might add, comparatively few physicians — have such experience and skill in this subject as to fit them to express an opinion in difficult cases. In a delicate matter, requiring for its full apprehension an intimate acquaintance with the action of the sane mind, and careful and extensive study of the operations and manifestations of the mind when diseased, it is clear that the ordinary physician is little better qualified to express an opinion than any other sensible and educated person. It has been the practice, however, to receive the opinions of all physicians whose testimony may be offered, and often, no doubt, to the injury of the party on trial.

It is too often the case, that medical witnesses think more carefully of themselves than of the man about whom they testify. They may have a theory of their own to support, and the opportunity is too precious to be lost, though the current of authority may be totally against the positions they assume. It may be, and often is the case, that the examination turns in a direction which they did not anticipate, and they answer questions at random or by guess, rather than confess their inability to reply with accuracy, — thus, to save a reputation, hazarding a life. Indeed, nothing is more common, in the examination of medical witnesses, than to see the weight of testimony destroyed, even when correct in the main, by this over-anxiety of the witness to seem to know everything connected with a subject, in the details of which the examining counsel, by preparation for the emergency, is enabled to catch

him tripping; and so the reputation is damaged by the effort to protect it, at the same time that justice may be cheated of its due.

There is another difficulty in the way of arriving at the truth. In most cases the opinion of the medical witness is founded entirely on the facts narrated by the acquaintance of the party on trial, and by those who chanced to come in contact with him near the time when the supposed offence was committed. From what has been already said, it is plain that the more obvious symptoms of insanity only are apt to be observed by those who have no familiarity with the subject, and are not watching for indications of the disease; so that evidence as to the conduct and appearance of the accused, we may reasonably suppose, is in most instances very different from what would be given by a professional observer of the same acts and manifestations. Many things which the superintendent of an asylum would note as important, would pass unregarded by the casual observer; and many things which the casual observer would ascribe to temporary passion, the professional man might find to be conclusive proof of a diseased state of mind. The very tendency which we all have to refer every act to a cause, would induce the unprofessional observer to regard particular acts as ebullitions of momentary feeling, merely because he had nothing else to refer them to; while the physician would see them to be the result of madness. And who can tell what coloring this reference to passion, already made by the witness, may give to his account of the act and the circumstances attending it? True, there are many cases in which the indications of the diseased state of mind are so clear, that there is little danger of error. But the number is by no means small, in which the truth can be reached only by laborious and critical investigation. It would therefore seem that the ends of justice would be more efficiently served, if the supposed subject of the disease could be placed under the care of some physician or physicians competent to form a correct opinion as to his state of mind, for a period of some duration previous to the trial. Then there could be little or no danger that pretended insanity would save the guilty from punishment, or that the unhappy victim

of disease would suffer for an act done while under the prevailing influence of that disease. The law would be vindicated whenever it had been infringed by a responsible person, and the officers of the law would be saved from doing injustice to the innocent. A practice somewhat of this description has obtained in France.

As trials are now conducted in this country, a terrible responsibility is laid on medical witnesses called to testify as to the sanity of persons whom they have never seen before; and, founding whatever conclusions they reach on such unsatisfactory evidence as we have above described, they pronounce an opinion with less opportunity for an accurate diagnosis than they would demand before writing a common prescription. It becomes them, therefore, to be modest in asserting the correctness of the result of their inquiry, unless they are certain of having mastered the subject in their previous study. They are introduced as the only men qualified to settle the question raised. The jury have a right to be guided by the decision which they shall give, and will not be slow to avail themselves of the opportunity to thrust the responsibility off their own shoulders. How important, then, both to the state and to the accused, that the decision be wisely made, and how regardless of all duty must he be who assumes to settle the question, while conscious that he is not rich in that experience and observation which alone can entitle his solution of the problem to respect!

ART. IV.—1. *Folious Appearances. A Consideration on our Ways of Lettering Books.* [London:] Printed for John Russell Smith, Soho Square. 1854. Small 4to. pp. 24.

2. *Manuels:* — Roret. *Nouveau Manuel complet du Relieur, dans toutes ses Parties, précedé des Arts de l'Assembleur, du Satineur, de la Plieuse, de la Brocheuse, et suivi des Arts du Marbreur sur Tranches, du Doreur sur Tranches et sur Cuir.* Par M. SÉB. LENORMAND et M. R., Relieur Amateur. Orné d'un grande nombre de figures. Nouvelle Edition, revue, corrigée, et considerablement augmentée. Paris: A la Librairie Encyclopédique de Roret, Rue Hautefeuille, No. 12. 1853. 12mo. pp. 272.

3. *Bibliopegia; or, The Art of Bookbinding, in all its Branches.* By JOHN ANDREWS ARNETT. Second Edition. London: Richard Groombridge. 1836. 12mo. pp. 194.

4. *On Ornamental Art, applied to Ancient and Modern Bookbinding. Illustrated with Specimens of various Dates and Countries.* By JOSEPH CUNDALL. Published at the House of the Society of Arts. [London.] 1848. 4to. pp. 16.

5. *Essai sur la Restauration des Anciennes Estampes et des Livres Rares.* Par A. BONNARDOT, Parisien. Paris: Se vend Chez Defloreune Neveu, Libraire, Quai de l'Ecole, 16. 1846. 8vo. pp. 80.

6. *Supplement à l'Essai sur la Restauration des vieilles Estampes, etc., par* A. BONNARDOT. *Contenant des Corrections, Notes, Eclaircissements, Additions d'un Chapitre sur la Reliure des Livres Rares.* Paris. 8vo. pp. 31.

7. *Bibliopegia; or, The Art of Bookbinding, in all its Branches. Illustrated with Engravings.* By JOHN HANNETT. Fourth Edition, with considerable Additions. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 166.

As there is no pleasure comparable, either in perfect and enduring enjoyment or in freedom from hurtful results, to that arising from literary pursuits, so there are few things more worthy the attention of mankind than the means whereby such gratifications may be stimulated and refined to their utmost capacity. Human life is short enough as it is, and

its pathway is strewn with too many thorns to leave "ample space and verge enough" for the mind which would hold by the line of virtue to employ itself profitably in vain speculations on cups it is forbidden to taste. A wiser plan would seem to be to cultivate carefully the sources of happiness that are already open to it, and to fan the flames that grow with what they feed upon. The susceptibility to emotion of any kind is vastly aided and increased by an habitual indulgence in those things which provoke it.

Beneath the dome of a great library lies the temple of refuge for the soul. Here it may escape from the noise and care of the outside world; here it may forget present danger and fear, the storms of yesterday or the gloomy promise of to-morrow. What fame could be more honorable than that of him who first set open to the public the doors of some such lofty hall, well stored with what Milton calls "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life?" "If," as Pancirollus hath it, in his Treatise on the Lost Inventions of the Ancients, "if victorious wrestlers from the Olympic games were glorified with praise and brought back to their homes in triumphal chariots, to the jubilant swell of music, their brows bound with the celestial palm, what praises should be lavished on his name who with care and toil and costly outlay hath gathered in one place, for the guidance and benefit of each individual, that seasoned life of man which is preserved and stored up in books?"

In a former number of our Review, we alluded, with all the kindness of fellow-feeling, to some phases in the history of Bibliomania. Next to himself, — the noblest study of mankind, — the genuine amateur will rank that of books; and he, at least, will find little to complain of in the pages that profess to treat of one of the most important events in the life of each of those silent monitors wherein nestles the essence of immortality.

That there are many to whom the artificial refinements which have grown up about the outside of literature afford no pleasure, — to whom a vellum copy in a gilded cover is not

a whit more acceptable than the same work on flimsy paper and in shabby sheep, — is certainly true.

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

The author of these very lines was a notable example of this class. Every reader will recollect the havoc De Quincey describes him as making in Southey's library, grasping a knife fresh from the butter-bowl, and with its greasy blade besmearing the leaves of a choice volume of an uncut set of books. These things, however, being purely matters of taste, there is not a word to be said in decrial of the judgment which denies all worth to the adventitious advantages of a volume, and honors itself for not being as they are who

"Give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted."

Let all such go their ways, and peace be with them. In the language of the Archbishop of Granada, we wish them "toutes sortes de prospérités, avec un peu plus de gout." We do not envy the disposition that will remain unmoved by the charms with which taste and the resources of art enrich the pursuits of social life, — that looks upon books familiar to the eye from childhood as mere bricks in a wall, and, without feeling a single pang of separation, could replace them by successors from the next shop. As the shepherd becomes attached to the individual beasts of his fold, — as the gardener watches with growing favor the flowers that blossom in his parterre, — so will a scholar plant his affections upon the identical books which have long whispered in his ears with sleepless voices their varied discourse of hope for the future, consolation for the past, oblivion of the present! * Can any one believe that Theodore Beza had whole editions in his eye, when he uttered his charming lines to his library? — that it was not the sight of particular tomes upon his shelves which inspired him with the poetic fervor?

* Without repeating the famous sayings of Cicero and Seneca on this point, let us quote one paragraph from the excellent De Bury: "*Hi sunt magistri qui nos instruunt sine vergis et ferula, sine verbis et colera, sine pane et pecunia. Si accedis, non dormiunt; si inquiris, non se abscondunt; non remurmurant si oberres; cachinnos nesciunt si ignores.*"

"Salvete incolumes mei libelli,
Meæ deliciæ, meæ salutes!
Salve mi Cicero, Catulle salve,
Salve mi Maro, Pliniûmque uterque;
Mi Cato, Calumella, Varro, Livi,
Salve mi quoque Plaute, tu Serenti,
Et tu salve Ovidi, Fabi, Properti!
Vos salvete etiam disertiores
Græci, ponere quos loco priore
Decebat, Sophocles, Isocratesque.
Et tu cui popularis aura nomen
Dedit; tu quoque, Magne Homere, salve!"

That we should pursue this subject so far, has doubtless already moved the indignation of some utilitarian reader who shares in the honest aversion of M. Camus to what is commonly styled *bibliomania*, and who wonders of what earthly importance it can be whether a book was printed last year or last month, provided its contents are the same in either instance. Yet, in fact, where ease and luxury prevail simultaneously with higher pursuits, it will always be found that the decorative and the merely useful arts are soon brought to walk hand in hand, — that the place and the implements of study are made, not only suitable to the convenience, but agreeable to the taste, of their proprietor. The curious reader will recall with a smile the erudite Dr. Dibdin's *beau idéal* of a gentleman's pleasure-apartment, with its satin-wood bookcase crowned with chaste Etruscan vases, the light-blue carpet with bunches of gray roses shaded in brown, and curtains in harmony, the alabaster lamps and marble busts, and the twain or more of Wouvermans or Ruysdaels which hung upon the walls. Such a chamber, with a sufficiency of elegant books in the case, would really be a beautiful feature in a gentleman's mansion. Probably the most perfect *bijou* of this kind in the world is the celebrated Aldine cabinet of Spencer House, in St. James's Place, London, — the seat of Earl Spencer, well known in the literary world as a nobleman of taste and munificence. Walls panelled with boughs of golden palm-trees support a springing semicircular ceiling, adorned with compartments of gilt roses. The furniture is in

keeping with the apartment, yet not gaudy nor over-abundant; but a few mahogany bookcases ranged about the chamber, with their inappreciable contents, make the value of the whole mount up to a king's ransom. For instance, one case contains no less than fifty Caxtons, while its companion is filled with scarcely less precious Wynkyn de Wordes and Pynsons of the fifteenth century. The room takes its name, however, not from either of these black-letter bands, but from something beside which even they must "hide their diminished heads" (albeit the Caxtonian collection alone was rated at nearly twelve thousand guineas): we allude to a set of original Aldines, all sumptuously bound, *and all printed on vellum!* Such a sight exists nowhere else in the world, nor ever has existed; and its mere mention must have maddened the brain of many a less successful but equally devoted bibliomaniac. The reader will understand that oftentimes (particularly in the earlier days of the press) one or more first impressions of a valuable work were struck off on vellum, instead of paper, thus securing to such copies a more sumptuous appearance, as well as a longer life, than to their compeers. This ancient custom is, in some measure, still preserved; and, especially in instances where a book connoisseur is concerned in its publication, we often find a copy or two of some favored work on vellum. A more usual plan, however, is to issue a few copies upon large paper, or Indian or Holland paper, for the benefit of the *cognoscenti.*

It will be thus perceived how, with a copy in his hand superior to almost any other of the same edition, the possessor feels the natural propriety of coating it with a superior binding, or, at least, of treating it in such a manner as to insure its preservation. Perchance, if he be a bold man, and the work susceptible of such an addition, he undertakes to illustrate it before putting it into the hands of the binder. Do our readers know what, in technical phrase, *illustrating* a book means? We will tell them; and as historical works are almost invariably those which are selected for this purpose, we will *illustrate* our explanation by a random extract from Mr. Macaulay's History of England, which more than one *illustrator*, we have no doubt, has had in hand since its

publication. Speaking of the English pulpit, our author says: —

"Barrow had lately died at Cambridge; and Pearson had gone thence to the episcopal bench. Cudworth and Henry Moore were still living there. South and Pococke, Jane and Aldrich, were at Oxford. Prideaux was in the close of Norwich, and Whitby in the close of Salisbury. But it was chiefly by the London clergy, who were always spoken of as a class apart, that the fame of their profession for learning and eloquence was upheld. The principal pulpits of the metropolis were occupied about this time by a crowd of distinguished men, from among whom was selected a large proportion of the rulers of the Church. Sherlock preached at the Temple, Tillotson at Lincoln's Inn, Wake and Jeremy Collier at Gray's Inn, Burnet at the Rolls, Stillingfleet at St. Paul's Cathedral, Patrick at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, Fowler at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, Sharp at St. Giles's in the Fields, Tennison at St. Martin's, Sprat at St. Margaret's, Beveridge at St. Peter's in Cornhill."

Here are the names of twenty-two Church dignitaries, every portrait of whom, whenever or wherever engraved, must be obtained, to make a perfect illustration of the passage. And furthermore, the best kind of proofs in existence of each engraving must be had, no matter how costly or difficult. If prints from a private plate are extant, so much the better: they must be added to the list. Besides these, the titles of twelve churches in London, of London itself, of the two Universities, of two cathedrals, and of the cities wherein they stand, are also mentioned. Engravings of each of these objects (unless otherwise introduced into the volume) must be procured by hook or by crook; and so on, *ad finem*. To illustrate Macaulay properly and elegantly would cost a larger sum than it would be advisable to mention here, — more, perhaps, than any similar undertaking ever amounted to. *Haud inexpertus loquor*, — we have in our time tried a hand at the game ourselves. But, lest the reader should still remain incredulous as to the trouble and charges of such an achievement, let his attention be called to the seven hundred prints collected to illustrate six verses (20 – 25) of the first chapter of Genesis; to the Pennant's London, in the British Museum, the engravings for which (in cheap times) cost £ 2,000; to

the illustrated Scott's Dryden, with its six hundred and fifty portraits; and to numerous other such books, which our limits will not suffer us even to name.

The excellent John Evelyn and the "painful" Elias Ashmole have the credit of introducing this recreation, but the Rev. Dr. Granger, with his Biographical History of England, first made the disease contagious; and at this day there is an illustrated Clarendon, an illustrated Shakespeare, and an illustrated Bowyer's Bible, that are as well known in London as Charing Cross or the Bank crossing. Some dissatisfied spirits, ever bent on progress, delight to place original autograph letters of the subjects of their prints beside their "counterfeit presentments," thus considerably increasing the bulk and value of the precious tome, and rendering it additionally worthy of the binder's care. The general reader, or even the *unillustrative* collector, will, however, too often have cause to murmur at the remorseless hand which, to enrich a work that only once mentions the name, for instance, of Chaucer, has mangled a Pickering's tall paper Canterbury Tales of its exquisite frontispiece. It is this character that Dr. Ferriar inveighs against: —

> "In paper books, superbly gilt and tooled,
> He pastes, from injured volumes snipt away,
> His *English Heads* in chronicled array.
> Torn from their destined page, (unworthy meed
> Of knightly counsel and heroic deed,)
> Not Faithorn's stroke nor Field's own type can save
> The gallant Veres, and one-eyed Ogle brave.
> Indignant readers seek the image fled,
> And curse the busy fool, who *wants a head.*
> Proudly he shows, with many a smile elate,
> The scrambling subjects of the *private plate;*
> While Time their actions and their names bereaves,
> They grin for ever in the guarded leaves."

The reader who cares to go deeply into the antiquities of *bibliopegia* will find in Mr. Hannett's Books of the Ancients, and in M. Peignot's *Essai sur la Reliure des Livres chez les Anciens* (Paris, 1834), as well as in the voluminous pages of the enthusiastic Dibdin, enough to satisfy a moderate demand;

and if he is so fortunate as to possess a copy of Schwarz's work, *De Ornamentis Librorum Veterum* (which we have never been able to see), he will probably more than satiate his curiosity. For our present purpose, it will be sufficient to mention that the scrolls of the ancients, consisting of loose leaves of papyrus or of some similar material, were at first secured by tying them up in a cylindrical roll. Hence the *lora rubra* of Catullus, which we are told were thongs of red leather. Next, some sagacious wight conceived the idea of passing a cord through the pages; and subsequently one Phillatius, an Athenian, earned a statue from his grateful fellow-countrymen by teaching them to glue the leaves together. Catullus, in his Epigrams, gives us some precious information as to the bookbinder's tools of those days: —

> "Chartæ regiæ, novi libri,
> Novi umbilici, lora rubra, membrana
> Directa plumbo, et pumice omnia æquata."

The *lorum*, as we have seen, was a leather band; the *umbilicus* was the boss at the extremities of the substance on which the book was to be rolled; and the *pumex*, or pumice-stone, was employed to polish the pages down to a glossy smoothness, a process analogous in its object to the modern *hot-pressing*. Then there was an essential oil of cedar, called the *cedrium*, whose use was to preserve the manuscript from worms and insects. In this manner were the writings of Cicero and Virgil stored away in the collections of Rome and Pompeii.*

A good idea of the appearance of one of these scrolls may be obtained from a modern mounted map, the projecting portions of the rollers not being unfrequently made, in those days of luxury, when books were very rare, of ivory, or even of gold, but more generally of wood. At first, the vellum was prepared only upon one side. By and by it was discovered that both sides might be used; then it was trimmed into

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* The Diptychs of the Romans are believed to have presented some very interesting specimens of carved-wood binding, with characteristic devices and figures upon the sides. Sometimes they were made of ivory. As late as the fifth century they were still in vogue.

squares or parallelograms, and finally gathered or folded double or quadruple, the former style being equivalent to our folios, the latter to our quartos. The invention of octavos was reserved for another age. In this folding we have the first traces of our modern book form, and the binding which it demanded constitutes the beginning of our modern art. So far as we can judge from the few monastic specimens remaining, and those not of the earliest epoch, this duty was laboriously but rudely performed. The sheets, having been long under the hands of the engrosser or decorator, we may suppose to have been carefully pressed and smoothed. They were then stitched together with thongs of some soft, tough skin, and at last inclosed in stout oak boards. If the volume was a highly valued one, its covers would be adorned with ornaments of gold, silver, or precious stones. A *basso-relievo* of the Virgin and Child, or of a patron saint, would be affixed to the outside; and within, so thick were the covers, a little recess or cupboard was sometimes placed, with doors opening by a spring, — the shrine of a small crucifix to be secretly adored by the devout owner of the precious tome. Sometimes, too, the margin is found painted with religious scenes; or a Holy Family, or a Christ with the Angels, is inlaid in ivory on the cover. These are very curious and interesting volumes, but, from their antiquity, of very rare occurrence.

With the advance of elegance in other pursuits, the bindings, as well as the illuminations and other ornaments of books (we are still speaking of manuscripts), became more splendid. The religious houses were still the only professed conservatories of literature, and the pious zeal of many a godly king and noble sought, not ineffectually, to enrich their shrines. Thus Stowe relates an instance of the liberality of Ina, king of the West-Saxons, who, in the eighth century, among other donations, bestowed on the monks of Glastonbury "a kiver for the Gospell Booke, twenty pound." Indeed, it was in the Middle Ages considered as an evidence of a Christian turn of mind, to labor on the preparation of ecclesiastical volumes; and thus we find the Norman Herman a skilful illuminator and bookbinder, before he came to England, in the time of the Conqueror, to be eventually consecrated Bishop of Salisbury.

And though the famous Thomas à Becket did not, so far as we know, condescend to this mechanical art, yet William of Newbury intimates that many of the beautiful books of devotion which he gave to various religious houses were covered in a style hardly inferior to the Gospel Book of King Ina.

When the fashion of clothing books in leather, vellum, or velvet first came into vogue, we have no data for deciding. Mr. Cundall states, that at the time of the Christian era the Romans used leather of various colors, red, green, yellow, and purple, adorned with precious metals; but he omits to mention his authority. As, according to Vossius, the long rolls were in use (though perhaps not generally) even after the days of Cicero, we are left in uncertainty as to whether this leather binding was a mere case for the scroll, or a covering of the books, folded, as before noticed, in folio and quarto; probably it was the former. In the reign of Edward III. there is much cause to believe that the art of binding had advanced to great perfection in the way of ornament; and if its votaries were not yet "out of the wood," they were in a fair way of being so. If the books described by Mr. Astle were, as Dr. Dibdin opines, prepared before the invention of printing, we may perhaps attribute their binding to the fourteenth century; and they were surely glorious specimens of the art: — "A booke of Gospelles garnished and wrought with antique worke of silver and gilte, with an image of the Crucifix with Mary and John, poiz together cccxxij oz."; and "A booke of golde enamelled, clasped with a rubie, having on the one syde a crosse of dyamounts and vj other dyamounts, and the other syde a flower-de-luce of dyamounts and iiij rubies with a pendaunte of white saphires and the armes of Englande, — which booke is garnished with small emeraldes and rubies hanging to a cheyne pillar fashion set with xv knottes, everie one conteyning iij rubies." All books at this period, and indeed up to a much later date, were provided with metal clasps to compel their remaining shut when once closed, and these clasps were of silver or cheaper material, according to the luxury or the purse of the proprietor. Thus Geyler has it, in his Navicula: "Sunt qui libros inaurant et serica tegimenta apponunt preciosa et superba."

Edward III. was no niggardly patron of well-bound books,* a taste in which he was rivalled by his brother of France, Charles V., whose favor nourished the germs of the present *Bibliothèque Imperiale*. In fact, when the example set by sovereigns was so closely followed by the nobles and gentry, as in the instance of the celebrated Bedford Missal, prepared for the valiant old Duke John of Bedford, the terror of France, there must have prevailed great luxury in the decorations of books. Yet very few specimens have been handed down to our day. Among these is the golden little book of Queen Elizabeth, so well described in the Gentleman's Magazine (Vols. LX. and LXI.). But, in general, they were destroyed by the very means adopted to secure their preservation, being either sold by the monasteries in which they were lodged, or stolen from them on their dissolution. One Joyce Rowse, the Abbess of Rumsey, seems to have gained a very undesirable reputation in 1506, by selling her books for the means of *immoderate drinking*. After vespers, this excellent and devout woman would have all her nuns assembled in her chamber, and, with a store of good liquor, they would make a regular night of it. The holy sisters being all nobly born and highly

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* In the Wardrobe Accompts, 20 Edw. III., are some book-binding charges: —

"To Alice Claver for the making of xvi laces and xvi tasshels for the garnyshing of divers of the King's books, ij*s.* viij*d.*"

"Piers Bauduyn Stacioner for bynding gilding and dressing of a booke called Titus Liuius, xx*s.*; for bynding gilding and dressing of a booke called Ffrossard, xvj*s.*" "A book called the Bible" is also named, and "Le Gouuernement of Kings and Princes," "La Forteresse du Foy," Josephus, and "The Bible Historial," are all mentioned in the leger.

Such, it is probable, were the bindings described by Skelton: —

> "With that of the boke lozende were the claspes,
> The margin was illumined al with golden railes,
> And bice empictured with grass-oppes and waspes,
> With butterflies, and fresh pecocke tailes,
> Englored with flowres, and slyme snayles
> Envyved pictures well touched and quickely,
> It would have made a man hole that had be right sickely,
> To behold how it was garnished and bound,
> Encoverde over with gold and tissue fine
> The claspes and bullions were worthe a M pounde,
> With balassis and carbuncles the border did shine
> With *aurum* mosaicum every other line."

connected, the Bishop of the diocese interfered and put a stop to their conviviality, but not before the chattels of the shrine had suffered a considerable diminution. Such scenes even as these, however, cannot reconcile us to the wholesale system of plunder and devastation which accompanied the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. To call it by its proper name, mob-law seems to have reigned supreme on this occasion. An illumination or a red letter was sufficient to condemn a book to the flames, and a costly binding, to procure its confiscation. Many "a book of the four Evangelists, written al with gold, and the utter side of plate of gold," found its way into the royal coffers; and the rest were seized by the populace. This enormously bigoted and brutal proceeding, by which every seat of learning in England was affected, and the cause of letters received a blow irreparable as unappreciable, entitles the name of bluff King Harry to a place in the immortal couplets of Pope: —

> "Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
> And orient science their bright course begun:
> One godlike monarch all that pride confounds,
> He whose long wall the wandering Tartar bounds;
> Heavens! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
> And one bright blaze turns learning into air.
> Thence to the South extend thy gladdened eyes;
> There rival flames with equal glory rise:
> From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
> And lick up all their physic of the soul."

The gates of the Ptolemean library, with their apposite inscription, — *ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ*, — proved no stronger bar against the torch of Omar, than the interdicts that hedged in the walls of the English convent. The astute Chi-Hoam-ti was more thorough in his work; he not only burnt all the libraries of the Celestial Empire, but he put to death all the learned men at the same time. Henry, however, was not so barbarous. He cared little how much a man knew, provided he crossed not the royal path; and not only his favorite Wolsey, but the king himself, had a decided taste for letters and for fine books.

But these sumptuous envelopments, in which, like a beau

in a birthday suit, volumes glistened in purple and gold, rich velvet and precious stones, were necessarily coexistent with elaborate and brilliant illuminations, and could not long survive the introduction of printed books. Nor indeed was it every manuscript that was born to sleep in a regal jewel-chest. Perhaps the oldest specimen of monkish binding now remaining is a Latin and Saxon Psalter at Stowe, the workmanship of which is referred to the ninth century. Its covers are of oaken boards, such as have been above described, and its general execution is as clumsy as might be expected. A little improved, the fashion still flourished at the date when the first press was set up in Westminster, — oaken or rude leather bindings being those in which the first English printed books appeared. Thus Pope again: —

> "There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
> One clasped in wood, and one in strong cow-hide."

Indeed, about this period all the arts connected with books must have received an impulse, and the rude forel gave way to vellum, silk, or dressed leather. Deer-skin and fox-skin have since been used in whim; silk, and particularly hog-skin, still find admirers; and we are told a tale of either Dr. Askew or Dr. Hunter, who actually had a volume put up in a dressed human cuticle, flayed from the cold body of one of his victims. The domestic animals, however, — the sheep, the goat, the calf, — are almost the only beasts whose hides are now thus employed. *Papier maché*, stamped by hydraulic pressure into plates resembling carved wood, and mounted on silk or some similar substance, has of late years been introduced for ornamental works, and Montfaucon describes a *leaden* binding that he had seen. But these are exceptions: custom seems by this time to have definitively established the maxim that there is "nothing like leather." We must not omit to notice the combination of wood and leather that was in vogue during the first ages of printing. The boards were covered with calf-skin, generally curiously impressed with arabesque or other devices; and such bindings were no doubt regarded as prodigies of art at the time of their execution.

But our limits warn us to hasten on to the first grand epoch

in the history of modern binding; for in this light we must consider the employment of morocco, whether it be to the royal Hungarian, Corvinus, or to the scarce less magnificent Grolier, that its introduction is attributable. The palace of Matthias Corvinus (who ascended the throne of Hungary in 1457), at Buda, was long famed for its books. A host of workmen, under his own immediate inspection, were continually engaged in gilding, painting, illuminating, and binding his choice collection of forty or fifty thousand volumes, and marking each with his device or symbol, — a black crow with a ring in its mouth, — suggested by the Roman etymon of his name. His library was one of the wonders of the world while it lasted, but it was dispersed and destroyed when Buda fell before the arms of the infidel in 1526. John Grolier, whose name may vie with that of any king in the annals of bibliophilic fame, was born at Lyons in 1479, and died at Paris in 1565. His books were in every way remarkable, whether for the rarity and beauty of the editions, the large paper or vellum on which they were very often printed, their freshness and good preservation, or the luxury and taste displayed in their binding. Calf or morocco was the customary material employed, with devices of an elegant style upon the covers, varying of course in detail, but usually of the same general character. An epigraph inserted in some appropriate place recorded the ownership of the volume: IO. GROLIERII ET AMICORVM. These books have been scattered since Grolier's death all over the world, and specimens are to be found in numerous collections; but they will always command a high price whenever they are offered for sale. Fac-similes, too, of their style have been frequently produced, and it is much imitated by accomplished artists.

The President De Thou and the minister, M. de Colbert, succeeded to the mantle of Grolier in the matter of elegant bindings; and we should have noticed the names of Francis I., of Henry II., and of his mistress, Diana of Poitiers, in the same category. It is to this goddess that we owe the edict providing that a copy on vellum, handsomely bound, of every book printed in France *cum privilegio*, should be deposited in the Bibliothèque du Roi. Her binding-patterns,

too, are positively charming, so that there is great reason for posterity to be grateful to the memory of the beautiful Duchess of Valentinois.

Who were the workmen whose handicraft accomplished so many monuments of taste? As well might we ask the names of those who labored under Noah and his sons; or of the private soldiers who died with Leonidas. Yet here and there some knowing artist has left his mark upon his work; a name, a date, a votive inscription, serves to individualize here and there one of the long dead. Johannes Guilebert, Johan Norris, Ludovicus Bloc, — three centuries have rolled away since the tool fell from their dying hands, and before their eyes, long book-conversant, dimly and yet more dimly glimmered the pages of that great volume whereon was stamped the brief record of their scanty lives, but their memory still continues green; their names, impressed by caprice, perchance, or a momentary vanity, on the covers of a work that their skill had bound, are still fresh in the bibliosophist's mind. And could Ioris de Gaitere — when, in 1527, he piously inscribed a volume thus: "Ioris de Gaitere me ligavit in Gandavo, omnes sancti angeli et archangeli dei orate pro nobis" — have reckoned on the thousands of Protestant lips that far in then undiscovered lands should three or four hundred years afterwards repeat the words of his prayer? Peace to their ashes, and to those of all honest bookbinders: would that their name were Legion! Yet we are forced to suppose that in these early days the publisher (in whose person was commonly united the three trades of bookseller, binder, and printer) was not unfrequently in as needy straits as the author. Thus in that well-known satire, Cocke Lorell's Bote, as printed by Wynkyn de Worde, "boke prynters" and "boke bynders" are put in close companionship with "grote clyppers, katche polys, mole sekers, ratte takers, canel rakers, and smoggy colyers":—

> "Of euery crafte some there was
> Shorte or longe more or lasse
> All these rehersed here before.
> In Cockes bote eche man had an ore."

The style of De Thou's bindings indicates the advance in

favor which morocco had made since Grolier's time. While Grolier gave the preference to olive or brown tints, De Thou's favorite color was red; and, ordinarily, his books are not so distinguished by arabesque-work on the covers as those of his predecessor. But their styles had many things in common, and competent critics have assigned to a volume of De Thou's — a folio copy of the Historia Piscium of Salvianus — the palm of superior merit, in sumptuousness of binding and ornamental propriety, above all other books of that age now in existence. This enviable treasure was purchased at the Edwards sale for the Fonthill collection; and, with many other kindred specimens, is doubtless still in Great Britain.

Passing from these illustrious French professors of the bibliopegistic art, we will now notice what may be called the Harleian era, in England. In the formation of his noble collection, Harley, Earl of Oxford, the friend of Pope, the favorite of Queen Anne, though careful to have his books bound neatly and substantially, displayed little of the varied and elegant French taste of the preceding century. An invariable coat of red morocco, with a broad gold border and often a golden star or lozenge in the middle of the side, characterized his library. The fore-edges of the leaves were left uncolored, unmarbled, ungilt; and the lining was generally a Dutch marbled paper. The same prevalence of literary taste and munificence, which had made French binding during the sixteenth century so far superior to anything of the kind that had before been known, now began to operate faintly in England. By the close of the eighteenth century, a new light had dawned upon the trade, and bookbinding was nearing its perihelion. What was known as the University, or Oxford and Cambridge binding (a style which, we believe, must date back to the reign of George II.), was for a long time in fashion: "a sober, gray-tinted calf, with bands; having the interstices filled with a moderate portion of gold, and the linings and fore-edges marbled. The volumes open extremely well, and there is a sufficient amplitude of margin." Before going any further, however, let us give a hasty glance at what we know of the chief Continental binders who preceded the days of Roger Payne.

Among the early French workmen of eminence were the Parisians Pierre Gailliard, whose discoveries in his handicraft are chronicled by Marolles, and Pierre Portier, who introduced green vellum, both having lived prior to the year 1600. Next, we find a group of three distinguished names, Padaloup, Du Seuil, and De Rome. The first, we are told, had a strong fancy for red morocco covers and linings, with gold borders on each. His fly-leaf too was sometimes of gold. The only Padaloup upon our shelves (*Œuvres Morales et Badines de Cazotte*, Amst., 1776, 2 vols., 8vo) is in very dark green morocco, with red silk linings and fly-leaves, and gold bands, heavily gilt both on the back and covers. The workmanship is admirable, albeit a connoisseur of the present day might find the gold arabesque-work on the sides rather clumsy. Better *forwarding* was never seen, and the gilt edges still close with a compactness defying the admission of the least particle of dust. In one, at least, of these essentials, we are inclined to give him the preference over the Abbé du Seuil, who preceded him by half a century or more. We are aware that Du Seuil's reputation stands higher than Padaloup's, and perhaps deservedly so; but we have not the advantage of familiarity with his *chefs-d'œuvre*, and can only judge from the lights afforded us. The only Du Seuil to which at this moment we can refer is a Vulgate Novum Testamentum (*Parisiis: E Typographia Regia*, M. DC. XLIX.), in two duodecimo volumes. The covering is of scarlet morocco, with gilt edges, marbled paper linings, and gold bands, and upon the sides is the most exquisite, fairy-like tracery in gold arabesque that can possibly be conceived. But for its regularity, one would say that it was the gnawings of a minute insect rather than the result of human *tooling*. Yet the *forwarding* is far from being perfect; it is not even good. In some places the lines of one page fall at least the sixteenth part of an inch higher or lower than the corresponding lines on the opposite leaf; nor is this attributable to the sewing having failed, for that is still perfect. But let us reflect that to Du Seuil we owe the introduction of marbled paper linings, and with due homage pass on to the next name. De Rome was a capital workman, but not always blest with bright

conceptions. In common, also, with all of his day, he was a terrible cropper, and books came from his hands miserably shorn. His *tooling* was exquisite; and when he did have a good idea, nothing can exceed the elegance of its execution. Bozerian was another "bright particular star" in the Gallic firmament. His favorite style was in dark-blue morocco. We have before us a Vulgate Novum Testamentum (Paris, Didot, 1785) in this garb, with gold edges and bands and red watered tabby linings. The bands on the back are of that ruby morocco which Bozerian always tastefully introduced into his work, and the covers are richly guilt, but with a neatness and propriety of ornament which he does not always exhibit. An instance of a different kind occurs in a copy of Lucian in four octavo volumes (Paris, 1789), bound in a very similar style, except that the ruby morocco is set on the back in those annulets which Bozerian so much affected. But the quantity of gold that he has lavished on these octavo volumes would have been sufficient for as many folios; and though each particular *tooling* is admirably finished, yet the *tout ensemble* is heavy and dull. Certainly, Bozerian was not a man of educated taste, of which fact his lettering of this work affords a curious proof. The translation is by a M. Belin de Balu; accordingly we find on its back this puzzling inscription: *Lucien T. P. Belin de Balu.* Who would suppose that T. P. represented the words *traduit par?*

Turn we now to the great original of British art, the honest, industrious, skilful, drunken Roger Payne, whose portrait graces the portfolio of every bibliomaniac, and whose works, unlike those of other good men, are *not* "interred with his bones," but proudly survive, perpetual memorials of his worth. Long ago, the worms have devoured Roger's flesh; but one might almost fancy his soul still lingering about the shelves of Althorp or of Chatswood, basking in the blaze of his own gold, or inhaling the aroma of his worm-preventing Russia.

Born in the classic shades of Windsor Forest, we find Roger Payne a professed binder at London about 1770. Giving "his ways to that which destroyeth kings," however, he soon began to fall behindhand with the world. Falstaff himself could not excel this stanch toper in his devotion to sack. One of his bills is still preserved:—

"*For Bacon.* One half-penny.
For Liquor. One shilling."

As may be guessed from this single straw, the wind which filled Roger's sails drove him not towards the haven of prosperity. Poverty attended him through life, and closed his eyes in death; but, unhappy as was his condition, he left no one behind him who could bear the armor of Achilles.

In conception and execution of ornaments, and in conscientiously faithful labor, Payne was everything that even his own loquacious bills could suggest. His linings were frequently out of taste, and coarse; he was too fond of an invariable purple paper; in his bands, too, he failed. His jointing, though very strong, was rough and unpleasant in appearance. But his forwarding was inimitable, every sheet being perfectly and honestly stitched into the back. Roger's favorite material was olive, or, as he called it on some theory of his own, *Venetian* morocco; but in Russia also he was very great. Then, again, while his smaller volumes were too apt not to open well, his larger ones suffered by his weakness for the thinnest boards. Our readers may think this candid discussion of his frailties in poor keeping with our high laudation of his merits; but let us tell them that half of Roger's virtues in his vocation would have amply redeemed thrice his vices. And the way, too, in which he would repair and renovate a tattered old black-letter tome amounted to almost a miracle. Decidedly, let the name of Roger Payne remain where it is, in the highest niche of the temple. It was his fortune to fall with harness on his back. While he was working on his last job — an Aldine Homer, on vellum — he was surprised by Death. Earl Spencer, to whom the book belonged, with singular felicity, has commemorated the circumstance by the inscription of two Homeric verses (Il. xviii. 380, xvii. 478) in golden capitals upon the cover: —

ΠΑΓΑΝΟΣ ΕΠΟΙΕΙ.

Ὄφρ' ὄγε ταῦτ' ἐπονεῖτο ἰδυίῃσι πραπίδεσσιν,
Ζωὸς ἐών; νῦν αὖ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κιχάνει.

We have before us a diminutive Johannes Secundus (F. Moyaert, cIↃ. IↃ. xxxxxi) bound by Payne in scarlet morocco,

with plain gold lines and bands; but it is not a very pleasing exhibition of his talents.

We have lingered so long over the history and progress of our art, that we cannot further delay some mention of its practical details. Every one knows that each page of a book is no longer printed separately, with movable wooden blocks, as in the days of Guttenberg and Faust, but that one side of a sheet, containing as many pages as the proposed size of the volume — folio, quarto, or octavo, as the case may be — will warrant, is struck off by one motion of the machine. It is in this condition, and reeking from the press, that the sheets pass into the binder's hands. His first care must be to have the ink dried, so as not to have each page blurring its opposite neighbor while subjected to his toil. If, however, it is required to hasten the work, tissue-paper is introduced between the leaves, or the sheets are dried in a baker's oven. There are between fifty and one hundred subdivisions of labor employed, before a perfectly bound book can be placed upon the library shelves; but our readers will be content with an enumeration of the most important of them. The first of these is *folding*, or evenly and fairly turning down the sheets into regular pages. This being done, they are *collated*, or supervised, to see that nothing is wrong, and then placed upon the stone, and beaten or pressed to make the volume of a uniform thickness. This is the proper period, too, to arrange in their order such plates as are to be inserted. The loose folded sheets are then screwed tightly together, and their backs grooved transversely with a tenon-saw, to admit the bands, after which they are sewed, the end-papers pasted together, and the back glued. Next comes the important operation of *backing*, which prepares the groove for the boards. These are cut from heavy pasteboard, and lined with paper, and after they have been fastened to the bands, and subjected to the knocking-down iron, the pressing-boards, and the standing-press, the work for the first time begins to assume the appearance of such a volume as circulates in the outside world. Much, however, still remains to be done. The edges must be cut, and the coloring, whatever it is to be, must be applied. For marbled edges, the colors, carefully prepared, being thrown

into the size-trough in such proportion as the desired style, whether shell, Spanish, Dutch, or Anglo-Dutch, will require, the head of the volume to be marbled is thoroughly, but momentarily, dipped into the trough. The instant that it is withdrawn, the size which adheres with the colors to its edge is carefully shaken off, and the tail and fore-edges are similarly immersed. In gilding, even more care is requisite. The edges are first scraped with steel and then burnished with agate, to make them perfectly smooth. Chalk or red bole, ground in soap, is next applied, after which they are dried with clean paper shavings, and again burnished. The size (properly beaten up with white of egg) is then laid delicately on, and upon it the gold foil. So soon as it is dry enough, the edge is again tenderly burnished over tissue-paper, and the operation is once more repeated on the hardened gold itself. Sometimes, in rebinding an old book, or in the antique style, a coating of size is lightly applied to the edges, after gilding. They are then rubbed with palm-oil, and covered with foil of a different color, and the intended designs are imprinted thereon with warm tools. The edges are then rubbed with cotton. The foil last put on disappears from every place save where the tooling has stamped it in; and the effect is so beautiful, as to make it a matter of wonder to us, that a practice usual three hundred years ago should now be almost discontinued, except by the choicest artists.

There are other not less elegant modes of treating the edges. One is gilding over the marble; another is gilding over a water-color sketch made on the burnished edges of the leaves, tightly screwed together. In either case, if neatly finished, the original design will not be perceived while the volume is shut; but when it is slightly opened, and the edges of the leaves fall spontaneously into an oblique position, the effect is charming. In the former art, Riviere, of London, is admirable; and we have before us a perfect gem of its kind in a Book of Common Prayer by Hayday, the fore-edges of which contain a copy of the Transfiguration, and the head and tail other religious subjects. The gold edges preserve the exquisite paintings (as, in fact, they do the interior of the book generally) from every approach of dust or dampness, and no one who

has the money to spare could rationally begrudge his eight or ten guineas for the pleasure of constantly beholding such a triumph of art.

We now come to the headbands, double or single, which, mingling the *utile cum dulci*, serve both to perfect the finish of the volume and to increase the strength of the back. These are threads of gold, of colored silk, or of paper rolled and pasted, fixed at the head and tail on the edge of the back. A glance at any well-bound book will show the reader what we mean. Headbands made of thread, so as to imitate ribbons, are so simple and so pretty, that we are surprised they are not more in vogue. Under the headband the register (commonly called the marker) is inserted, with one end glued to the back of the volume, and often, in church books, with gold fringe at the inferior end. No handsome book should be without a register of sufficiently broad and appropriately colored ribbon. It adds greatly to the general effect of the binding.

All this time, however, the reader will observe that the volume has remained perfectly naked, — uncovered by skin of any description. We agree with him that it is high time to provide it with substantial raiment. Passing hastily over, therefore, what little remains to be done, we hurry from the bare, pasteboarded victim to the consideration of the skins from which his future garb may be wrought. Soft, properly dressed, of equal thickness in every part, they are exposed before us. If we decide on calf or sheep, it is forthwith moistened with cold water, and thoroughly dried; if on Russia leather, warm water is used; if on morocco, neither. With an accurate measurement and a steady hand the cover is cut and pasted on the boards, and every crease rubbed away till it is perfectly smooth. The leather projecting beyond the edges of the boards is turned in, the corners pinched up and docked of their superfluities, and the cap of the headband set right. Repeated rubbings make every part firm and solid, and not a wrinkle appears. The marbled fly-leaves are pasted down on the interior, so as to hide the ragged edges of the leather; or, if superior luxury has substituted delicate morocco, or watered tabby, or satin, for the lining, it is made to answer the same end. And now the *finishing*, as it is technically called, begins.

With abundant inclination, we have not the space to pursue this branch of our subject to the extent we could desire. It includes all modes of coloring, tooling, gilding, or in any way ornamenting the covers of books, and, as may be inferred, could be pleasantly followed through scores, ay, hundreds of pages. One of the most beautiful of its subdivisions, however, we will cite. This is marbling a calf binding; and of all, commend us to one of Rivière's tree-marbles, in which oak or sycamore seems vaguely yet clearly impressed in the grain of the leather, with an effect like that we sometimes see produced in a Chinese agate. An octavo or a small quarto, such as old plays were printed in, affords the best field for the development of handsome tree-marbling; and, well treated by the artist we have named, such a volume will be found equal to the workmanship of Mackenzie himself. Sometimes marbling and even landscapes are wrought in gold and colors, and this is probably the summit of *bibliopegia;* but we candidly confess our practical ignorance of it. It requires the highest order of ability, and is very costly; but its effect must be beyond measure superb. Marbles of various colors may be produced by the binder, but landscapes or portraits, we apprehend, are generally intrusted to a professional painter.

In the original conception of this paper, we had purposed going into a detailed account of the various processes of *finishing*, as well as dwelling on the respective merits of the numerous styles of binding now known. The Illuminated and Arabesque patterns, in particular, deserve and should have received a thorough examination; nor should the Etruscan, the Grecian, the Antique, the Harleian, the Jansenist, with its Quaker-like simplicity, preserving the memory of the fathers of Port Royal, nor any of the widely differing fashions in which a favorite author may be dressed, have escaped our attention. But our space is nearly exhausted, and we must defer the discussion of these topics to another time. We have said enough to show how much labor and care are needful to make a *great* bookbinder, — for greatness follows perfect skill in one difficult pursuit as surely as in another, — and we leave to our readers the inference, that, to command such toil, the laborer worthy of his hire must be suitably compen-

sated. The secret of the great difficulty that attends the execution of first-rate work in America lies in the fact, that there are too few among us willing to pay for it. Some isolated individuals, through the importing bookseller, have their books bound abroad. In time, doubtless, their numbers will increase, and then we may hope that similar workmanship will be procurable at our own doors. Whenever a competent binder opens his establishment here, he at once, so far as our experience goes, finds enough to do, but not work of the best kind. He subsists chiefly on commissions from booksellers to bind up whole editions at the same time, and in a uniform style. These books are prepared to sell, and the binding is executed accordingly. The workman could not earn enough to live on, should he attend to the perfect finish of every volume that passes through his hands. We have known more than one estimable binder, whose dawning gave promise of high results, gradually to sink into wealth and insignificance through such a course; and we do not believe there is at this moment a man in America who could pretend to turn out such a piece of work as the famous *Blakeway's Sheriffs of Shropshire*, — one of the boasts of English art, — with its fifty-seven thousand separate hand-toolings, and its perfection of good taste. Still, it must not be forgotten that there are several names of excellent repute in this country, and, for widely varied and highly satisfactory work, the amateur may find them competent. Our previous remarks were intended to touch the rule, not the exceptions, and, above all things, to fix the blame on the right shoulders. What perfection can be expected from the hand, when the controlling head is unsound? *

We will conclude with an estimate of the merits of a few modern European binders, based upon specimens on our table. At London, Charles Lewis and Hering are indeed dead (the more 's the pity), but they have left worthy followers behind them, who still strive to regain the palm of that English supe-

* Many very ancient works have no title-pages, but commence thus, *Hoc Incipit*, etc. A gentleman of more ambition than capacity, coming into possession of such a volume, has had it very handsomely bound, causing it to be lettered thus: "Works of Hoc Incipit. Rome. 1490." This is a fact.

riority over their French brethren which received such a shock when those two worthies expired. Lewis's forwarding was too good almost for praise: witness a copy of the British Bibliographer, by Sir Egerton Brydges, (4 vols., 8vo, London, 1810,) in a plain, country-gentleman-like coat of Russia, with marbled edges and gilt lines. It opens beautifully, and is even in better condition than on the day it left his shop. His *forte*, however, must have been in morocco, and in the more sumptuous branches of his trade. A copy of Halliwell's *Nugæ Poeticæ*, in blue morocco, with gold top, does not do Mackenzie full justice. The back is covered with gold filigree, that looks heavy enough by the side of some of the best French work. But in marbled calf, as we have intimated above, it is questionable if Mackenzie had ever an equal; and we have a Johannes de Garlandia printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510 at London ("*in parochia Sanctæ Bregidæ in vico Anglice nuncupato the Fletestrete*"), in morocco, with gilt bands and edges, which is as splendid a piece of binding as one could wish to see. The abilities of Hayday and of Riviere are too well known to need notice here. The former is perhaps considered the best workman in England; certainly, some of his work is the best we have ever seen. It is not in our power, however, to say that Rivière is his inferior, even in morocco. And if two heads are better than one, the firm of Clarke and Bedford ought to achieve success, since each member of it is a consummate artist.

Turn we now to the *ateliers* of Paris; and, without instituting any invidious comparisons, let us contemplate some of their productions. Here we have a specimen of Niedrée's craft: *Les Contes du Gay Sçavoir*, in a Marie-Louise blue morocco, its head gilt, and its back covered with that light, airy gold arabesque in which Niedrée so excelled, and which carries us back — in its handling, not in its pattern — to the days of Du Seuil. It seems to us a pity that the lettering of this volume had not been in Gothic instead of in Roman; it is a proper suggestion to bear in mind in binding books, to harmonize the type without and that within. *Le Banquet des Chambrieres*, in vellum, bears testimony to Niedrée's skill in that line also. The lettering is perpendicular, very small and

distinct, and the back gilt just enough. It is a delightfully *cool* looking volume. Next we take up a splendid set of octavos, — the *Fabliaux et Contes des Poètes François des* XI *à* XV^e^ *Siècles*, etc., *publiés par Barbazan.* Their stately, princely air, in their robes of scarlet morocco and gold, bespeaks the taste of a palace, and the name of Simier, *Relieur du Roi*, settles their paternity. Gold ornaments in copious profusion are worked upon their covers, but all so neatly and clearly cut as to leave no sensation whatever of heaviness or crowding upon the eye.

Of Trautz-Bauzonnet, it is not probable we shall need to say more than that he occupies in Paris very much the position of Hayday in London. *Facile princeps* of all his tribe, never turning out anything less than good work, he yet appears so confident of his own resources, as to neglect the constant pursuit of something higher, something yet unattained. His gold work on the back of a *Poésies du Duc Charles d' Orleans* (the edition edited by Aimé Champollion-Figeac), though more neat than the English, is coarser than Niedrée's; the boards, too, of this volume are thinner, and not so well seasoned as Simier's. *Le Parnasse Occitanien* (a selection of the ancient Troubadours, published at Toulouse in 1819), and an *Essai d'un Glossaire Occitanien*, two rich-looking volumes in plum-colored Levant, with very little gilding, exhibit neat work. But with lettering so large and fresh, care should have been taken that the characters of *Parnasse* should be more uniform with those of *Occitanien*, and that the latter word should have a period after it. But it is impossible to perceive the faintest glimmering of a fault in him, after looking at the magnificent abortion of one of our best Cisatlantic binders, in the preparation of Henry Noel Humphrey's Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages, printed in gold, silver, and colors, in elephant folio. The covers are of brown Levant, with a very handsome Grolier dead-tooling, and, in point of strength and endurance, we dare say it will last for ever. But what a scene is presented when the linings are revealed! Gold spread out on morocco, as lavishly as tastelessly, in masonic aprons, architectural devices, and a pack of like skimble-skamble stuff, all of whose obnoxiousness is forcibly

brought out by fly-leaves of peach-colored watered poplin. This precious morsel of binding cost seventy dollars, and it was the last feat in life of the unhappy man who wrought it. Peace to his manes! it is well that he is gone.

The curious reader, who would pursue this subject still further, as well as the workman who cares to seek for honorable advancement in his business, will be amply repaid in the perusal of Lenormand, Hannett, or Arnett. Cundall gives a series of patterns for elegant work; and Bonnardot will teach him to restore the most begrimed, spotted, greasy old tatterdemalion of a book to its ancient cleanliness and purity. As for "Folious Appearances," were it not that we are convinced beyond a peradventure of its authorship, we should strongly doubt the writer's sanity. It is certainly the production of one "John Tupling," as he chooses to subscribe himself, an enterprising London book-dealer, who in his catalogues denominates his stock "the cattle upon a thousand hills," and abounds in countless quizzical oddities of language. Mr. Tupling has printed with much taste a little essay in opposition to the present mode of lettering our books. He would no longer have "Shakespeare's Plays" or "Johnson's Rambler" appear on the back of a volume. "Remainder Biscuit," he thinks, would be a more expressive inscription for the latter, while for the former he suggests this: "Topmost Gargarus," — from the lines:

> "Behind the valley *topmost Gargarus*
> Stands up and takes the morning."

Or, citing from Shakespeare himself, he would thus rechristen his works: "Royally Manned."

> "The castle *royally* is *manned*, my lord,
> It doth contain a king." *

In the words of Sir Thomas Browne, which he takes for their motto, we think Mr. Tupling's proposed reforms are truly but "folious appearances, and not the central and vital interiors of truth," and we cordially echo Sir Hugh, in his second motto: "What phrase is this? why, it is affectations!"

We need hardly warn our readers against the bad advice of

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* King Richard II., Act 3.

Mr. Tupling. The *Aglossa pinguinalis*, the destroying bookworm itself, could hardly create more confusion in a well-ordered library, than the adoption of this whimsical theory. And, by the way, a word about this autumnal wretch and his equally unpleasant little friends, the wood-boring beetles. It is useless to try to catch these Omars in miniature, when once they begin their ravages. Parnell, indeed, opens a poem with the stirring shout:

> "Come hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day
> The bookworm, ravening beast of prey";

and concludes it with the arrest and the immolation of the caitiff; but in this he took, we will wager, a poet's license. The game is not to be run down so speedily. Prevention in such a case is far better than cure, and a little alum or vitriol mixed with the binder's paste will set the marauder at defiance. Where this has been neglected, a strong infusion in the paste with which the book-plate is fastened in will be of service.

Art. V.— *Œuvres du* Comte J. de Maistre. 9 tomes. Lyon: Louis Lesne. 1843.

Tome I. *Considerations sur la France.* — *Essai sur le Principe Generateur des Constitutions Politiques.*

Tome II. *Delais de la Justice Divine.* — *Lettres à un Gentilhomme Russe.*

Tomes III., IV. *Du Pape.*

Tome V. *De l'Eglise Gallicane.*

Tomes VI., VII. *Soirées de Saint-Petersbourg.*

Tomes VIII., IX. *Examen de la Philosophie de Bacon.*

As the strife between Protestantism and Romanism is not a casual or temporary affair, but a necessary contest between different ideals, the question continually recurs in regard to their claims, doctrines, and prospects. Romanism is the normal development of social, moral, and political influences that date from the first era of Christianity. It resulted from a fusion of ideas, polities, religions, and nationalities. It is

a *resumé* of Pagan mythology, Jewish ordinances, and Roman organization. These debouched, as it were, into the Christian Church; and the Church thus modified assimilated to itself as it best could the Celtic, Germanic, and Slavic races. Christianity, in seeming to conquer, admitted many of the customs, rites, institutions, and ideas of the conquered religions. Moreover, this, which we often call its corruption, was an essential element in the work which it was to accomplish for humanity, in the upbuilding of a new and higher order of civilization. The Church, just as it existed from the sixth to the sixteenth century, with its unity of ecclesiastical authority, its splendid ceremonial, its terrible power of excommunication, and its attempts after universal dominion, was needed during the period of fierce conflict among kings, nobles, and nations, — during the reign of Pagan violence, when a "still, small voice" would have been wholly overpowered. Isolated individuals and small communities, however pure and peaceful, would have been swept away by the avalanches from the North and East, so that Christianity, if surviving at all, would have been but as a vague reminiscence of some dream too divine for earth.

The Roman Church fully recognized its mission to consolidate its power and extend its authority; and when Imperial Rome crumbled to pieces, because its Pagan soul had already fled, and the fresh and vigorous nations of Northern Europe found its corrupt corpse an easy prey, the Church gained a more extended dominion, at least in Europe, than the Empire had lost. Its missionaries penetrated farther than the Roman eagle had flown. The rude barbarians, in the glow of their vigorous health, became the converts of the Romish priesthood. They ranked themselves as sons of the Church, fought her battles, and infused a new element of life into the corrupt and stagnant pool of sensual degradation. They have become, as "Goths and Vandals," the by-word of reproach; but they were in a good sense "the scourge of God," for they were the regenerating force of the modern world. While the Roman Empire was decaying from its own inherent corruption, the hordes of Northern nations pressed onward, steadily as a glacier, from century to century. The Goths in the third cen-

tury had a province ceded to them, with the Danube as its northern boundary. In the fourth, the Ostrogoths, driven forward by the Huns, settled the province of Mœsia. In the fifth, they invaded Italy, and, under Alaric, sacked Rome itself, retiring afterwards into the southern provinces of Gaul. The Burgundians advanced step by step into the eastern part of Gaul, and the Goths extended themselves over Spain, and finally over Italy. These tribes, advancing thus gradually, and gaining from time to time stationary settlements in provinces where Roman civilization prevailed, became affected by its influences; and, assimilating themselves in a measure to the higher culture amidst which they lived, they imparted, as well as received, a new element of growth and vitality.

It is to this rich variety of commingling principles in character, institutions, and blood, — this fertile soil in which were sown such diverse kinds of seed, — that we owe the developments of mediæval civilization. Its culminating period is represented by Dante. In him it found a voice; and, having thus flowered in song, and become embalmed in his eternal verse, it was to change, decay, and pass away. The genius of Northern, Scandinavian life thenceforth asserted its supremacy, and reformations, discoveries of new worlds in the physical and mental sphere, free institutions, and popular governments were necessary, unavoidable facts. We live in the midst of this revolution, and are carrying out this new ideal of civilization. It is wholly irreconcilable with the old. It is as different and distinct from the ideal of the Roman Catholic Church as that from the Greek, or as the Church itself from Imperial Rome. The hands upon the dial-plate of the ages do not move backward. Hence the foolishness of all panics in regard to the increased sway of the Catholic power. No propagandism, tricks of cunning, or Middle-Age pietism and heroism, however devoted, no side currents and local, temporary influences of peculiar states and temperaments, can turn the onward march of modern civilization.

That there exist, however, many apparent tendencies towards Catholicism, cannot be denied. The bald Puritanism of our forefathers no longer satisfies the wants and instincts of the heart; and as the human heart is as old as humanity,

the most august institution that the world has ever seen must of necessity contain much that will give nourishment and help to man. It has on its side the prestige of great souls made blessed, great heroes sacrificing themselves for their fellows, great truths and ordinances which have averted despair, calmed passion, and allayed doubt, and holy doctrines and precepts which have made earth to many the vestibule of heaven. It appeals to the tender devotion of woman, the sensitive, fastidious nature of the artist, and the discontented, restless spirit of the baffled philanthropist longing for some haven of peace. It is the highest, most compact, and best defended citadel, also, of conservative ideas. It is absolute in its claims, furnishing a standard of authority, direct, simple, and determinate. It is intrenched in the very inmost barrier, and boldly announces to all, that, if the outworks are untenable, *there* is the last resort. Hence it has gained strength since the first French Revolution. The French clergy, as a body, thoroughly interpenetrated with the fear of any assertion of freedom, are no longer the defenders of the liberties of the Gallican Church against the encroachments of the Holy See. To be a Catholic is now to be wholly submissive to the Pope. One mind actuates, in this respect, the whole clerical establishment. And it is true of the Romish Church all over the world, that it encounters less resistance than ever before, whether secret, among the clergy, or open, among professedly Catholic rulers. It is a strict unity in the United States and in England, in the South American and Mexican States. Austria has become thoroughly submissive, and Spain has recently, by a concordat, re-established perfect freedom of concurrent action between the episcopate and the Pope. All opposition to a centralizing influence seems completely overcome at present.

The Church thus gathers up in its net all reactionary tendencies, by confidently setting forth every abuse of individual freedom, every excess of liberal ideas, every extreme flight into atheism and anarchy, as among the legitimate results of departing from its formula and wandering from its fold. It appeals powerfully to the timid, the wavering, and the bewildered spirit. It opens to the superficial receivers of truths

upon trust, when once they are brought into actual contact with its claims and its arguments, vast depths of reasoning, and serried ranks of logical defences, with which they are wholly unable to cope. In nothing is the Catholicism of the present day more remarkable, than in the character of its appeals to the understanding, and its resources of proof derived from philosophy and tradition. Were it strong with the strength of the spirit of advancing humanity, no limit could be assigned to its conquests. But it belongs to the opposite pole, and its success only digs its own grave. It is necessary that there should be in some direction the ultimate embodiment of all the negative tendencies as regards human progress, — that somewhere the antagonist should stand forth to give battle, and occupy the strength of heart, head, and arm of the youthful era of a better social organization; and the Catholic Church is that embodiment and that antagonist.

No more melancholy sight is offered at the present day than the useless, though heroic, contest of the liberal Catholic school in the desperate attempt to engraft a progressive policy into the decaying bark of the absolute, stationary Romish Church. The surface of Italy and France steams noxiously with the spilt wine of the new dispensation, flowing from the bottles, dry and cracked, into which the fermenting juices have been hastily poured. It is in vain that Gioberti, Rosmini, Tommaseo, Ventura, and others, protest their devotion and constancy to the old Mother Church. She will recognize as children those only who render an entire, unquestioning, abject submission. She says, in the words of De Maistre: —

"The real *morale relâchée* in the Catholic Church is disobedience; he who does not know how to bend under authority ceases to belong to it. No power has need of revolters. The man who is sentenced to banishment from a state and deprived of the rights of citizenship, is he any the less disgraced and degraded because he has the cunning to conceal himself in it, change his dress, name, and abode from day to day, and, by the aid of relatives, friends, and partisans, escape all detection from the police, and, in fine, write books in the bosom of the state, to prove that he is not banished, that his judges are ignorant and partial, that the sovereign himself is deceived, and does not understand his own laws? He is, on the contrary, more culpable, and, if one may so express it, more banished, more absent than if he were away."

Every sect, party, or establishment bears a bitter hatred against those who, claiming to belong to it, yet presume to differ from it in any points, however insignificant, as thereby its infallibility seems wounded in the most tender part. And this must be especially the case in a Church whose very corner-stone is the assertion of infallibility. A recusant in its own bosom is an unpardonable anomaly, and a very atheist is a more genial associate. It is said of Louis XIV., that, a nobleman of his court having asked for his brother some important office, the king replied, "Are you aware, sir, that your brother is strongly suspected of Jansenism?" "Sire, it is a calumny," answered the courtier; "I have the honor to assure your Majesty that my brother is an atheist"; whereat the king's countenance brightened up, and he responded, "Ah, that is a different thing."

He greatly errs who supposes that the Roman Church has to-day abated one of its ancient claims. It has recovered from the shock of its first violent fall, whereby it became for a short period stunned. It has been on its sick-bed, rallying its forces, reviewing the whole ground of the past and present; and, with a temporarily reinvigorated system, it has become prepared to go forward in its work. It has accepted heartily, thoroughly, and irrevocably its position as the stronghold of absolute force in government, and absolute authority in the spiritual sphere. It admits of no compromise with the spirit of the age, no alliance with the marching host of liberal sentiments, and denounces all popular ideals as the inventions of the Devil. Thus one important victory is gained for humanity, inasmuch as a prime source of mistake, a deluding form of treacherous invitation, is removed from the way. It is a great step in advance, when one knows just what his enemies are, and where they are encamped.

The next popular movement, more especially in Italy, will be against the oppressive Church, the inseparable ally of the oppressive State. It is the national life which furnishes the most nutritive aliment of the popular religion; and whatever form of religion ignores, despises, or opposes this living spirit of a separate nationality, fatally undermines its own foundation in the hearts of a people. The Roman Church, however plausibly

the fact may be concealed, in its prevalent, normal, rampant state, is wholly exclusive of an independent, free-developing national life. A thoroughly obedient community of Romanists is not a separate nationality, but "a province of the Catholic realm." Hence, if there is sufficient vitality in Italy or France to develop free, republican institutions, this vitality will throw off the noxious humors of the spiritual system, which are united in such indissoluble affinity with the absolute powers of the state. If the national spirit is dead, beyond resurrection, then is Catholicism established more firmly than before. Impartial eyewitnesses report within a few years, since the Church has assumed its position so undisguisedly, a great change silently going on in the popular mind. The wail of the faithful priests is loud and strenuous, vainly exhorting to the ancient heartiness of service. A deep conviction seems to be maturing in the brooding spirit of discontent, an awful gathering of suppressed aspirations, too deep for a superficial outbreak, and too earnest to lose its energy in outspoken curses. This necessary phase of transition in the popular feeling could come only from the present position of the Church itself, its firm stand upon its essential principles, its undisguised manifestation of what humanity has actually to hope from its future. It was needed that the appropriate motto should be engraved in unmistakable characters upon its portals: "Ye who enter here, leave all hope behind."

We hail, then, the writings and speech of those men who place the Church upon its true basis, — who, misled by no sympathy with the modern Ideal, and planting themselves upon the rock of absolute, infallible authority, thus reveal clearly the innate, central, everlasting repugnancy that exists to-day between the tendencies, hopes, aspirations, and best omens of modern civilization, and those of the backward-looking Roman Catholic Church. Her greatest writers — Bonald, Wiseman, Newman, Stöffels, Lacordaire, Balmez — take this stand. And among this number, as the first and most distinguished of the present century, we must place the accomplished writer, the subtile thinker, the eloquent pietist, the thorough scholar, and the virtuous man, whose name we have placed at the head of this article. He is universally

acknowledged to be the very prince of the Ultramontanists, the leading exponent of the Neo-Catholic school. Yet he is but little known, except as a name, out of France, in whose language he wrote all his works.

M. le Comte J. de Maistre was a Savoyard, having been born at Chambery in 1753. His early education was conducted by his maternal grandfather, and he seems to have had a thorough training in the ancient and modern languages. His habits of study, his universal range of reading, his complete mastery of the classics, his persistent devotion to books for fifteen hours each day, rendered him a worthy peer of the best German scholars. Undoubtedly we owe the many and various illustrations and details drawn from the Greek and Latin, the German and English writers, of all ages and every branch of learning, to the practice, begun early and continued to the end of his life, of reading, thinking, and studying with pen in hand. The French Revolution broke up his philosophical repose, and after having been for four years a senator in Sardinia, he found himself, at about forty years of age, an exile with the king. He gives us a glimpse of his personal habits and history in a work written many years afterwards.

"You see those immense volumes lying upon my desk. In them, for more than thirty years, I have written whatever is most striking that my reading presents. Sometimes I limit myself to simple references; at other times I transcribe, word for word, special passages. Often I accompany them with notes, and also I place there those thoughts of the moment, those sudden illuminations, which are extinguished without result if the flash is not made permanent by writing. Carried by the revolutionary whirlwind into different European countries, never have I been without those selections; and you cannot imagine with what pleasure I look over that immense collection. Each passage awakens a crowd of interesting ideas and melancholy remembrances a thousand times sweeter than what are called pleasures. I see pages dated at Geneva, Rome, Venice, Lausanne. I cannot see the names of those cities without recalling those of excellent friends whom I have left in them, and who formerly consoled my exile. Often I turn to a page written from my dictation by a beloved child, whom the tempest has separated from me. I stretch out my arms and fancy I hear him speak to me. One date recalls to my mind the time when, upon the banks of a frozen river, I ate with a French bishop a dinner which we had ourselves pre-

pared. That day I was merry, and could join in a laugh with that good man, who now waits for me in a better world; but the preceding night I had passed in an open vessel, without fire or light, seated with my family upon chests, without being able to lie down or rest one moment, listening to the hostile cries of some watermen who did not cease to threaten us, and being able to stretch over cherished forms only a miserable mat to protect them from a heavy snow which fell incessantly."

Such an experience was not adapted to give him a leaning towards republican movements. He published several pamphlets, strongly favoring the conservative side. His work, entitled "Reflections on France," published anonymously in 1796, at once attracted great attention. It went rapidly through several editions, though proscribed by the ruling powers of France. Written during the government of the Directory, while the revolutionary elements were still in fermentation, it is remarkable for its calm, philosophical view of events, and its confident tone of prophecy for the future. Taking as he did an ultra-conservative stand-point, De Maistre looked upon the revolution as something wholly unique in its Satanic character, and Milton's Pandemonium is his only symbol by which to characterize the leading assemblies of the revolutionists. He regards the terrible sufferings of the nobility, the clergy, and the people as a Divine chastisement for unfaithfulness to the mission which France had received from God in the reign of Charlemagne, of being the leading Christian nation, the right-hand power of the Papacy. He regards the most active participants in the revolution as the vile instruments of the Divine Providence in punishing the infidelity, schism, and irreligion produced by the philosophizing spirit of the age. Then he proceeds to answer the question whether France will remain long under her existing form of government, having first argued against the assertion that she was, or could possibly be, a republic. He infers from the prevailing baseness, immorality, and impiety, from the Antichristian character of the whole public organization, and from its refusal to recognize any ecclesiastical relations, that the Christian Hercules will raise in his arms and stifle the earth-born giant, and his Very Christian Majesty be reinstated upon the throne of his fathers.

This view any enthusiastic Catholic might easily advance. It required no genius to retail such commonplaces. But De Maistre goes on to demonstrate his position on abstract philosophical grounds. He says that man can no more make a constitution than he can make a tree. They are both living growths out of materials already provided. No constitution results from mere deliberation; and a written instrument under that name establishes no new rights, but simply affirms those which already exist. Circumstances do all, men nothing. Rights come, as history shows, from the concessions of rulers, often through the necessity of the case, irrespective of their will. Every constitution must necessarily have something which must ever remain unwritten, and the more it is written out in detail, and definitively, the weaker it is; for rights are declared only when they are attacked, and the multiplicity of constitutional laws only shows the multiplicity of shocks experienced. If imprudent reformers seek to add anything to existing rights, they endanger what is already possessed. The great Providential legislators belong only to young nations, and act in the name of the Deity. A mere assemblage of men can never constitute a nation, and to attempt it he regards as a mere freak of insane folly. The true law-maker is never a *savant*, who acts by theory, but a soul instinctively moved by an inward and higher moral force, as the bending grain is stirred by the wind. All the French constitutions are mere abstractions made for *man*, when no such being exists. There are Frenchmen, Englishmen, but no theoretical *man* except in some imaginary cloud-land. Hence there is no divine seal of perpetuity upon the constitution. "A constitution," says De Maistre, "what is it but the solution of the following problem: Given the population, the manners, the religion, the geographical situation, the political relations, the riches, the good and bad qualities of any nation, to find the laws which are applicable to it?"

Now, in all this we seem to hear announced fifty years in advance, and before events had ratified them by their irrefutable logic, truths which Carlyle utters in his own way when he says: —

"A constitution can be built, but the frightful difficulty is that of get-

ting men to come and live in them. Could Sieyes have drawn thunder and lightning out of heaven to sanction his constitution, it had been well; but without any thunder? Nay, strictly considered, is it not still true that, without some such celestial sanction, given visibly or invisibly otherwise, no constitution can in the long run be worth much more than the waste paper it is written on? The constitution, the set of laws, or prescribed habits of acting, that men will live under, is the one which images their convictions, their faith as to this wondrous universe, and what rights, duties, capabilities they have there, which stands sanctioned, therefore, by necessity itself."

Thus De Maistre reasons from general principles at the basis of all living organizations of government, that an authority self-constituted, having no roots in the national life, springing up like a fungus, or a mere parasitical plant, and swollen to its great size by temporary, factitious influences, cannot endure; and that a people like the French — loyal, loving submission, bending willingly to a higher authority, and, of necessity, faithful to the characteristic instincts of its nature, as shown by a thousand years of history — must return to its divinely appointed sovereign. His sharp delineations of the French character have been borne out as true insight by succeeding events. He says: "The French will always succeed in war under a strong government which will know how to despise while it praises them, and will project them upon the enemy like bullets, while it promises honorable mention in the bulletins." Again: "In the midst of their fits of fanatical freedom, a cool observer of the French is tempted to exclaim, like Tiberius, *O men born for servitude!* There are, indeed, many kinds of courage, and the French cannot be said to possess all. Brave in presence of an enemy, the Frenchman is not brave in the presence of authority, even the most unjust." "The spirit of proselytism, from the fashionable shopkeeper to the philosopher, is the salient trait of the national character." "France is a republic without republicans," — "a nation too noble to be enslaved, and too impetuous to be free." He sees for this people only one way of safety, that of receiving back their legitimate sovereign with open arms; and he endeavors to prove that this will heal all wounds, restoring to the state its essential life-blood.

In the course of the "Reflections," he necessarily finds himself obliged to consider the examples of the United States and England, then currently cited in favor of republican institutions of government. He disposes of them by showing what he considers to be the essential differences between them and France. He affirms that the English institutions were a natural and orderly development, not created *à priori*, and that their Revolution was not something novel, but the real principles at the basis of the old constitution, then first put into actual form, — that the true constitution of England, its saving clause, is its public sentiment, not its mere written codes. And in regard to America, after expressing his doubts whether even her republican system can be lasting, he points out as peculiar characteristics in favor of English America, that she possessed the democratic element already in the constitution of the township, that her first colonists were almost all republicans, and that thus the Americans built upon the foundations laid by their ancestors, and were not obliged, like the French, to take away the very supports upon which alone their institutions could stand. However, he discerns too much of mere human contrivance in our political establishments to augur favorably in regard to their duration. As an illustration of this too strong element of human contrivance, he cites the laying out by vote and on paper of the then new city, Washington, as the seat of government, and says: "The chances are a thousand to one, either that the city will not be built, or that it will not be called Washington, or that Congress will not there assemble." For fifty years the improbability has been realized, and the city is fast ceasing to be "a city of magnificent distances."

The fundamental doctrines enunciated in the "Reflections on France," he recapitulates and illustrates twenty years afterwards in an essay upon "The Formative Principle [*Principe generateur*] of Political Constitutions." This book is an exposition of the vital, causative elements which are to be found in the permanent political constitutions of all ages and nations. They are all growths, having nothing arbitrary or contrived beforehand; they are all of Divine origin.

"There are two infallible rules by which to judge of all human cre-

ations, of whatever kind they may be, the *basis* and the *name*. If the basis is purely human, the edifice cannot endure; and the more men there are taking part in its formation, the more deliberation, design, above all, writing, — in a word, the more human means of all sorts mingle therein, — the weaker will be the institution. If the name is established by an assembly, by antecedent deliberation, so that the name exists before the thing named; if the name is pretentious; if it has a grammatical relation to the object which it seeks to represent; finally, if it is taken from a foreign language, and especially from an ancient language, — all the characteristics of nullity are present together, and one may be sure that both the name and the thing will very shortly disappear. Language is the true barometer by which to determine infallibly *fair and foul weather*."

We confess our entire satisfaction with these principles, however erroneous we may regard some of their applications. It is a sturdy recognition, in a philosophical statement, of that mysterious and subtile element of a divine spirit originating and interpenetrating all the great and permanent social creations. It is in vain to deny it, and to him who can best set it forth we will pay due honor.

In 1798, when Charles Emanuel IV. was driven from Piedmont, De Maistre accompanied him to Venice. After the French were expelled, in 1799, he had some honorable posts assigned him in Sardinia, and in 1802 was appointed Minister to Russia. He remained at St. Petersburg until the year 1817, and died February 26th, 1821, at the age of sixty-eight. At St. Petersburg the residue of his works were written. These are the Paraphrase of Plutarch's "Delay of Divine Justice," the "Letters to a Russian Gentleman on the Spanish Inquisition," the "Treatise on the Philosophy of Bacon," the book "Of the Pope," and "Evenings at St. Petersburg." These works make a compact and consistent whole, such as is rarely seen. He seems to have been not so much a mere scholar and thinker as a representative and embodiment of one particular plane of logical and spiritual insight. In his thought, the Roman Catholic Church of the present century finds itself summed up, expressed, and brought to a position of self-consciousness. There is direct or indirect reference and appeal to him by every Catholic writer; and many who have said

nothing about him have drawn most copiously from the rich treasure of his learning and the glittering array of his well-furnished armory. He is an heroic knight fighting for a desperate cause in a spirit of undaunted courage; and if conquered, it will not be because his single arm does not strike its heaviest blows, or his helmet and coat of mail do not remain impervious to sword and lance. He is vulnerable, because his armor can avail nothing against more modern weapons. He displays his heroic feats in vain; for the advancing hosts must pass over him, grinding him and his gallant array into finest dust. A "forlorn hope" led on by the most valiant captain, though armed in the best style of the age of chivalry, must ignobly succumb, even to an indifferently armed modern militia trainband.

So is it with the logic of De Maistre. It is keen, irresistible, when opposed by the same weapons and on the field chosen by him. Only drop your own weapons, and meet him where he stands, and it is wonderful how his rapid and well-aimed strokes cause the brain to swim, the foot to stagger, and the eye to see showers of glittering sparks, which seem to be a firmament of stars. All that you have been taught to look upon as embodied evil stands forth in a garb of light, while that which was to you the angel of a blessed countenance is stripped of all comeliness and charm. By a word, all conviction seems upturned, and all history subverted. War and capital punishment, persecution and the Inquisition, are based upon the same rock of eternal truth and justice as martyrdom, love, and heroic sacrifice. The executioner is a special creation of Omnipotence, in order to hold together the bonds of human society; all blood and suffering are needed expiations of human crime; and the prosperity of favored families and races is founded upon the quantity of their blood which has flowed in war. He is terrified by no obstacles in the path of his logic. He marches on, and, let fall what will fall, his arm shall strike. This consistency is admirable, and makes him worthy of study. He has no squeamish pity, no weak sentimentalism, or instinctive impulses, to be kept down and counteracted. He will not lie even for God. He hurries you along, and in vain you rub your eyes, and cry out like Faust, on the Walpurgis night:

"But tell me whether we stand still,
Or whether we go onwards?
All, all seems to turn round;
Rocks and trees make strange faces,
And the dancing lights
Multiply and swell out their forms."

One even finds himself walking on his head, and is nothing astonished thereat, for that is proved to be the normal and logical method, as, by having the eyes nearer to the earth, obstacles can be better seen and avoided.

De Maistre's great work, the central point of his whole system of religious belief and social polity, is his treatise "Du Pape," in which he endeavors to show that the Pope is the very head and heart of Christianity. Without the Pope, no Church, and without the Church, no religion. It was Christianity that was the grouping, magnetic power that established the system of European monarchy; and without the Pope, Christianity would have been powerless, a mere system of belief, with no adequate force to mould and direct science, morality, and legislation. A kingdom must have a king, an empire an emperor, and a universal church a head. Without a common bond of union and a central authority there can never be unity or universality, the two essential constituent qualities of a church. There can be no government except something is acknowledged as supreme, not to be appealed from, in other words, infallible. In the Catholic Church this supremacy vests in the Pope, — not in the Councils, not in the clergy, or in the people, but in the Supreme Pontiff. The Church is a monarchy; and to attribute spiritual authority to the Church at large is the same as to attribute political authority to the people, the sphere only being changed.

This acknowledged supremacy of the Pope De Maistre proves by the historical testimony of all ages, and different sects. He demolishes the pretensions of the so-called "Gallican Church," and of all appellants to Councils. He proves that the spiritual and temporal power of the Pope was the best possible for the ages in which it was exercised without dispute, and that the Papal government has shown itself to be the true balance-wheel in European society.

"O holy Church of Rome," he says in conclusion, "whilst I can make use of speech, that speech I will employ for thee. Thee I hail, immortal mother of science and sanctity! *Salve, magna Parens!* Thou didst put an end to human sacrifices, barbarous or infamous customs, fatal prejudices, the night of ignorance; and where thou didst not penetrate, something was wanting to civilization. To thee belong the race of great souls. The Pontiffs will erelong be universally proclaimed the chief agents of civilization, creators of European monarchies and unity, preservers of the arts and of science, founders, protectors of civil liberty, destroyers of slavery, enemies of despotism, unwearied sustainers of sovereignty, benefactors of the human race."

A treatise on "The Gallican Church," intended at first to form a fifth book to "The Pope," was afterwards published separately. It shows the manifest inconsistency of all separate national churches, and of all claims to independency of doctrine and discipline, with the nature and polity of the one indivisible, infallible, universal, and monarchical Church.

De Maistre's defence of the Papal See we venture to pronounce an unrivalled specimen of special pleading, and the most powerful appeal in behalf of the Church ever written. And it is pleasant to discern the connection which any established general polity has with the great needs of the social body at the period when it gains a firm foothold among men. De Maistre well unfolds the services which the dogma, or rather the fact, of Papal infallibility rendered to the Middle Ages. It seems to us that an impartial inquirer must acknowledge that, at that time, the ultimate appeal in religion needed to be as absolute as authority in government. It grew up as a necessary means for self-protection, and for shielding humanity from mere dreamy and immature speculations. As an offset to the ultra Protestant view which regards the Romish Church as an evil, and only evil, element in the history of the modern world, we welcome even extreme statements of the virtue, work, and beneficial influence of the Roman Catholic organization and polity. Let us know what the real agencies employed by Divine Providence have effected, and how much we are indebted to each particular one for good or for evil. But though each historical position could be established according to De Maistre's view; though the Papal

throne were shown to be purer, better, and less stained with violence, blood, and human passions, than other governments; though it should be proved that, without that particular form of ecclesiastical rule, the whole course of modern civilization would be changed, and be inferior to what it is at present, — it by no means follows as a necessary consequence, that the Papal organization is a miracle of Divine interference, and the claims of the Roman Church, as the only truly Divine institution, valid to-day.

It is but an evidence of childish ignorance of the great social laws, to be ever crying out Prodigy, Miracle, God's special interference, in the conduct of man's destiny upon earth. In the childish era of natural science, a comet, a dark day, a sparkling aerolite, is a divine prodigy. The Christian philosopher acknowledges it to be truly divine, but for him its divineness does not take it out of the class of the orderly facts of nature. So we readily admit the agency of God's providence in the upbuilding, preservation, and perfecting of the Roman hierarchy. We gratefully acknowledge the good purposes it may be proved to have answered in the social sphere. But we cannot close our eyes when that same providence weighs it in the balance, judges it, and uses it no longer as an especial instrument for good. We must see it as one among many agencies, and not as the sole, exclusive one. The providence which defeats is as divine as that which gives success. The schism of the Greek Church, the resistance of nationalities and princes, not to be calculated upon beforehand, and yet occurring at the needed crisis, the development of Protestantism, the arrogant assumption producing reaction and opposition, all attest a guidance which has for an end some more comprehensive object than the rule and perpetuity of the Roman hierarchy. The successful opposition to the wonderful policy, the established wisdom, and the authoritative *régime* of the Church, — opposition resulting from the neglect of timely reforms, and want of accommodation to the spirit of the age, entered into seemingly against fearful odds, and in spite of every worldly inducement to conformity, — is a greater miracle even than the continuance of the Church itself under what De Maistre calls "the innovating genius of the audacious children of Japhet."

There is no more interesting chapter for the student of the divine laws of universal justice, than that which records the history of the Papal See. Its wisdom is but the instrument of a higher; its policy often overleaps itself and returns to plague the inventors; its apparent tools are converted into its most terrible scourges; and the very kings who rule by divine right, and have in the Papacy their strongest guaranty, become the defenders of national liberties and spiritual independence. The unity and supremacy of the Church is, after all, but a splendid dream. It has never been a reality. Her palmiest days were between 1073 and 1309; between the accession of Gregory VII. and the transfer of the Holy See to Avignon. Even during that period there was an incessant commotion and revolt of princes and nations. But always, before and since, the spiritual has been more or less subject to the temporal; the Pope has been sometimes the dupe and sometimes the duper of statesmen, sometimes the football of contending sovereignties, and at other times an accredited umpire, whose decision is openly set aside, but never a universally acknowledged sovereign in fact. Alas for humanity, if there is no higher destiny before it than the forced outward conformity, the superficial harmony, the pretended unity, of the very best days of the Papal power!

But even granting all that is claimed in the past, these praises sound like a mere friendly obituary. It is only when a person is dead that all unite in thus speaking of what he has said and done, in the past tense. It is only those who have ceased to act in the present, whose characters and destiny are judged of by what has gone before. If the Papal See still filled out the measure of its former glories, the eye would not be turned backward for proof and for encouragement, but would be occupied with some more transcendent present vision. Its very appearance of supremacy has now wholly departed. It is compelled to be satisfied if it can retain the sway in its own ecclesiastical sphere, and, so far as directing temporal governments is concerned, it holds a barren sceptre. In its political relations for the past forty years, we find it able to preserve only the semblance of authority in its own states. The Austrian or French bayonets are its tower

of strength. It is the brother of the Croat, the armed foe of its own subjects, the inseparable ally of Austria, the plaything of the perjured French, the shuttlecock of the Holy Alliance, and until now has been the tool of schismatic and heretical Russia. This is but a beggarly conclusion to its ages of pretended authority, its assumptions of a seal of divinity from success and wise organization, and its claim to represent Christ's headship of the kings and princes of the earth.

The position which it has always been seeking, the independence and control within its own sphere, is now attained; but the Church finds itself a mere sect among sects, notwithstanding its assertions to the contrary,—a ghostly, ecclesiastical corporation, whose soul is not universal enough to fill out the state, or human enough to meet the wants of modern life. The ecclesiastical corporation is indissolubly severed from the state, and can never again rule over it. If the doctrines which now prevail as the veritable Catholicism had been received generally among Catholics themselves, during the past three centuries, Protestantism could have accomplished nothing. Too late does De Maistre demonstrate the anti-Catholic nature of the attempts of kings to establish an authority independent of Papal supremacy. Too late does he convict the national churches of inconsistency, rebellion, and suicidal madness in their persistent efforts, from the fifteenth century to the present, to throw off the constraining force of Italian centralization, and to be independent within their own jurisdiction. The irremediable evil to the Catholic authority has been effected. As a dogma, the supremacy of the Holy See is now acknowledged; as a fact, it can never exist.

We cannot, therefore, but discern that wisdom higher than all combined human arrangements, which has allowed the Ultramontane, absolute, unnational theory of De Maistre and the neo-Catholic school who echo him to find reception just at the time when its reception can avail nothing against human progress. In such writers, the Catholic Church may be said to have arrived at a full consciousness of its own claims and its own thought. But in becoming thus an absolute and clearly expressed formula, it finds that the period has passed

for realizing its ideal. We must protest, however, against the way in which the plainest and best-supported facts of history are slurred over and dismissed with some slighting comment by De Maistre in this book "Of the Pope." Among other equally paradoxical statements, he asserts that the quarrel about the right of investiture did not cause the shedding of a single drop of blood. A most astonishing assertion, when it was on this account that Henry IV. of Germany was deposed and Rodolph crowned. The latter was slain in battle, and his last words were bitter reproaches against the Pope through whose instigation he had taken up arms against his legitimate sovereign. It was, too, this same question which carried Henry V. to Rome and reddened the Tiber itself with blood.

We are not surprised at the tone of subdued melancholy which pervades the writings of De Maistre, whenever he quits his logic, and allows surrounding human facts to exercise over him their potent sway, unavoidable because undiscernible. To believe that one particular manifestation is God's exclusive channel of blessing, — one peculiar relation of Church and State, the only safeguard of man's well-being and the only condition of his orderly development, — one set of doctrines, the only truth, and one attitude of unquestioning faith, the only real obedience, — and to look back into the past for this highest state, while the whole current of thought, aspiration, and life seems setting in adversely, must infuse into any other than an iron logical machine a coloring of sadness and gloom. De Maistre is human at the heart. When riding in his war-chariot, he mows down pitilessly the opposing ranks; while at other times he would grieve to harm the most insignificant insect. He is thoroughly sincere, earnest, and loving, and therefore cannot but be impressed by the spectacle of the Church culminating in the past, rejected now by science, of which she was the early friend, by philosophy, of which she is the only true source and which she so tenderly cherished in her bosom, by the energetic modern life, whose breath she infused, by kings, of whose rights she alone is the adequate safeguard, and by nations, whose cause she so early defended, whose chains she struck off, and whose children she

invited to her highest honors. He sees everywhere suffering, punishment, propitiation, a dark world possessed by demons, a terrible enigma and a gulf of blackness, except as the sun of the Catholic Church with diminished light shines upon some favored spot. He demonstrates by the most irresistible logic, that the Church ought to be absolute as the Deity. And yet, when he looks the subject in the face, he cannot conceal from himself the fact, that the age *will* persist in what he calls atheism, or the assertion of a God outside of the Church; and he virtually acknowledges by his moans what Proudhon represents a believer in the Ultramontane theory to have actually confessed in words, "that the Primacy of the Holy See is at this moment only a symbol, as far as actual power is concerned, and in respect to faith is only a court of ecclesiastical cassation." And this, after all its splendid conquests, and with all its demonstrated rights and powers!

But De Maistre sees at times the promises of a bright day for the Church and the world. He is not wholly in despair, for he believes in God. And it is from England, in his opinion, that most is to be hoped in the restoration of Catholicism. He foresaw the necessity, from the very constitution of the English Establishment, of that movement which took place more than a quarter of a century afterwards in its bosom. He says in his concluding chapter of "The Pope," that everything seems to demonstrate that the English are destined to give the start to the great religious movement which is about to take place, and which will be a sacred epoch in the annals of the human race. In order to return to the truth, they possess, as he thinks, before all others who have abjured it, this inestimable advantage, that their religious system is, by the most felicitous contradiction, at the same time "the most evidently false and the most evidently approximate to the truth." The English hierarchy is isolated in Christendom, and so is null. It is neither Catholic nor Protestant. It is a civil and local establishment diametrically opposed to universality, the exclusive mark of the truth. The very name which some of their theologians use, in speaking of their Church as "The Establishment," annuls their religion, since it supposes novelty and human action, — two great anathemas equally visible, decisive, and ineffaceable.

This anomalous position of the Church of England must continue to enlarge the bounds of the Roman communion. Each attempt to make a good, devoted Churchman will make two converts to Rome. Each complaint like the recent one of Maurice, — "The great complaint we make of the Romish Church is, that she excommunicates those who are members of the body of Christ as much as she is," — will only serve to confirm her authority and increase her prestige. But however much the Puseyite movement may have once threatened, its force can now be measured, and its contents gauged. The Catholic Church, notwithstanding its pretensions to apportion the territory of England, must take its place as a sect with the other professedly Christian sects. And so every movement of reaction must be partial and limited in its effect. The hope of the Ultramontanist can never become fruition.

De Maistre's "Letters to a Russian Nobleman on the Spanish Inquisition" are as adroit a defence of that institution, as his book "Of the Pope" is of the Holy See. If we adopt his view, the Church comes out of this long blood-bath with white and pure hands. He discourses gravely and argumentatively on "the happy influence of the Inquisition," on "its good effect upon the Spanish character"; on the Spaniard as having "less superstition and fewer prejudices than others"; and on "the false ideas" that everywhere prevail in regard to the connection of the Church with this tribunal. But he forgets here to apply his philosophical ideas concerning names and proverbs. Names and epithets are never arbitrary. It is impossible that a mild and beneficent institution could ever have excited a popular horror, so profound and universal among Catholics as well as Protestants, without its having violated some of the essential principles of the general moral sense. There is an instinct in applying epithets and proverbs, as De Maistre himself elsewhere argues, which never deceives. These "innumerable calumnies" could never have accumulated so without cause. He well says, "Proverbs which are the result of the experience of peoples never deceive." No argument can efface the epithet "bloody tribunal," and none ought to efface it. It grew up with its growth, and the institution named itself.

We have no reluctance to admit that the Inquisition, like every other establishment of human society, in its origin was good for the times; that, the surrounding elements being such as they were, the Inquisition was the least of pressing evils. It was demanded by rulers and upheld by popular sentiment. But the Church itself is responsible for the public tone which rendered torture and death under process of law, for speculative dissent, a relative good. It is better to have Jews, Manichæans, and heretics of all sorts executed by regular process of law, than to have them torn in pieces by the mob. But where was the influence of this "living body of Christ," that such barbarisms became consecrated, and such demoniac feeling was made holy zeal? A human institution may be pardoned something to the prevailing spirit of the age, but not so an institution professing a divine and supernatural origin, claiming to give the law to all ages and to receive none from them, boasting of its freedom from every human element and alloy. "It is necessary to reproach the human race or no one." Well, there is no reproach to anything that does not separate itself from the human race. The Roman Church does this by its exclusive claims, and so rightly draws down upon itself human anathemas.

It is because the Inquisition was the prominent feature of a Church which made such pretensions to a higher wisdom than the world, that the world holds it to so strict an account. If it placed itself on a merely human level, no one would bring a reproach against it for its conformity to the narrow notions or the corrupt practices of any age. If it claims to be an infallible authority, a representation of the unchangeable truth, a directly inspired body, it must answer accordingly, and can be allowed to take shelter under no plea of circumstances, error and weakness of the age, or human fallibility. That which professes to guide the race must not be pardoned any complicity with the worst tendencies of a particular period. And certain it is, that the growth of public sentiment, or the advance of what is called the spirit of the age, in the direction of tenderness to the erring and sinful, or in a general spirit of humanity, is in no way the result of Roman Catholic propagandism. The amelioration of the relentless policy of per-

secution is due to far other influences. In fact, the Ultramontane theory is lavish in demands for blood, — blood upon the scaffold, blood upon the battle-field, — as the only cement of human society. The scaffold is an altar, and the executioner a priest. All the old machinery of passion and immaturely developed propensities is held to be divine. Lest we may be said to exaggerate, we give De Maistre's words. "All grandeur, all power, all subordination, rest upon the executioner; he is the horror and the bond of human society. Take away from the world this incomprehensible agent, and in that instant order itself gives place to chaos, thrones are cast down, and society disappears." This has been done among us, and no such catastrophe has resulted. For even where capital punishment has not been abolished, the executioner is no longer an *incomprehensible* being who lives apart from his kind, but a very respectable sheriff. It is in spite of the received theories and the real tendencies of the system itself, that Spain and Rome are less cruel and bloody to-day than three centuries ago. Light and heat penetrate now through the thickest walls, and no nation can resist the onward-sweeping current of the universal tendencies to better customs and more humane views. But the Roman Church follows afar off; she does not lead the foremost rank.

This plea of being no worse than its contemporaries cannot be received as valid for the perfect and infallible representative of God upon earth. Neither can the plea of self-defence be allowed. We can see a palliating reason, when it is said that in self-defence the Roman Empire burned and crucified the Christians who were undoubtedly in open rebellion against the state and threatened its utter subversion; or that in self-defence the guillotine during the first French Revolution plied its bloody edge. But when this plea is used by a Church which professes to be the impeccable successor of the Crucified One, in behalf of an institution which permitted children of nine years of age to be subjected to torture, while the Roman law deferred the period to fourteen, — which allowed men, women, and children of both sexes, and members of its own communion, to be examined by torture, while the Roman law excepted from this fate all Roman citizens, — which proceeded

against the ashes of the dead, consigning them to the fire and the water, — we cannot but feel how little reason such apologists have to stigmatize as cruel the worst deeds recorded in history. It is certain that the first French Revolutionists did not go beyond the example which was set them, and are to be pardoned in the light of Ultramontane maxims of self-defence rather than the Church itself. The Inquisition may on the whole have resulted in the good of humanity, but in the sense that "the wrath of man" subserves the Divine purposes, and not as a divinely approved instrument. It is admissible for anything human, and therefore imperfect, incomplete, only relative and transitory in its form, to plead surrounding influences, the necessity of self-defence, and the limitation of means; but not so for the infallible and exclusively divine Church.

But the most sophistical plea of all is that which endeavors to throw the entire responsibility upon the State. The mildness of the Church in words will not take away the stain of her participation in deeds. Pilate washed his hands and said, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person." So the Church says in the words of De Maistre: "This blood be upon the State, I am innocent." "I oppose to heresy no other arms than prayer, patience, and instruction." "If the State adopts this institution for its own security, I am not called upon to answer for it." "The Church abhors blood, and will not permit a priest even to be a surgeon." But this adroit shifting of responsibility cannot wipe out the pages of history, and common-sense will hold the principal responsible for the deeds of agents and accessories. We know from Tiraboschi, that Benedict XI. "begged the Inquisitors to exercise their office so that the cry of their victims might not reach his ears." But their cry has reached the ears of humanity, and no sophistical words can stop the sound. The worst cruelties have been not merely passively permitted, but they have been ordered beforehand, and solemnly sanctioned afterwards.

Of the many proofs of these assertions, our space will allow us to cite only a few. In the Twelfth Œcumenical Council it was ordered, "that the secular powers should be *constrained by ecclesiastical censurers*, if need be, to exterminate all con-

demned heretics, and proceed against all those pointed out as such by the Church." The Canon Law, after citing the command which was given to the Israelites to massacre all the inhabitants of an idolatrous city, adds: "If, before the coming of Christ, his precepts have been observed, how much more ought they to be observed after his advent?" Fleury, a Catholic historian, says in his Ecclesiastical History: "The Pope Nicholas, in 1289, obtained from the Venetian Republic an important ordinance in regard to the tribunal of the Inquisition, and, by his bull of the 28th of August, exhorted the Venetians to execute it faithfully." Again, in a bull dated 23d December, 1286, the same Pope says: "If the governors, the judges, or magistrates of cities, are negligent in executing your sentences, you shall compel them by excommunication." "Neither the authority of the Pope," says Mosheim, "nor his prayers, could induce the Neapolitans to receive the Inquisition."

In regard to the Spanish Inquisition, of which De Maistre especially discourses, it is in vain to call it a national or royal tribunal alone. The Grand Inquisitor was, it is true, nominated by the king, but the appointment was ratified by the Pope. Llorente says, that in 1235 "the Pope sent instructions to the Spanish Inquisitors, with directions to conform to them literally." There are also numerous bulls of Sixtus IV., Innocent VII., and Alexander VI., regulating the Spanish Inquisition, and Llorente says that the decretals of the Popes addressed to the Spanish Inquisition have the authority of laws in the trials. We regard it as a proof of human fallibility that our Puritan ancestors condemned sorcerers, witches, and those who had dealings with evil spirits, to death, and the clergy who excited, urged on, and supported the magistrates, we do not hesitate to hold as guilty as the magistrates themselves. So must we judge in regard to the Inquisition, one of whose favorite accusations was sorcery. The last victim of the Inquisition in Spain was a woman burned at Seville, November 7, 1781, who refused to confess that she had entered into covenant with the Devil. It is the Inquisition that was really responsible for the death of the spotless Joan of Arc, inasmuch as, according to Michelet, "the Vicar had

received from the Inquisition of France authority to sit in judgment with the bishop." In a decretal by Boniface VIII., in 1295, we read: "In order that the business of the Inquisition against heretical depravity may succeed, to the glory of God, we *require* the secular powers and the temporal lords to obey the diocesan bishop and the Inquisitors, and the appeal [to Rome] is expressly denied to heretics." In 1746, Pope Benedict XIV. directed Cardinal Landi to oppose every attempt of the people of Naples to abolish the Inquisition. Previously, in 1547, when the Neapolitans had revolted against the Spanish Inquisition, the Pope issued a bull ordering them to submit. Still earlier, in 1375, the Florentines having revolted against the cruelty of the Dominicans, Gregory XI. excommunicated them, confiscated their property, and ordered them to be *sold as slaves*. So much for the mildness, mercy, and innocence of the Church! The Church authorized and consecrated the Inquisition, confirmed its officers, sanctioned its proceedings, examined the suspected by torture, urged on its servants, delivered over the victims to the secular arm, stood approvingly by the burning pile, exhorted every one to complain, even of his bosom friend, child, or parent, to the tribunal, and decreed destruction to body and soul of those who should harbor a suspected person; — and yet he "reads history with prejudice" who calls in question her uniform clemency! The "cold logic" which puts to flight the influence of such impressions as these, and calls them mere ridiculous prejudices, we are inclined to assign exclusively to the department of Mephistopheles. Cardinal Wiseman, in one of his essays, teaches that the parable of the Good Samaritan gives a lesson of practical beneficence "totally at variance with that principle which dispenses charity to the perishing by hunger and disease only on condition of their renouncing their faith." We commend to the defenders of the proceedings of the Church against heretics such cases as a Garnier excommunicated for having given medical assistance to a heretic, an Arnold of Montjoy condemned to death for furnishing one with bread, and an Armangaud burned for not having complained of his heretical friend. The type of duty furnished by the Church in its encouragements to informers was long since

perfectly represented by Plato's Euthyphron, whose eager denunciation of his father to the Athenian tribunal the wise Socrates exhibits in its true colors.

We have not space to enter into a detailed account of De Maistre's two remaining works, the "Evenings at St. Petersburg," and "Examination of the Philosophy of Bacon." They place him in the front rank as a logical analyst and philosophical critic. The former is the most interesting of his works for the general reader, and, being written in the form of dialogue, gives opportunity for digression upon cognate topics with the main one, "Of the Temporal Government of Providence." Almost all the great moral and social questions come up for discussion, and are all treated from the same conservative stand-point of the Catholic faith, but yet after the fashion of a genius who proceeds from his central thought to the external embodiment of it, and not, like an automaton, from an authoritative creed to the best exposition of it which he can devise. There are episodes showing a heart truly touched with the solemn shades of deep personal experience, and general defences of religion which are full of vigor and beauty. Those, we believe, reveal the actual character of the man. The mould of creed and Church-authority into which they were run are but evil forms of limitation. A thorough spiritualist, he regards with entire horror and contempt the sensual, material philosophy of the eighteenth century, — "a vile philosophy which God has proscribed," — "the death of all delicate sentiment and sublime enthusiasm." "The contempt of Locke is the beginning of wisdom." Bacon was not a scientific philosopher, but "the herald of science, the barometer which pointed to fair weather, and so it was believed that he produced it." On the other hand, he loves Plato, and regards him as the human forerunner of Christianity. No modern transcendentalist has ever expressed himself more decidedly against the sensual philosophy than this advocate of an external authority in belief and religion. By an admirable inconsistency, he accepts the internal sense to judge of scientific truths, while he rejects it in the moral and theological sphere. He says: —

"It is one of my favorite ideas, that the good man is, as a general

thing, informed by an interior sentiment of the falsity or truth of certain propositions, often without having pursued the studies necessary to be in a condition to examine them thoroughly. I believe that, even in questions which appertain to the exact sciences, or which seem to rest wholly upon experience, this rule of intellectual consciousness is of much import to those who are not initiated into this kind of knowledge; so that I confess to having doubted things that pass generally without question, such, for instance, as the theory of the tides, gravitation, &c. And I find myself irresistibly impelled to believe that some genuine man of science will one day convince us of our *error in regard to these things*."

De Maistre finds himself irresistibly attracted towards the spiritualists of all ages, — Pythagoras, Plato, Cicero, Origen, Descartes, Cudworth, Fénelon, — and takes to them by an instinctive *penchant*, without any investigation of their writings. It is a rare phenomenon, this transcendental upholder of an absolute, external authority. He feels the influence of that current of spiritualism which, reacting upon the old, material dogmas of the eighteenth century, flows onward, imparting a living energy to every sphere of thought, life, and social development. The highest philosophy to-day protests against the mechanical formulæ of the preceding periods, and pants for a free, spontaneous life. It enunciates a connection between the natural and the spiritual worlds, recognizes a divine origin of language, reverences the primal instincts of truth, beauty, and goodness, and calls for the baptism of science into the true spirit of religion. De Maistre is the apostle of such ideas, though in his view they are indissolubly associated with the Catholic faith.

It is very natural that he should see no good in the negative philosophy of the eighteenth century, and should have no sympathy with the material tendencies of the Baconian system, while he looks through the medium of his beloved Mother Church, cast down from her seat and trailing her glories in the dust. He considers her as a martyr, and not as a criminal. He looks upon her degradation and suffering as an incomprehensible trial of faith, and as in some way to subserve her future conquests. He cannot see that humanity has gained anything by the practical tendencies of science, the applica-

tion of religion to life, and the transfer of divineness from the priest and the king to the interior realities and human attributes which these external symbols represent. He covers himself with sackcloth and mourns for Zion, the beautiful city.

There is often expressed among us a fear of the increase of Romanism. We counsel all who entertain such apprehensions to read the genuine productions of the Church as represented by the Ultramontanists of the last twenty-five years, and to become saturated with the neo-Catholic spirit. They will feel that they are breathing the atmosphere of a different age. To us, every prognostic indicates decay, notwithstanding some apparent counter-tendencies on the surface, such as we mentioned at the beginning of this article. The Romish Church has no sympathy with the predominating activities of the modern era, and can never be the soul of such a body. If she does not directly oppose them, she is felt to be unfavorable to the natural sciences, as withdrawing man from the sphere of the priest; to commerce, as the corrupter of morals and the worship of gold; to political economy, as an earthward-pointing knowledge, withdrawing man from the things of the soul; to popular sovereignty, as the violation of all hierarchical order; to the inner light, as a fatal will-o'-the-wisp of fancy; to self-government, as mere anarchy; to progress, as an unsanctified substitute for a future heaven; and to education, as food for pride, the nurse of disobedience, and as sowing the seeds of discontent and presumption. As these great phenomena of modern life have appeared, the Church has stood aloof. To these rising influences she has succumbed for the last three centuries. Since the Council of Trent, she has held merely a negative position. Her doctrines have become a formula, her faith a retrospect, and her life a petrifaction. Her converts have been from among those who were impenetrable to the inspirations of the new age, — the dead, and not the living. The strength they have brought has been only nominal, as they are possessed by some dream of the past, and not by an insight into the present.

And can the theology and the ideal which have fallen back, wilted, sapless, before the rising sun, abide its midday splen-

dor? The great Œcumenical Councils were once the proof and the means of vital circulation. But as the Church becomes separate from the universal life she finds it inexpedient to hold these; and, declaring herself an absolute monarch, sits in grand isolation from the great human mass, and, like all monarchs, is approached by flattery and obeyed with slavish fear. The honest pulsations of the common human heart do not thrill through her any more. She is the organ of no world-wide thought and aspiration. De Maistre says that the Councils were adapted only to the youth of the Church. And, without meaning it, he here pronounces the sentence of condemnation upon her. She is, in other words, grown old. She can no longer hear willingly the stirring plans and dreams of the active life of to-day, full of noise and foolish enthusiasms, it may be, but yet as earnest, as divine, and as full of a future greatness, as the early periods of the Church. She has lost her youthful pliability of muscle and her elastic tread, having her fixed, life-long prejudices, her dreamings upon the achievements of her pristine strength and beauty. Once she could govern by yielding, and lead by seeming to follow. But now the throat cannot open wide enough "to swallow the formulas." She shuts mouth and eyes, muttering only anathemas. She has fully matured her plan of life, laid out her work, made her will, and we even read occasional obituary notices, extolling the promise of her youth and the vigorous beauty of her prime. She could then meet and conquer the hordes of barbarians, and win them to her side, taming their rudeness and absorbing into herself their restless energies. But this modern inroad of wild liberty, individual thought, irrepressible desire for light, expansion, brotherhood, she does not understand, and therefore cannot adequately meet. She can only reason against the sufficiency of reason, and define the mysteries of faith by showing that they are undefinable. Says Auguste Comte: "The most eminent thinker of the Catholic school, the illustrious De Maistre, bore involuntary testimony to the necessity of his time, when he endeavored, in his principal work, to re-establish the Papal supremacy on historical and political reasonings, instead of ordaining it by divine right, which is the only ground appropriate to such a doctrine, and

the only ground he would have proposed in any age but one in which the general state of intelligence precluded such a plea."

The Romish Church presents no overshadowing shrine for the intellectual, moral, and social needs, but a negative criticism of negative dogmas. The ideal she offered to the barbarian is no ideal for the children of the present, as they swarm from the wilderness of social degradation, the hives of industry, the marts of trade, the streets and highways of life. They must have something else than a demonstration of the nothingness of philosophy and the heartlessness of modern mechanism. They rightly look to the future, instinctively feeling that what is offered to them as bread is but a stone, and that the Universal Father will feed the hungry and clothe the naked.

Every forcible presentation, such as De Maistre gives us, of the worth and reality of Catholicism in the past, only suggests to us the comparison of its magnificent office then with its condition now. We cannot help asking, when we read of a Europe brought into one monarchical union, Where is now the spiritual force to fuse the contending nationalities into one; the power which could enforce "the truce of God"; the noble philanthropy which could free the serf and die for the slave; the voice which could make kings tremble and august emperors do penance; the erudite zeal which could organize schools and universities, encourage learning, and discover new worlds in the physical and intellectual spheres? We cannot help asking whence come the suspicion of all ideal tendencies and the retrograde policy of Catholicism, and we cannot help regarding these as the necessary symptoms of decline.

The literature of Romanism is also evidence to the same point. More even than that of Protestantism at the present time, it is critical and negative merely. It exhibits as salient features only a technical, verbal scholarship, antiquarian research, correctness of taste in mediæval literature and art, a vapid pietism appealing to fear, and a self-satisfied comparison with other creeds. De Maistre is a remarkable exception for geniality, freshness, and spontaneous glow. But we cannot help feeling that he was harnessed into a vulgar car,

and made to draw wood and water in the service of a religious creed narrower than the great, divine truths whose gleamings he discerned. No virtue now goes forth from the seven-hilled city to uprear the cathedral, construct the poem, awaken heroic effort, and mould youthful energies in accordance with the eternal harmony. The strait ecclesiastical coat represses development.

And what more manifest evidence of decline could be given, than the attempt to revive the worst features of miraculous displays, under forms which not only science, but common sense and the deepest instincts of a religious fitness, must class with the lowest types of Fetichism and the most impotent deceptions of an expiring Polytheism? Winking eyes, bleeding hearts, charmed beads, consecrated images of the Blessed Virgin, and exorcising formulæ, are poor appeals to the earnest soul of the nineteenth century. It is by an irresistible law, that, in the declining period of a religion, its defenders are compelled to fall back upon what is peculiar to it, and thus most offensive to the rising opposite tendency. A profound thinker reckons it as one of the testimonies to the noble efforts of Catholicism, "that, in its contests with Polytheism, it enlarged the field of human reason, as yet narrow, at the expense of the theologic spirit." In its decline, it seeks to narrow the circle of reason, uniformly casts slurs upon it, and would extend as far as possible the bounds of credulous ignorance. And by the same judicial necessity, exscinding itself from the real wants and work of the times, it must exert its powers in some chosen sphere, conjuring up phantoms while not discerning the real foes. Cardinal Wiseman, the exponent of the Church to the leading nation of Europe, says, "We are living in a perfect atmosphere of invisible enemies, who *disturb nature*, *thwart the Providential direction* of things"; and the Church is the antagonist and vanquisher of this hostile crew. Such a development is not arbitrary, but in accordance with essential laws. We might gather up volumes of the same purport. But enough has been said to show that the Church has lost the divine clew which she should put into the hands of earth's pilgrims. The souls which cleave to her she lulls with a pleasant song. The devoted, beating hearts which yearn

for noble effort she cannot employ. They corrode with the rust of inaction, or blindly follow out their nobler impulses in the stirring sphere of political plotting. Quinet says, in reference to Spain: "This people always had great occupations, great ends, — sometimes the defence of Christianity, sometimes the occupation of the New World. Since its occupations have failed, it is dying of disgust." And not Spain alone finds itself thus *ennuyée*. Wherever the Church bears the most undisputed sway, there the malady is most prevalent; for at the present era unquestioning submission is imbecility, and not strength. The real life of Italy and France is in those whom the Church disowns, and with whose strivings for a career of noble devotion to liberty she has no sympathy. For them no road is open but a detested separation from humanity in the bosom of the ecclesiastical body, or a life of sensual enjoyment and artistic dilettanteism, or a devotion to their noblest ideal of patriotic, self-sacrificing love of country. The Church does not now stand at "the parting of the ways," and seek to win the youthful Hercules to a life of hardness, peril, and self-denying virtue. She blesses rather the Epicurean and indifferent spirit, the still, numb soul which will ask no questions and offer no resistance.

Most fatal symptom of all is the distrust of change, the establishment of immobility, fixity, invariableness, as the test of divineness in doctrine and form. "You change," said Bossuet, "and that which changes is not the truth." Rather might it be said, You who do not change must necessarily be in error. The forms under which truth manifests itself *must* change from age to age. De Maistre admits this in everything but dogmas. But why should these be excepted from the common fate? The presence of a living spirit in humanity produces as a necessary result the changing surfaces of human development. Plato enunciates this law when he says: "Everything mortal is preserved, not by its being in every respect the same for ever, as the Deity is, but by the thing that is departing and growing old leaving another new thing." In every outward institution there is, as it were, an instinct of self-preservation, by which it resists all change, and shrinks with a foreboding sensitiveness from each out-bursting

throe of vital force. It distrusts the spirit, hardly believing that it can supply a better habitation, or furnish fairer forms. But there can be no absolute rest in the social or natural world. The repose of the landscape is only apparent and relative. The process is every instant going on by which continents are forming, mountains upheaving, oceans changing their boundaries, and rivers their beds. The new forms emerge, and the old pass away. Beliefs become obsolete, power changes hands, and new faiths stud the firmament, so that absolute rest is not there.

> "To recreate the old creation,
> All things move on in fast rotation."

Plutarch gives us a fable which he quotes from Eudoxus, that Jupiter, being once unable to move because his legs grew together, spent all his time, for very shame, in the wilderness; but that, Isis dividing and separating these parts of his body, he acquired the right use of his feet. And he explains the fable as denoting that it is by means of motion that the unseen intelligence is brought into activity. The old seers beheld everywhere motion as essential to life. Zeus must dwell in the wilderness alone while his legs are tied. This is true also in the nineteenth century. Absolute repose in any respect is the negative of life. In proportion as the Church of Rome has succeeded in repressing the spontaneous movements of nations, and rendering her members torpid, she has approximated to death. It was by her attractive and assimilative power that she turned into nourishing juices the beliefs, aspirations, virtues, and even vices, of the different ages of movement and development. There was operative a never-ceasing law of affinity, which drew to her whatever was noble, heroic, and divine. But now corresponding elements in the life of the nations act as a chemical dissolvent, so that the existing parts no longer cohere.

There was a time when the Church might have adopted the theory of development, instead of absolute, unchangeable oneness of doctrine and fixity in discipline, and have recognized Christianity as becoming ever more perfect in its doctrine and its form. Then the hope of progress would have been its heritage. Then it would have escaped this iron

mould of Ultramontanism. Now, professing unchangeableness in doctrine, fixity in discipline, despotic monarchy in form, and allied everywhere to stationary principles in philosophy, politics, and social life, it must remain on one side, apart from the outgoing movements of the creative spirit, and be left a monument of the past, a pillar of salt, once a womanly form that fled from the destruction of the cities of the plain, and, looking back, was struck with death.

ART. VI. — 1. *Reformatory Schools for the Children of the Perishing and Dangerous Classes, and for Juvenile Offenders.* By MARY CARPENTER. London: Gilpin. 1851.

2. *Juvenile Delinquents, their Condition and Treatment.* By MARY CARPENTER. London: Cash. 1853.

WE have already, in a brief notice,* called attention to one of the volumes now before us; but we are unwilling to dismiss them without recording more fully our sense of their great interest and value. The accomplished and excellent lady to whom we are indebted for this most satisfactory treatment of a subject so painful to the natural feeling, and so beset with difficulties to the practical understanding, has given one more example of the position that may be taken and the work that may be done by a Christian woman, while respecting the most scrupulous limits that society has assigned to the office of her sex. While so much in the true position of women is matter of declamation and debate, we rejoice to point to this instance, and to the kindred labors of another in our own country, to show how, without any cavil, or sacrifice of self-respect, the noblest tasks of philanthropy may be undertaken, and carried through on the largest scale, by a woman's devoted energy and faith in God.

There is something very touching and beautiful in this protest of the religious conscience against the dark fatalism which, to so many minds, seems to swallow up all hope

* N. A. Review for July, 1854, p. 252.

for the future of the wronged and the criminal. Gigantic strides in social or industrial "progress" have fixed great gulfs between the favored and the poor. Vast piles of wealth cast deep shadows of want. Crime advances with a swifter pace than population. Ignorance in one class breeds and spreads faster than enlightenment in another class. Civilization is always beset by its "perishing and dangerous classes," — those to whom life is a misery and a failure, and those to whom society is a foe. And it has been too much the way with many, abandoning the social problem in despair, to give over those classes to hopeless ruin, contenting themselves with the dreary creed, that the Destiny which appoints to every nation its set time of growth and decay crushes men by millions, and little children, too, by the same irresistible and irreversible decree. Now while this is the secret or professed philosophy of some, and the minds of others yield unwillingly to a cowardly scepticism, it seems to us a noble and most cheering thing that Christian faith, embodied in a woman's labor, and uttered in a woman's words, not only speaks a brave protest, but shows the way of rescue, and proves by deeds that it is practicable.

The immediate aim of Miss Carpenter's volumes is to gather a mass of testimony that may have its practical effect, first, in convincing the public mind, and next in hastening and guiding legislation, — testimony that may be irrefragable in its character, and irresistible by the sheer weight and bulk of it. To a remarkable degree, she keeps any personal agency or opinion out of view. Her own practical experience in the efforts begun many years ago, and most faithfully carried out, in Bristol, for the rescue of children from ignorance and vice, — which we know to have been not inconsiderable, — is studiously veiled behind a mass of evidence gathered from both continents, and arranged with great skill and care, so as to serve for a solid and impersonal argument of fact. The mind of the author is chiefly apparent in the fervent religious tone, the confidence of conviction, the powerful sense of duty, and the direct appeal to conscience, which convert materials so various all to a single end.

It is in the grouping of materials, therefore, that the most

obvious value of these volumes consists. In the earlier one, after an introductory chapter detailing the actual condition of the classes mentioned, we have the following topics: First Principles, Evening Ragged Schools, Free Day Schools, Industrial Feeding Schools, The Jail, and Penal Reformatory Schools. In the second volume, — in which we seem to see more vigor and ease of handling, and the sense of a more immediate practical purpose, — a fuller exposure is made of the evils of existing modes of treatment; the experience of America, of the Continent, and of private philanthropy in England, is given in greater detail; and the work concludes with a summary of principles and their modes of application. We give this rapid view of the broad field occupied by these treatises, because we wish to direct attention to Miss Carpenter's own statements, and not to substitute an imperfect sketch. Those who seek full information will not be satisfied without personal study of the subject; and they will feel especially grateful, that so much of the task of collection and condensation is superseded for them.

The importance of the topic treated certainly cannot be exaggerated, neither can we over-estimate the need of some full and popular treatment of it, like the present. "The mass of society," says Miss Carpenter, "are better acquainted with the actual condition of remote savage nations, than with the real life and springs of action of these children, whose true nature is less visible to the public eye when collected in a Ragged School, or swarming in by-streets, than is the state of little heathen children as exhibited in the reports of missionaries." Many of the details presented in these volumes are of course more directly applicable to English society than to ours; but the same general facts are repeating themselves in our commercial cities with startling rapidity, and the condensed narrative before us has hardly less practical interest here than there. The several reform schools, the "Five-Points House of Industry," the reports of our city missions, deal respectively with the same order of things shown on so appalling a scale in the great cities of the Old World. Christian civilization is interested *as a whole* to defend itself against the invasions of ignorance, squalor, and crime. The

perishing classes appeal as loudly to our conscience, and the dangerous classes to our fear, as if we too had a thousand years' history behind us.

What then is the social fact, or the social danger, signified by these new but already familiar phrases? To state the case in its most striking form, and leaving out of view mere accident or misfortune, we find a distinct order or class in every populous community, whom *society regards as outcasts, or enemies.* They are Ishmaelites, or, as they have been called, *Arabs of the street,* — their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them. They live by preying upon the rest. What others produce, they consume; what others accumulate, they destroy. In great cities they make a hostile camp, which society sustains an army of police to watch, assail, out-manœuvre, and defeat, in every possible way, — a paid and registered army of about six thousand in London alone, to watch a hostile force at least ten times as numerous, that dwell constantly in abject, deadly terror of them. Though reckoned by tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands, — in England computed last year (1853) at two and a half millions "by the lowest possible estimate," — they have no place in the census except by prison statistics; no recognition from the law, except through the criminal calendar. By a singular anomaly in legal practice, they have hitherto been reckoned as having no infancy, or age of non-accountability. Two Scottish children of *the ages of two and six* were two years ago sentenced for poaching to a fine of some eight dollars each, "or, failing payment, thirty days' imprisonment"!* As a class, they consist of the vagrant, the desperately needy, the unprincipled and reckless, — often organized in companies and communities for self-defence, having their secret system of law among themselves, their own invisible police, their own dialect of "slang," their social customs and places of abode, — right by our side, it may be, yet strange and unknown to us as the customs of Japan, or the internal economy of a tribe of wild animals. Ethnologically, many of them may be relics of nations long ago defeated and

* Juvenile Delinquents, p. 376.

crushed by foreign conquerers, — "cursed races," as they call them on the continent of Europe. Some are victims to misfortune of birth, some are driven by fault or crime of their own out of their inherited position. Grouped thus in a great order by themselves, they become barbarians in the midst of civilization, carrying the wants, instincts, passions, and habits of barbarians into the shadow of comfortable homes. They throng the darkest and densest quarters of large towns. They make a separate and hostile camp under cover of streets and lanes, and are recruited daily from those unhappily born or bred, or from those thrust out in the great chase for livelihood or gain. They live by a perpetual law of plunder, by the pirate's right of strength and cunning. They are kept in check by violence and fear, — in some few cases only, rescued from their vagrancy, and brought into the ranks of the social organization. They comprise those who make a living of dishonesty, and those who make a trade of vice; those who indulge, and those who thrive by, the worst passions of our nature; those whom our religion has not yet succeeded in reclaiming, and our laws in exterminating.

To state the matter in still another form: there are (we are told) two distinct classes or races of mankind, — dividing them not ethnographically, but socially, — the wanderers and the settlers, vagabonds and citizens, the nomadic and the civilized. Moreover, not only are all races of mankind divisible into wanderers and settlers, in large outline, but each civilized or settled tribe has generally some wandering horde intermingled with, and in some measure preying upon it. As distinguished from the rest, these wandering tribes are remarkable for their animal characteristics, for the strongly developed bones of the cheek and jaw, and for a language of their own, — slang or "thieves' Latin," as it is called, — adapted to conceal their designs and way of life from the more honest part of the community. These circumstances exist, with slight variation, in various parts of the world; and are in fact an inseparable feature of our modern civilization as we find it at present. The nomadic or wandering man is distinguished from his more civilized neighbor "by his repugnance to regular and continuous labor; by his want of

providence in laying up a store for the future; by his inability to perceive consequences ever so slightly removed from immediate apprehension; by his passion for stupefying herbs and roots, and, when possible, for intoxicating drinks; by his extraordinary powers of enduring privation, and insensibility to pain; by an immoderate love of gaming, frequently risking his own personal liberty upon a single cast; by his love of libidinous dances; by the pleasure he takes in witnessing the sufferings of sentient creatures; by his delight in warfare and all perilous sports; by his thirst for vengeance; by his profligacy and disregard of female honor; by his slang language, his lax idea of property, pugnacity, and utter want of religion."* Such is the degraded type of the animal man, as found among some wandering tribes of savages, and as furnishing the groundwork of what are called the "dangerous classes of society." Such are the qualities descriptive of an order of human beings, — which, as they appeal to the Christian conscience, and are known as moral facts, constitute the appalling significance and practical moment of the volumes under review.

Such as they have been now described, they are found especially in great cities, as London, Paris, and New York. There they form the population of well-known quarters, whence they emerge to give ferocity and terror to such scenes as the Gordon riots of London, the September massacres and the June insurrection of Paris. The more failure, the more distress there is uncared for, the more violent the vicissitudes of trade, the greater the disaster and terror of revolution or the ravage and rage of war, the more human creatures are plunged into that condition where society denies them sustenance and shelter, and the way to a living is easiest through crime. A great, banded community of criminals and outcasts is thus gathered in the heart of every populous city, chiefly in those capitals of the Old World where the causes are most busily at work, the gates of escape most closely shut, and the contrasts of condition most hard and glaring.

* See the introductory chapter of Mr. Mayhew's "London Labor and London Poor."

But nowhere has civilization yet redeemed itself from this curse and stain. There is hardly a country village, it has been said, without its outcast family, — one at least, — branded with social reprobation and virtual exclusion from the rest. There is no commercial town without its distinct criminal class of population, to be watched by the police with a wary and unfriendly eye; its recognized haunts of vice; its boys and girls growing up under the worst influences of the street, with passions prematurely strong, trained in idleness and incipient crime, swiftly learning the skill of smaller villany, and preparing for the higher degrees of guilt, for which society finds no home or cure but the jail.

The evil is one of very long standing. It is not the mere outbreak of violent passion here and there, or the accident of want leading to desperation and crime. It is the existence of an *outcast or criminal class*, in which crime is the daily training and practice, and for which all the moral relations of society are reversed. As a class of enemies in the land, to be suppressed and put down at any cost, the English law recognized them nearly five centuries ago, — the result, most probably, of driving whole populations from their estates by conquest, of the desolations wrought during reign after reign by the policy of the conquerors, and of the dreadful civil feuds, turning loose upon society bodies of landless, lawless, and desperate men. An ordinance of 1557, cited by Miss Carpenter,* clearly recognizes the distinction between the "perishing" and the "dangerous" classes, in the following terms: "The poor man is he whom sickness and age oppresseth, or by losses, or otherwise, is driven to the ground with necessity: which doth labor willingly to gain that which may be gotten, so long as power and strength will serve. The beggar is the contrary; one who never yieldeth himself to any good exercise, but continually travaileth in idleness, training such youth as cometh to his or their custody to the same wickedness of life." "Whereas," says a law of Queen Elizabeth (1572), "all the parts of this realm of England and Wales be presently with rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars exceedingly pestered,

* Reformatory Schools, p. 210.

by means whereof daily happeneth in the same realm horrible murders, thefts, and other great outrage, to the high displeasure of Almighty God, and to the great annoyance of the common weale," it is enacted, "that all persons set forth to be rogues and vagabonds, or sturdy beggars, that is to say, all persons whole and mighty in body, able to labor, not having land or master, nor using any lawful merchandise crafts or mystery, and all common laborers, able in body, loitering and refusing to work for such reasonable wages as is commonly given," shall for the first offence "be grievously whipped, and burnt through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron of the compass of an inch about; for the second, be deemed felons; and for the third, suffer death as felons, without benefit of clergy." * This is but a sample of the merciless legislation which all along for two or three centuries vainly endeavored to suppress the class of "sturdy vagabonds and valiant beggars," — that is, the class of outcasts and vagrants that now make their haunt mostly in populous cities, and are kept within strict and narrowing boundaries by terror of the police. They are treated summarily as enemies, — as wild beasts rather than men. The ferocity of the English law has been such ferocity as could be justly practised only on beasts of prey. Within this century, companies of fifteen or twenty criminals hung together have been no uncommon thing. Judges on a circuit have declared beforehand their intention of hanging the accused in every case where a verdict could be had. Such have been the testimonials of the chronic fear of the better classes, and the cruelty born of fear, practised upon that wretched race, whom law and circumstance had done their full share to drive upon a life of crime. "We are compelled," said lately an English justice, "to carry into operation an ignorant and vengeful system, which augments to a fearful extent the very evil it was framed to cure." †

It is as a class thus branded by society, — whom Religion scarce entertains the hope or ambition of redeeming, whom

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* Report of Poor-Law Commission for 1834, p. 12.

† Speech of M. D. Hill, Esq., at a Conference held in Birmingham, December 9, 1851.

Law knows only as its enemy and its victim, — that it becomes the afflicting duty of the social moralist to study their condition, and of the practical reformer to seek and save them. Mercy, and the hope of reformation for the criminal, is a thought that scarce entered into the heart of a generation before our own.* But the subject has come to be regarded in another light. A more radical and humane mode of treatment proposes to meet the evil at its source. The criminality of great classes is felt to be a misfortune and a disease, as much so as deformity or pestilence. Let us cease to think of the full-grown criminal as he confronts us, perhaps at dead of night in the consummation of his crime, or with sullen brow and the traces of low passion written on his face, at the court-house bar or the reluctant prison task; — let us think what he has been, how he has lived, and how he has become what he is, and anger or hatred is changed into terror that a class of such as he should be growing up at our side, ready at any unguarded hour to make us their prey, — into pity that he, by the guilt of others or the negligence of the state, was plunged into the dreadful fatality of such a life.

To measure the amount and quality of the work required to be done, it is needful, therefore, first to understand the causes that create and continually increase the numbers of such a class.

Here is one born to it, — the most pitiable and hopeless of all. Vagrancy and vice were his inheritance. The brand is stamped on his organization. His very features, the coarse and heavy jaw, the retreating forehead, the restless eye, set him apart from civilized races towards the savage, — mark him, in the dominant qualities of his nature, as a brute rather than a man. His first breath was drawn in the atmosphere of sin. The first language he learned was that of profanity, lewdness, or violence; the first acts he was bred to were childish imitations of the vices of a man. His training has been in the stealthy trade of pilfering; the champions and superi-

* "I know a shrewd gentleman who said he would walk a hundred miles to see a reformed thief. I think I could cure him of scepticism, and furnish him at the same time with many wholesome excursions." — Speech of Mr. Hill, before quoted.

ors he has been taught to admire were those most adroit in villany, or most brutal in the ring.* In some of the Ragged Schools "the announcement of a robbery or murder rather calls forth their curiosity or sympathy than excites horror." In a school for girls, "no one of the class had ever seen the sun rise, and one did not know what the rising of the sun meant." A street life of hazards and shifts has developed the precocious cunning of the thief; a home life among the debauched and profligate has developed the precocious passions that devour the little manhood that might have been spared. Or, if caught and sent to jail, the boy spent the time of his sentence in learning from older and more hardened offenders; and then was turned adrift, with the prison-brand upon him in addition to his birth-mark, to keep him from the confidence or company of the good,— to thrust him back upon his criminal associates, who will dog and menace him anywhere from Maine to Texas, to tempt him more hopelessly than ever into a life of guilt. Saturated from his birth in vice and crime, what destiny could possibly be in store for him but a rank among the dangerous and desperate enemies of our laws and outcasts from our civilization? Do we state the case too strongly? In a five years' calendar of London we have thirty-two "reputed thieves" of seven, and eighty-seven of eight years of age.† In a reform-school list,‡ we have a child of eight registered as having been fifteen times in the hands of the police, for skilful pilfering; and one of nine, who had attempted to hang himself in jail. Those of twelve or fourteen are often regarded as inveterate and incurable offenders. Miss Carpenter mentions a little girl of ten or eleven, who kept a light ladder secreted, to enter cottage windows for plunder; a child of six or seven tried for housebreaking; and one of eight who had "lived by crime from the time he was capable of committing it"! As one more example, we copy the conclusion of a narrative, "which, I fear," says the chaplain of Manchester jail, "may be taken as a sample of many

* See Reformatory Schools, pp. 60, 131, 215, 268; Juvenile Delinquents, pp. 24, 145, 187.

† Reformatory Schools, p. 10.

‡ London Inquirer.

others." * The boy, aged twelve years, had been discharged with every disposition and prospect of amendment.

"Two days after, I opened the door of a cell, and, to my surprise, found him again an inmate. My first exclamation of sorrow and surprise was, 'What, B., you here again!' He hung down his head, as though unwilling to meet my eye, and, after a few moments of silence, he suddenly raised it, and, looking at me with an appealing and hopeless expression of anguish I can never forget, he said, with an almost passionate emphasis, 'Sir, what *could* I do?' and then told me his tale thus.' On leaving the jail, he went directly to look for his mother, in the cellar where he had left her. She was not there, gone, the neighbors said, into the workhouse. Penniless and houseless, he wandered about all day and all night in the streets, and the next day, driven by hunger, he stole some bread, and was committed for the offence. He said he knew not what to do, and everything was better than his condition outside. Shortly after, an officer looked into his cell one Sunday afternoon, and found him lying on his bed, which he had unrolled contrary to orders, reading his Bible. The officer reproved him, and desired him to roll it up till the proper hour. To his surprise, the boy rose immediately, and, without a word or a look of anger and defiance, his usual answer on such occasions, quietly obeyed the order. The same officer, passing the cell not long after, looked in again, and found the unhappy boy suspended by a hammock-girth to the gas-pipe, and *dead!*"

To illustrate another frequent source of criminal desperation, we refer, instead of a solitary example, to one of the most striking spectacles of the past year, the "labor battle" at Preston, whose issue was decided on the first of May last. For thirty-six weeks, Capital and Labor held their several positions as open foes, each pledged under heavy penalties not to yield. The masters were sustained by past profits and accumulated wealth, the men by the generous gifts of more fortunate laborers in other districts. Still and steady, without a word of violence, without an act that could put them within the grasp of law, they stood at bay, resolute, but suffering; their daily wages gone, their subsistence the least that would keep them at their post, their families in increasing distress, their future growing more dark and hopeless day by day, — an

* Juvenile Delinquents, p. 203.

army of fifty thousand men, discharged from all useful or remunerative work, with not a spot of ground to spend the labor of their hands upon, with nothing to rest on in the future but the chance of better wages in a trade already overstocked, and depressed by the gathering storm-cloud of the Russian war. What hardiness of courage and obstinate honesty should keep them so long from depredating on the wealth of their masters, of which they sought a larger share, — from leaguing themselves as open opponents of the law, of which their masters endeavored to take advantage, to force them into a false position? We do not undertake to decide whether, at the time of the strike, their wages either could or should have been increased. But we see the terrible spectacle of an army of the producers of wealth in open hostility to the holders of wealth; and how slight an accident it might require to turn them into a formidable body of lawless, reckless, and desperate men, to prey as enemies upon the state that seemed thus to withhold their just claim! This example shows on a large scale what takes place daily on a small scale, crowding men, by their misfortune or their fault, into the hostile and dangerous ranks.

To understand yet another source of accession to these ranks, we must know that vice in large towns is reduced to a system; that it has its market and its scale of prices; that its agents are always busy to furnish its living prey, always ready to seize on those who, by poverty, distress, desertion, or ignorance, are left exposed to the tricks of their dreadful trade. A young person well brought up, (it may be,) in the country, comes to the city for employment, or runs away and seeks a shelter there. The secret police of the "dangerous classes" are on the look-out for him; and before he has found his first night's lodging, they have marked him for their spoil. He is cheated in an auction-room, enticed to a gambling-house, tempted to drink or to stake his little purse, defrauded in a sham bet, won by easy steps downward, to lose first his sense of innocence and then his sense of shame, till he becomes as one of those infinitely worse and more degraded than anything in human shape his fancy had conceived. And this is a system, deliberately planned beforehand, and deliberately brought to bear on him step by step; its result, in the average

of cases calculated and foreknown; its head-quarters in the low dram-shop, or the cheap lodging-house, rented, it may be, and often is, by some one respectable for wealth, social repute, and even religious standing, who cannot but know that his quarter's rent is the price of the "blood of souls." Or, if the young person is a female, who knows not how a more devilish enginery lies in wait, stretching its horrid arms along the sea-coast and into country villages, — from New York even among the fair peasantry of Germany, whence the police not long ago rescued one-and-twenty from its deadly clutch, — from many a manufacturing town dragging its victims to their living death? The announcement of "a daughter lost" we sometimes see in the public prints; — what thoughts does it suggest of the suffocating and vague terror of that worst of the dangerous classes that make their trade of misery and shame, which must crush the heart of many a parent, who, through thronged streets and unfamiliar haunts, seeks tidings of a daughter lost!

And then that great tide of immigration, a thousand a day, and more, — as high, even, as twelve thousand in a single port.* How many must come destitute and friendless; — destitute of all but the vague hope that brought them over; friendless but for such as may meet them at the dock, to volunteer the charge of them! How many come worn and broken with the voyage, sick with the close atmosphere of the steerage, and the long confinement amid the squalor of poor adventurers! How many pass from the ship to the hospital and the grave! How many are robbed at landing, and cheated of their all by the systematic villany that lies in ambush for them, and palms bad paper on them in exchange for their hard-earned and hoarded gold! In hopeless poverty and despair, in ignorance of the spoken tongue and customs and peril of the place, more hopeless still, how many have gone down in broad day to the pitfall of death that was dug for them! How many are floated thither, native and foreign, on the black and swelling flood of drunkenness! Or, again, how

* On one day of last May there arrived in the port of New York twelve thousand immigrants, and on each of the two following days four thousand more, making twenty thousand within three days.

many have been criminals abroad, driven hither to find a safer harborage of crime, or have been made fierce and desperate, either by want or governmental persecution, till society seems all their enemy, and, with some wild theory of an outlaw's justice, they avenge themselves by organizing fresh bands of freebooters and depredators, — a new and formidable addition to the dangerous classes already gathered and enrolled among us!

We omit to speak further of such causes as unjust laws, and the legal or political outlawry of whole races and tribes of men. Those we have mentioned are not legal or accidental, but social and permanent causes, which will follow out their dreadful tendency, till some radical cure is applied. Law, it is not doubted, does already much to keep them in check. Beneficent organizations are doing much to redress their mischief. Schemes of Christian instruction, followed here and there, already save hundreds, it may be thousands, from the dreadful fate to which they seemed born and bred. But, however checked and partially healed, the evil still exists, with its tendency to gather strength with the natural increase of population. It is great enough, if not to alarm us personally, at least to make us anxious in behalf of others. Society suffers from the existence of this outlaw race, in purse, in health, in morals, in hope of the future. In all these ways the classes spoken of are dangerous to the well-being of the state. Take first the loss of wealth. In England, it has been reckoned that every thief costs the community a thousand dollars and upwards for the average profits of his theft, about three hundred more for his conviction, besides the police force to keep him down, the jail system, the transportship, and the destruction of property by accidents of violence and revenge. "The more profligate the person, the greater burden is he to the community." Miss Carpenter cites an instance in which a family circle of eight thieves "have mulcted the public to the amount of £ 13,000" within seven years, — their annual support thus costing, children and all, more than eleven hundred dollars each. "Every freeman in this country is at present taxed to support in idleness every pauper and every criminal." A thief's average earnings, by the above

estimate, are equal to those of at least eight of the best-paid honest laborers. In Liverpool, their depredations are reckoned at eight and a half million dollars in a single year. Thus the criminal and vicious classes are the most costly of all, without return, — the most costly part of the political system, except the equipment and organization of war.

They are dangerous to the public health. Mr. Carlyle quotes the story of a poor woman in Edinburgh, who, being refused shelter and left to perish in the streets, took the typhus-fever, and by the infection killed seventeen others in the neighborhood. So it is that a vicious and neglected class spreads secret poison through all our veins, — in some a scalding leprosy and rottenness of the bones, in all the terror of some cholera-scourge or some epidemic fever that breeds in the lurking-place of wretchedness and crime. Feeble and barbarous tribes, that to our sceptical judgments seem smitten with a mysterious decree of extermination, perish by no mystery at all, but by the poison of civilized vices, which their inferior temperament makes quickly fatal. But the same poison, of squalor, of licentiousness, of strong drink, preys upon our own population also, and will do so until the resources of a Christian civilization are more fully understood, and the efforts of our humanity more wisely and vigorously applied.

We have portrayed, with constant reference to the aim and purport of the volumes before us, some of the features of that great social peril, of which they would aid both in the illustration and the cure. Unless in very rare and exceptional cases, the evil cannot be met full-grown with any prospect of eradicating it. "Train up a child in the way he should *not* go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The practical question — one which every moment's consideration presses more closely on the conscience — is, Cannot something be done to rescue the "children of the perishing and dangerous classes"? There is no need that the unfitness, the utter and horrible mischief, of the jail, as a place of cure for juvenile offences, should be again exposed. Setting this aside, with an unanswerable exhibition of its results, these volumes proceed to demonstrate, first, that the recovery of young offenders is possible, in a large proportion of cases;

next, that it can be had not by penal, but by moral and religious agencies alone; next, that the true and most hopeful methods are precisely the cheapest, while the present method of habitual neglect, with occasional violent interference, is as costly as it is shown to be ineffectual; and finally, that the state must interfere by law, to take the exposed child out of evil hands, to give authority of detention to those who seek his recovery, and to establish permanently, and on a large enough scale, the agencies required for that end. The practical importance of these positions, and the revolution they would work in existing practices if fully carried out, will be seen at a glance. They are regarded here as propositions to be sustained with great weight of evidence, — to be forced upon the thoughtful understanding, rather than barely commended to the popular mind and conscience. Voluntary endeavors have done what they could; government must now furnish the needful authority and needful funds to carry through an experiment which is proved beforehand to be successful. The examples of the police arrangements in Aberdeen, wholly suppressing the juvenile vagrancy of that district; of the juvenile prison at Parkhurst (Isle of Wight), with its discipline of terror and its costly failure to meet the end in view; the religious labors of the Brotherhood of St. Vincent de Paul, first organized at Mettrai, in France, and extended afterwards into more than forty similar establishments, showing the wonderful practical skill of the Romish Church in organizing religious effort for a definite end and creating the religious societies needful thereto; the reform-colonies of Evangelical Protestantism at Dusselthal and the Rauhe Haus near Hamburg, rivalling the above named in their practical wisdom and marvellous success; the State Reform Schools of New York and Massachusetts, — all are described with sufficient detail, making chapters of most interesting incident, and of singular value, in the history of moral enterprise. None of this testimony do we consider to be without worth in view of the efforts making in our own country in this direction, efforts which no one will regard as aught but the beginning of a vastly more extensive work required to be done.

We think that the readers of these volumes will be struck,

not merely with the religious motive and feeling that prompted and guided their composition, but also with the fact, that the only successful steps taken in this enterprise have hitherto been the inspiration of a very positive religious faith. "First and above all," says our author,* "there must be in the minds of those who plan, and those who carry out the work, a strong faith in the immortality of the human soul, the universal and parental government of God, and the equal value in his sight of each one of these poor perishing young creatures with the most exalted of our race." No motive or conviction less powerful could prompt to the labors here recorded, or could undertake them with hope of the same result. The School at Mettrai, and the Rauhe Haus at Hamburg, stand as the best known and most successful examples respectively of Catholic and Protestant reform.† In each case, the founder engaged in his task with a fervor of religious devotion to it, which would have been pronounced fanaticism or mysticism if it had taken a less practical direction. We mention this fact, so striking if not in nature at least in degree, because it is one of which the practical consequences become more important day by day, as experiments are more widely made. The state, as Miss Carpenter has shown, has the power of availing itself of an almost unlimited amount of earnestness, strong conviction, and working ability already existing; and if its efforts are wisely directed, it may be competent (as no other agency can possibly be) to grapple with the subject in its length and breadth, and cure the malady at the root. But no device of state machinery, however costly, will do the work. Unbought and unpurchasable agencies, of affection and pious motive, must still be the main-spring and heart of this work of reform, for those who "by crime are constituted children of the state."

The working of the institutions in this country, already in operation, may be so easily learned by any who have a motive for the inquiry, that we have not thought it best to

* Reformatory Schools, p. 73.

† In the former of these institutions, says Mr. Hill, in the speech previously cited, "the amount of reformation reached to what I at first thought the incredible proportion (but which I fully verified) of eighty-five per cent."

trouble our readers with statistics and details, which each month would outgrow. Neither, although we have paid some personal attention to the methods followed in the several directions before alluded to, do we feel qualified to speak at length of practical details, of which so much must depend both on a man's peculiar fitnesses, and on his sphere of operation. That the public mind should be made fully aware of the nature of this enterprise, and of the powerful motives urged on us for giving it our heed and our effort, is the chief object we have had in view. Especially do we hope that such works as those to which we have had peculiar reference will have their due place and weight among the serious literature of the day.

Art. VII. — *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands.* By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. lxv., 326, 432.

These volumes are less a continuous record of journeyings and experiences, than a magnified reflection of the idiosyncrasies of the writer, (or rather writers,) and of the massive and unique features of the Beecher family, from the broad mirror of Transatlantic scenery and society. They are intensely subjective, and therein lies their charm for the reader, — their sure hold upon a very numerous public. It is this, in great part, that induces us to give them more than a passing notice; for travellers in every zone and on every soil, in their competition for literary fame, are treading one another down into oblivion, and the review that did mere justice to the respectable and well-written itineraries of the quarter would have little room left for other matter.

The circumstances under which Mrs. Stowe visited England were perilous to her discretion, modesty, and patriotism. Invited on account of her successful hostility to one of the established institutions of her own country, paraded before crowded audiences and aristocratic coteries as presenting an

exceptional instance of American character, she was under strong temptation to denationalize herself, to deal treacherously with the land of her birth, and to cater for the pseudo-philanthropy which expends in indignation against the wrongs and sins of another people the energy that might find ample scope in the reformation of evils at its own doors. That she had thus demeaned herself was proclaimed in our public prints, and reluctantly believed even in friendly quarters. Her book proves her to have been in this regard wantonly defamed. She and her husband indeed appeared everywhere as the opponents of slavery (and they would have been hypocrites or apostates had they appeared otherwise); but we can find no trace whatever of a disloyal utterance on their part, nor yet of any anti-American manifestation on the part of their entertainers and admirers. The following passage from an Introduction by Professor Stowe is a fair index of the character of all the recorded speeches and conversations.

"I went with the strongest love of my country, and the highest veneration for her institutions; I everywhere in Britain found the most cordial sympathy with this love and veneration; and I returned with both greatly increased. But slavery I do not recognize as an institution of my country; it is an excrescence, a vile usurpation, hated of God, and abhorred by man; I am under no obligation either to love or respect it. He is the traitor to America, and American institutions, who reckons slavery as one of them, and, as such, screens it from assault. Slavery is a blight, a canker, a poison, in the very heart of our republic; and unless the nation, as such, disengage itself from it, it will most assuredly be our ruin. The patriot, the philanthropist, the Christian, truly enlightened, sees no other alternative." — Vol. I., pp. xii., xiii.

But the truest index of the national feeling of our travellers is no doubt to be found in what was said to them by their British friends. It was hardly possible that their sentiments toward their own country, if not formally uttered, should not have transpired almost without their own consciousness; and it was inevitable that they should give the tone to whatever was said on America and its institutions in the public assemblies and social circles convened for their reception. Had they appeared recreant to their country, they

could not have failed to draw around them its detractors and calumniators, and would in numerous instances have infused ungenerous sentiments where they had not previously existed. But the description of the tone of conversation at a large breakfast party in Liverpool may be taken as the general formula for what was said to and around our travellers during the whole of their tour through Great Britain.

"In one thing I was most agreeably disappointed. I had been told that the Christians of England were intolerant and unreasonable in their opinions on this subject; that they could not be made to understand the peculiar difficulties which beset it in America, and that they therefore made no distinction and no allowance in their censures. All this I found, so far as this circle were concerned, to be strikingly untrue. They appeared to be peculiarly affectionate in their feelings as regarded our country; to have the highest appreciation of, and the deepest sympathy with, our religious community, and to be extremely desirous to assist us in our difficulties. I also found them remarkably well informed upon the subject. They keep their eyes upon our papers, our public documents and speeches in Congress, and are as well advised in regard to the progress of the moral conflict as our Foreign Missionary Society is with the state of affairs in Hindostan and Burmah.

"Several present spoke of the part which England originally had in planting slavery in America, as placing English Christians under a solemn responsibility to bring every possible moral influence to bear for its extinction. Nevertheless, they seem to be the farthest possible from an unkind or denunciatory spirit, even towards those most deeply implicated. The remarks made by Dr. McNiel to me were a fair sample of the spirit and attitude of all present.

"'I have been trying, Mrs. S.,' he said, 'to bring my mind into the attitude of those Christians at the South who defend the institutions of slavery. There are *real* Christians there who do this,—are there not?'

"I replied, that undoubtedly there were some most amiable and Christian people who defend slavery on principle, just as there had been some to defend every form of despotism.

"'Do give me some idea of the views they take; it is something to me so inconceivable. I am utterly at a loss how it can be made in any way plausible.'

"I then stated that the most plausible view, and that which seemed to have the most force with good men, was one which represented the

institution of slavery as a sort of wardship or guardian relation, by which an inferior race were brought under the watch and care of a superior race to be instructed in Christianity.

"He then inquired if there was any system of religious instruction actually pursued.

"In reply to this, I gave him some sketch of the operations for the religious instruction of the negroes, which had been carried on by the Presbyterian and other denominations. I remarked, that many good people who do not take very extended views, fixing their attention chiefly on the efforts which they are making for the religious instruction of slaves, are blind to the sin and injustice of allowing their legal position to remain what it is.

"'But how do they shut their eyes to the various cruelties of the system, — the separation of families, — the domestic slave-trade?'

"I replied, 'In part, by not inquiring into them. The best kind of people are, in general, those who *know* least of the cruelties of the system; they never witness them. As in the city of London or Liverpool there may be an amount of crime and suffering which many residents may live years without seeing or knowing, so it is in the slave States.'

"Every person present appeared to be in that softened and charitable frame of mind which disposed them to make every allowance for the situation of Christians so peculiarly tempted, while, at the same time, there was the most earnest concern, in view of the dishonor brought upon Christianity by the defence of such a system." — Vol. I. pp. 24–26.

It cannot be doubted that such intercourse between citizens of the two nations is adapted to create kind and tolerant feelings, and to purge philanthropy of its bitterness and exclusiveness. We Americans are least of all authorized to denounce the free discussion of our domestic affairs in other countries as unjustifiable interference. Our habit is to take cognizance of all grievances, by whomever inflicted or endured. From the first French Revolution to the latest assault of Romanism upon the rights of conscience, we have held in perpetual *term-time* a court of review on the doings of sovereigns, pontiffs, legislatures, and political parties. The Porte and the Czar are arraigned at our indignation-meetings; Magyar republicans and Austrian state-prisoners enlist our sympathies as if they had been born under the stripes and

stars; and the factories and collieries of Great Britain are among the commonplaces of our invective. Nor do we confine ourselves to wordy warfare against social and political wrongs beyond the ocean. Men and money, arms and ammunition, can be levied among us at will, whether it be for a crusade in behalf of the rights of man, or for a Quixotic tilt against titles and abstractions. Nor is this unnatural for a self-emancipated, or unseemly for a Christian people. But by this attitude we court foreign criticism, and invite attack at every vulnerable point. The censors of all mankind, how can we hope to elude censure, or to have it sparingly dealt to us, for glaring defects, or unsightly excrescences, in our political constitution, our fundamental laws, or our social organization?

We are wont to hurl back against British Abolitionism the old proverb, "Physician, heal thyself"; and we need books like the one before us to show us how earnestly, laboriously, and successfully our advice has been taken. Great Britain presents two opposite aspects; the one bristling with hoary wrongs and inveterate iniquities, the other that of a reform-spirit radical in the noblest sense of the word, resolute, aggressive, and irresistibly potent. It is the tendency of over-stimulated industrial and commercial enterprise to degrade and enslave the masses. England has undersold all competitors by loading her laborers with excessive burdens and reducing their subsistence to the lowest standard of necessity. No tyranny has been more galling in its exactions, or more chary of concessions and indulgences, than that of her great manufacturing cities. Her poorest population, too, have borne the heaviest weight of taxation in proportion to their means; and the interest upon the war debt of centuries has been wrung in great part from commodities of essential use for people of all classes and conditions. But hopeful progress has been made in the instauration of a new era. The establishment of the income-tax, the abolition of the corn-laws, and the removal of numerous commercial restrictions, have done much towards cheapening subsistence and elevating the standard of comfort for the laborer. At the same time, Australian superadded to American emigration has so relieved the glut of the labor-

market as sensibly to enhance its rates of supply, and in some instances and departments to put employers in the power of the employed, instead of throwing the latter on the mercy of the former. These changes have been wrought not alone by state policy, but chiefly through the efforts of stout-hearted reformers, who, alike in political agitation and in the formation of emigration societies, have been fighting the battles of labor against capital, — of the many against the few.

But these general measures of relief bear a very small proportion to those instituted for the benefit of individual classes of the depressed and unprivileged. The darkest phases of London life are assuming a healthy and encouraging aspect by means of the model lodging-houses and washing-houses, which have passed the stage of experiment, and have already so far vindicated their availableness as pecuniary investments as to insure their multiplication from interested no less than from charitable motives. In a former number we have given an account of this movement; but our readers cannot fail to be gratified by the following description of some of the principal establishments which are among its first-fruits.

"We first visited the lodging-house for single men in Charles Street, Drury Lane. This was one of the first experiments made in this line, and to effect the thing in the most economical manner possible, three old houses were bought and thrown into one, and fitted up for the purpose. On the ground floor we saw the superintendent's apartment, and a large, long sitting-room, furnished with benches and clean, scoured tables, where the inmates were, some of them, reading books or papers: the day being wet, perhaps, kept them from their work. In the kitchen were ample cooking accommodations, and each inmate, as I understand, cooks for himself. Lord Shaftesbury said, that something like a common table had been tried, but that it was found altogether easier or more satisfactory for each one to suit himself. On this floor, also, was a bathing-room, and a well-selected library of useful reading-books, history, travels, &c. On the next floor were the dormitories, — a great hall divided by board partitions into little sleeping cells about eight feet square, each containing a neat bed, chair, and stand. The partition does not extend quite up to the wall, and by this means while each inmate enjoys the privacy of a small room, he has all the comfort of breathing the air of the whole hall.

"A workingman returning from his daily toil to this place can first

enjoy the comfort of a bath; then, going into the kitchen, make his cup of tea or coffee, and, sitting down at one of the clean, scoured tables in the sitting-room, sip his tea, and look over a book. Or a friendly company may prepare their supper and sit down to tea together. Lord Shaftesbury said that the effect produced on the men by such an arrangement was wonderful. They became decent, decorous, and self-respecting. They passed rules of order for their community. They subscribed for their library from their own earnings, and the books are mostly of their own selection. 'It is remarkable,' said his lordship, 'that of their own accord they decided to reject every profane, indecent, or immoral work. It showed,' he said, 'how strong are the influences of the surroundings in reforming or ruining the character.' It should be remarked, that all these advantages are enjoyed for the same price charged by the most crowded and filthy of lodging houses, namely, fourpence per night, or two shillings per week. The building will accommodate eighty-two. The operation supports itself handsomely.

"I should remark, by the by, that, in order to test more fully the practicability of the thing, this was accomplished in one of the worst neighborhoods in London.

"From these we proceeded to view a more perfect specimen of the same sort in the Model Lodging-House of George Street, Bloomsbury Square, a house which was built *de novo*, for the purpose of perfectly illustrating the principle. This house accommodates one hundred and four workingmen, and combines everything essential or valuable in such an establishment, — complete ventilation and drainage, the use of a distinct living room, a kitchen and a wash-house, a bath, and an ample supply of water, and all the conveniences which, while promoting the physical comfort of the inmates, tend to increase their self-respect, and elevate them in the scale of moral and intellectual beings. The arrangement of the principal apartments is such as to insure economy as well as domestic comfort, the kitchen and wash-house being furnished with every requisite convenience, including a bath supplied with hot and cold water; also a separate and well-ventilated safe for the food of each inmate. Under the care of the superintendent is a small, but well-selected library.

"The common room, thirty-three feet long, twenty-three feet wide, and ten feet nine inches high, is paved with white tiles, laid on brick arches, and on each side are two rows of tables with seats; at the fireplace is a constant supply of hot water, and above it are the rules of the establishment. The staircase, which occupies the centre of the building, is of stone. The dormitories, eight in number, ten feet high, are subdivided with movable wood partitions six feet nine inches high; each

compartment, inclosed by its own door, is fitted up with a bed, chair, and clothes-box. A shaft is carried up at the end of every room, the ventilation through it being assisted by the introduction of gas, which lights the apartment. A similar shaft is carried up the staircase, supplying fresh air to the dormitories, with a provision for warming it, if necessary. The washing-closets on each floor are fitted up with slate, having japanned iron basins, and water laid on.

"During the fearful ravages of the cholera in this immediate neighborhood, not one case occurred in this house among its one hundred and four inmates.

"From this place we proceeded to one, if anything, more interesting to me. This was upon the same principle, appropriated to the lodgment of single women. When one considers the defenceless condition of single women who labor for their own subsistence in a large city, how easily they are imposed upon and oppressed, and how quickly a constitution may be destroyed for want of pure air, fresh water, and other common necessaries of life, one fully appreciates the worth of a large and beautiful building, which provides for this oppressed, fragile class.

"The Thanksgiving Model Buildings at Port Pool Lane, Gray's Inn, are so called because they were built with a thank-offering collected in the various religious societies of London, as an appropriate expression of their gratitude to God for the removal of the cholera. This block of buildings has in it accommodations for twenty families, and one hundred and twenty-eight single women; together with a public wash-house, and a large cellar, in which are stored away the goods of those women who live by the huckster's trade.

"The hundred and twenty-eight single women, of whom the majority are supposed to be poor needle-women, occupy sixty-four rooms in a building of four stories, divided by a central staircase; a corridor on either side forms a lobby to eight rooms, each twelve feet six inches long by nine feet six inches wide, sufficiently large for two persons. They are fitted up with two bedsteads, a table, chairs, and a washing-stand. The charge is one shilling per week for each person, or two shillings per room.

"Lord Shaftesbury took me into one of the rooms, where was an aged female partially bedridden, who maintained herself by sewing. The room was the picture of neatness and comfort; a good supply of hot and cold water was furnished in it. Her work was spread out by her upon the bed, together with her Bible and hymn-book; she looked cheerful and comfortable. She seemed pleased to see Lord Shaftesbury, whom she had evidently seen many times before, as his is a familiar countenance in all these places. She expressed the most fervent

thankfulness for the quiet, order, and comfort of her pleasant lodgings, comparing them very feelingly with what used to be her condition before any such place had been provided." — Vol. II. pp. 110 – 115.

Of kindred importance and of the most hopeful omen for the future of the great cities is the institution of ragged schools, by means of which pauperism and vice are arrested in their incipient stages, and thousands of children, who were born *pariahs*, are brought within the pale of Christian civilization. Of these schools there are no less than one hundred and sixteen in London. Connected with them is an extensive system for providing means of religious instruction and places of public worship for adults of the neglected classes. In this service one hundred and twenty city missionaries are constantly employed in London alone, besides many in all the other principal cities.

The slavery of the poor seamstresses of England has excited our commiseration on this side of the Atlantic; and the "Song of the Shirt" has, we apprehend, owed a large part of its popularity with us to our willingness to give vent to our benevolent sympathies in quarters where we can be called upon to bestow neither effort nor sacrifice. Certain is it that it has awakened no reformatory movement among us in behalf of the overworked and underpaid needle-women, who occupy or are continually crossing for the worse the span-wide isthmus between virtuous destitution and moral ruin. But in London an Association for the Aid of Milliners and Dressmakers, under the Presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury, has been in successful operation for more than ten years. Under its auspices, names are registered for employment, lodgings provided for its beneficiaries, medical advice furnished them for a merely nominal charge, savings' banks established, the hours of labor regulated, and even plans of ventilation for their work-rooms suggested and urged. At the same time, the needs of this class of females are largely met in many of the model lodging-houses recently instituted.

With similar success, through personal influence and Parliamentary enactment, the condition of laborers in the British manufactories and collieries has been greatly ameliorated. The Ten-hour Factory Bill has extended its benefits to a pop-

ulation two thirds as numerous as the slaves of the United States. Women and children are no longer worked in the coal-pits. The maximum of children's labor is reduced to seven, and generally to six, hours in the day. More than fifty thousand children employed in factories are in constant attendance at school. Nor are agricultural laborers neglected by the noble philanthropy now so fully awake and so resolutely active. The Laborer's Friend Society has assisted nearly four hundred thousand of the peasantry in procuring allotments of land to be cultivated at extra hours for their own sole benefit.

The most hopeful feature of this multiform enterprise of mercy is, that it has enlisted in its furtherance many of the largest employers of labor, both individuals and corporations. A portion of our readers have, no doubt, learned something of that most Christian of corporations, "Price's Patent-Candle Company," whose *light* is destined to shine far and wide over what have been the dark and desolate regions of society. This institution, numbering about a thousand operatives, is organized throughout as a Christian family, with day and evening schools for the young, associations for mutual improvement for those of maturer years, all needful arrangements for health and comfort, well built and ventilated dwellings, libraries, chapels, and Sunday schools; and managing agents, directors, and stockholders are cordially united in a system of measures which makes of that hard-working community, in the prevalence of contentment, happiness, virtue, and piety, a sort of "heaven below." Other manufacturing establishments are already imitating this illustrious example; and James Wilson, the candle-maker, who has been the devising and executive genius of this blessed reform, will send down to posterity a name to be registered — not without "its witness in heaven and its record on high" — with those of Howard, Wilberforce, and Clarkson, loadstars of progressive humanity.

We have alluded to the leading part borne by the nobility in these labors of philanthropy. Mrs. Stowe has given us in her letters many of the most ancient and illustrious names of the titled aristocracy, not merely as heading subscription-papers, but as associated with the oversight and administration of these various institutions of practical beneficence. The

prestige of mere birth has passed its climax; but the existing order of British society promises to prolong itself — and we care not to how distant a day — by the diligence of its hereditary leaders in their appropriate duty and office as pioneers of a culminating Christian civilization. The homage paid to ancestral rank must ultimately merge itself in the aristocracy of mind and character; but the natural transition between these two stages of popular sentiment is through the slough of plutocracy. In Western Continental Europe titled nobility is fast becoming the mere shadow of a name, while substantial influence is passing into the hands of the mercantile classes. Undoubtedly this condition of things has borne its part in stimulating the heads of distinguished English families to the new and honorable career of which we have spoken. Descent and title, it is felt, can no longer command the first place unchallenged. The tottering castles of effete feudalism must be buttressed against the battering-ram of popular claims and rights. Those who would be chief must be "called benefactors." We doubt not the sincerity of the many who are winning for themselves this appellation. Yet we cannot but believe that a felt necessity for placing their pre-eminence on a new and more solid basis has borne a large part among the instrumentalities in stimulating their collective conscience, elevating their moral standard, and deepening their sense of responsibleness for the condition of the masses. In this aspect, we look with complacency on hereditary privilege. Its place is manifestly supplied for the worse in our own country by the ascendency of mere wealth. The ambition for titular riches — for accumulations beyond all possible need, and simply serving for an appendage to the name — renders multitudes of our prosperous classes indifferent to everything except the incessant demands of business. Not thus can we vindicate the superiority of our social organization, but only by showing the identity of republican institutions with those fraternal sympathies which alone can vitalize and perpetuate them.

We have been amused by Mrs. Stowe's exposure of the haphazard assertions of our American journalists to the discredit of the Duchess of Sutherland. Her signature, it will be remembered, stood first in a letter on slavery from certain

women in England to the women of the United States. We doubt whether such letters are adapted to serve any good purpose. Those *for* whom they are written have no need of them; those *at* whom they are written are annoyed and embittered by them. But however this may be, the document was written and sent, and the batteries of a calumnious press were at once opened upon the good Duchess. The story, which has had the widest currency and has been the most variously enriched and adorned according to the taste of the editor or the receptivity of his public, has been that of her having at some unnamed, yet not very remote period, dislodged large numbers of her Scotch tenants in the dead of winter, and ordered their cottages to be burned over their heads to expedite their departure. This story has hardly a *basis* of fact, yet was derived from a series of veritable transactions, commencing during the Duchess's birth-year, and brought to a close four years before her marriage, and (as she was married at *seventeen*) probably from one to three years before her connection with the Sutherland family was contemplated. Yet more, these transactions took place during her husband's minority, and under the auspices of his father, so that, did they merit reproach, it should be heaped on the ashes of the dead. But the whole affair, through statistics and documentary evidence presented in full by Mrs. Stowe, resolves itself into a benevolent enterprise gigantic almost beyond equal or precedent. The Sutherland estates lie in the northern part of Scotland. Among the tenants were many genuine Highlanders, — lazy, disorderly, quarrelsome, and habitually armed with dangerous weapons. The late Duke determined to bring his domains under as high a state of cultivation as they would admit of, and at the same time to change the residences of such occupants as might interfere with the instauration of a new order. This work was extended over a period of thirteen years (from 1806 to 1819), and the ejected peasantry had in every instance two years for preparation, with a release of rent for that period. Building-lots were also provided for them, either by the coast or in naturally fertile spots, and building-materials were furnished to them. It may possibly have been true, (though there is no

valid proof that it was,) that some determined idlers and outlaws compelled the Duke's agent to resort to forcible measures for their removal. But these changes were effected solely with a view to ameliorate the economical and moral condition of the peasantry. Roads, churches, schools, savings' banks in every village, and the introduction of improved breeds of animals and modes of culture, have constituted essential parts of the renovating apparatus. From 1811 to 1833, not only were all the rents expended for the benefit of the tenants, but sixty thousand pounds of the Duke's income from other sources were applied to the same uses. The consequence is, that the Sutherland estates now support an orderly, thrifty, intelligent, and virtuous population of more than twenty thousand. To this statement we may add, that the specific acts of cruelty in conducting these reforms, which have been cited in American newspapers, have been disproved in courts of justice, and the propagators of the slander mulcted in heavy damages, at the suit of the Duke's chief agent.

From Mrs. Stowe's narrative, it would appear that the anti-slavery leaders in Great Britain are the very persons who have labored, and are laboring, to the utmost of their ability, for the correction of evils and abuses nearer home. They have acquired the right to pity the victims of foreign oppression by the noble stand they have taken in behalf of the wronged, depressed, and downtrodden on their own soil. We can bear to have our wounds probed by such hands. We cannot doubt the sincerity and faithfulness of rebuke and expostulation from such sources. It need not be a matter of surprise that the African comes up in tender remembrance with those who thus "draw out their bread to the hungry, and hide not themselves from their own flesh." Their voice is not that of international hatred, but of unfeigned philanthropy.

Mrs. Stowe's letters from Great Britain contain a few vivid sketches of scenery and architecture, and many interesting pictures of society, manners, and domestic life; but they are chiefly devoted to the themes which have thus far filled our paper. On the Continent of Europe her style changes, and she occupies for the most part the ground of other tourists, giving detailed descriptions of modes and incidents of travel,

and objects of curiosity in the realms of nature and of art. Her letters from the Continent are interspersed with extracts from the Journal of Rev. Charles Beecher, her brother and companion in travel. The most eloquent portions of these volumes are those written among the "signs and wonders of the elements" in Switzerland. Mrs. Stowe remarks, in one of her letters: "I rejoice every hour that I am among these scenes in my familiarity with the language of the Bible. In it alone can I find vocabulary and images to express what this world of wonders excites." Her readers have abundant reason to rejoice with her and her brother in their conversance with the divine Thesaurus of sublime thoughts, metaphors, and similes. We have read many itineraries of Swiss travel, but have never been so profoundly impressed by their eloquent details, as we have been by the Scriptural allusions of these Christian pilgrims. The following are a few of the many passages which we might cite in justification of our verdict.

"I looked and saw, sure enough, behind the dark mass of the Mole, (a huge blue-black mountain in the foreground,) the granite ranges rising gradually and grim as we rode; but, further still, behind those gray and ghastly barriers, all bathed and blazing in the sun's fresh splendors, undimmed by a cloud, unveiled even by a filmy fleece of vapor, and O so white, — so intensely, blindingly white! against the dark-blue sky, the needles, the spires, the solemn pyramid, the transfiguration cone of Mont Blanc. Higher, and still higher, those apocalyptic splendors seemed lifting their spectral, spiritual forms, seeming to rise as we rose, seeming to start like giants hidden from behind the black brow of intervening ranges, opening wider the amphitheatre of glory, until, as we reached the highest point in our road, the whole unearthly vision stood revealed in sublime perspective. The language of the Revelation came rushing through my soul. This is, as it were, a door opened in heaven. Here are some of those everlasting mountain ranges, whose light is not of the sun, nor of the moon, but of the Lord God and of the Lamb. Here is, as it were, a great white throne, on which One might sit before whose face heaven and earth might flee; and here a sea of glass mingled with fire. Nay, rather, here are some faint shadows, some dim and veiled resemblances, which bring our earth-imprisoned spirits to conceive remotely what the disencumbered eye of the ecstatic Apostle gazed upon." — Vol. II. pp. 195, 196.

"I do not wonder that the eternal home of the glorified should be

symbolized by a Mount Zion. I do not wonder that the Psalmist should say, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the *hills*, from whence cometh my help!' For surely earth cannot present, nor unassisted fancy conceive, an object more profoundly significant of divine majesty than these mountains in their linen vesture of everlasting snow." — p. 197.

"Before we had entered the valley this evening the sun had gone down; the sky behind the mountains was clear, and it seemed for a few moments as if darkness was rapidly coming on. On our right hand were black, jagged, furrowed walls of mountain, and on our left Mont Blanc, with his fields of glaciers and worlds of snow; they seemed to hem us in, and almost press us down. But in a few moments commenced a scene of transfiguration, more glorious than anything I had witnessed yet. The cold, white, dismal fields of ice gradually changed into hues of the most beautiful rose-color. A bank of white clouds, which rested above the mountains, kindled and glowed, as if some spirit of light had entered into them. You did not lose your idea of the dazzling, spiritual whiteness of the snow, yet you seemed to see it through a rosy veil. The sharp edges of the glaciers, and the hollows between the peaks, reflected wavering tints of lilac and purple. The effect was solemn and spiritual above everything I have ever seen. These words, which had been often in my mind through the day, and which occurred to me more often than any others while I was travelling through the Alps, came into my mind with a pomp and magnificence of meaning unknown before: 'For by Him were all things created in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things are by him and for him; and he is before all things, and by him all things subsist.'

"In this dazzling revelation I saw not that cold, distant, unfeeling fate, or that crushing regularity of power and wisdom, which was all the ancient Greek or modern Deist can behold in God; but I beheld, as it were, crowned and glorified, one who had loved with our loves, and suffered with our sufferings. Those shining snows were as his garments on the Mount of Transfiguration, and that serene and ineffable atmosphere of tenderness and beauty, which seemed to change these dreary deserts into worlds of heavenly light, was to me an image of the light shed by his eternal love on the sins and sorrows of time, and the dread abyss of eternity." — pp. 214, 215.

"— that knife-like edge, that seems cleaving heaven with its keen and glistening cimeter of snow, reminding one of Isaiah's sublime imagery, 'For my sword is bathed in heaven.'" — p. 300.

"Mountains are Nature's testimonials of anguish. They are the

sharp cry of a groaning and travailing creation. Nature's stern agony writes itself on these furrowed brows of gloomy stone. These reft and splintered crags stand, the dreary images of patient sorrow, existing verdureless and stern because exist they must. In them, hearts that have ceased to rejoice and have learned to suffer find kindred, and here an earth worn with countless cycles of sorrow utters to the stars voices of speechless despair." — *Ib.*

"At half past three in the morning we were aroused by the Alpine horn. We sprang up, groping and dressing in the dark, and went out in the frosty air. Ascending the ridge, we looked off upon a sleeping world. Mists lay beneath like waves, clouds, like a sea. On one side the Oberland Alps stretched along the horizon their pale, blue-white peaks. Other mountains, indistinct in color and outline, chained round the whole horizon. Yes, 'the sleeping rocks did dream' all over the wide expanse, as they slumbered on their cloudy pillow, and their dream was of the coming dawn. Twelve lakes, leaden pale or steel blue, dreamed also under canopies of cloud, and the solid land dreamed, and all her wilds and forests. And in the silence of the dream already the tinge of clairvoyance lit the gray east; a dim, diffuse aurora, while yet the long, low clouds hung lustreless above; nor could the eye prophesy where should open the door in heaven. At length, a flush, as of shame or joy, presaged the pathway. Tongues of many-colored light vibrated beneath the strata of clouds, now dappled, mottled, streaked with fire; those on either hand of a light, flaky, salmon tint, those in the path and portal of the dawn of a gorgeous blending and blazoning of golden glories. The mists all abroad stirred uneasily. Tufts of feathery down came up out of the mass. Soft, floating films lifted from the surface and streamed away dissolving. Strange hues came out on lake and shore, far, far below. The air, the very air, became conscious of a coming change, and the pale tops of distant Alps sparkled like diamonds. It was night in the valleys. And we heard the cocks crowing below, and the uneasy stir of a world preparing to awake. So Isaiah foresaw a slumbering world, while Messiah's coming glanced upon the heights of Zion, and cried, —

> 'Behold, darkness shall cover the earth
> And gross darkness the people;
> But the Lord shall rise upon THEE,
> And his glory shall be seen upon thee!'

"Hushed the immense crowd of spectators waited; then he came. On the gray edge of the horizon, under the emblazoned strata, came a sudden coal of fire, as shot from the altar of Heaven. It dazzled, it

wavered, it consumed. Its lambent lines lengthened sidelong. At length, not a coal, but a shield, as the shield of Jehovah, stood above the east, and it was day. The vapor sea heaved, and broke, and rolled up the mountain-sides. The lakes flashed back the conquering splendor. The wide panorama, asleep no more, was astir with teeming life. — pp. 303, 304.

We care much more for the spiritual character than for the intellectual or æsthetic culture of the traveller whom we accompany amid the grand and beautiful in nature. On mountain-summit or ocean-side, under Italian heavens or on tropical seas, one finds but what he carries. Hills, streams, forests, and sunsets are not constants, but variables in the formula of human experience, — to the fopling, infinitesimal as compared with his dinners and wines; to the devout spirit, endowed with a putative infinity as pervaded by the immeasurable Creator. One American tourist of great ephemeral popularity boasted of having drawn the cork of a bottle of champagne on the top of Mount Sinai; another, of enduring fame, reverently opened his Hebrew Bible, and read the Decalogue aloud in its original tongue on the spot where he believed it to have been promulgated to the awe-stricken Israelites. Palestine is a picturesque region, but destitute of natural features or phenomena that can be compared in grandeur with those of Switzerland; its Jordan is a mere rivulet, its ocean a land-locked sea. Yet the poets of Palestine alone furnish adequate expression for the loftiest and profoundest emotions experienced among scenes vastly more majestic than ever met their outward eye. And this is because for them the inward vision had been unsealed, and they ever saw "the great white throne, and Him that sat upon it." The swelling, bounding thought of God, crowding and exceeding every capacity and affection, intensified for them into its own fulness and grandeur whatever bore the signature of his hand; and had their home been remote from mountains and by sluggish waters, still to their God-awakened consciousness "the floods would have clapped their hands, and the little hills rejoiced on every side." It is only those touched with their spirit, that can worthily be the historiographers or poets of nature in its wilder and loftier forms, — of mountain, waterfall, or ocean.

From the passages which we have already quoted, as well as from her world-famous story, our readers are aware that Mrs. Stowe wields a vigorous, masculine pen, versatile in its adaptations, capable of the highest themes, yet not too dainty for the simplest and rudest forms of human feeling and experience. She abounds in starts and flashes of eloquence, in illustrations as bold as they are apposite, in metaphors that incarnate thought, and transmute the abstract into concrete forms which we can almost see and handle with the organs of sense. Little Eva's death-scene and Uncle Tom's martyrdom are unsurpassed in all the elements of rhetorical pathos and grandeur. And to a great thought her expression is never false. Yet in the even flow of prosaic narrative we sometimes miss the accuracy and finish, the humbler graces and amenities of style, which characterize many female writers of far inferior merit and capacity. She has no talent for merely fine writing.

The Beecher family almost constitute a genus by themselves. The same type of mind and style is reproduced in the writings of the venerable father and of his singularly gifted children, though stiffening into a certain solemn stateliness in the author of "The Conflict of Ages," and in Henry Ward trenching close upon the dividing line between licit humor and lithe buffoonery. The father, in his palmy days, was unequalled among living divines for dialectic keenness, scathing invective, pungent appeal, lambent wit, hardy vigor of thought, and concentrated power of expression; but he always fumbled over an extra-Scriptural metaphor, and exhibited little beauty except that of strength and holiness, — a beauty which never shone from him so resplendently as now, that, on the verge of fourscore, it hallows the sunset of as noble a life as man ever led, and presages the dawning of a renewed youth in a more exalted sphere of the Divine service. His daughter inherits in full his vigor of conception, his logical acumen, his tenacious hold upon the conscience, his fervent strenuousness of aim, and his wit subordinated to and sanctified by the gravest purpose and the most momentous mission; while in the handling of subsidiary thoughts and in rhetorical ornament she alternates between his unconscious heedlessness and her own finer perception and more graceful culture.

We would gladly follow Mrs. Stowe through her extended tour, and look further with her searching vision at the works of God and the ways of men; but the rapid sale of her book supersedes the necessity and even the fitness of a detailed review; and what we have written has been written less with the purpose of introducing her to our readers, than of doing justice to our journal by a permanent record of a work which has ministered equally to our instruction and our edification.

Art. VIII. — 1. *Report of the Special Committee of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, on the Distribution of the Income of the Smithsonian Fund*, &c. [Signed by Hon. James A. Pearce.] Washington. 1854. 8vo. pp. 25.

2. *Report of* Hon. James Meacham, *of the Special Committee of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, on the Distribution of the Income of the Smithsonian Fund*, &c. Washington. 1854. 8vo. pp. 63.

A popular French writer, M. Jules Sandeau, whose works have a rather more elevated tone than that of the modern school of authors at Paris, has written an amusing story, which, moreover, has a good moral, describing the inconveniences suffered by a young musician who unexpectedly receives a large fortune by bequest. He becomes entangled in lawsuits and disputes, his domestic peace is invaded, he is at loss how to spend his money, and finally is driven to the conclusion that his legacy was no boon. He renounces his rights to the next heirs, and retires from the field, leaving the wrangling and the lawsuits to others. The idea of this story was somewhat bold even for a novelist, — for Miss Edgeworth says it never hurt a heroine to be an heiress; but we are not sure that a similar story must not be truly told when the final history of the Smithsonian bequest shall be written, for that history may not improbably have the same *denouement* with Sandeau's novel. Indeed, something of this sort was more

than hinted at in the debates which took place in Congress, even before the institution was established. It was the settled opinion of one class of statesmen, (which they took frequent opportunities to urge,) that Congress had made a mistake in accepting the bequest, and that the money ought to be paid back into the British Court of Chancery, to be claimed by anybody who thought he had a right to it. Now that the eight years' history of the institution has so bitterly disappointed the just expectations of the public, arguments of this sort might be renewed with increased force. If the institution is to be made merely a vehicle for personal aggrandizement and special favoritism, — if its care implies the abuse of a weighty public trust, and the appropriation of its funds for uses not authorized by law, — then the bequest will have been no boon, and the sooner the establishment is broken up, and the United States relieved of responsibility in the premises, the better.

It is fortunately the case, however, that an abuse cannot attain its full growth in this country without being perceived in time for the application of a remedy; so that even our most firmly established institutions find themselves powerless to resist the hand of reform, when guided by truth and right. We do not anticipate, therefore, so summary a catastrophe as the absolute extinction of the Smithsonian Institution, on account of the faults of its administration. We have too much confidence in the force of public opinion, not to speak of their own enlightened sense of their duty, to believe that the managers will not speedily adopt a course of proceeding different from that which they have hitherto pursued.

James Smithson, a subject of Great Britain, who had never visited this country, died in 1829. By his will, dated October 23, 1826, he bequeathed the whole income of his property, after the payment of a small annuity to an old servant, to his nephew, Henry James Hungerford, and, after his death, the whole property, "absolutely and for ever," to his child or children, legitimate or illegitimate, should he have any. The next sentence of the will is in these words: —

"In case of the death of my said nephew without leaving a child or children, or of the death of the child or children he may have had un-

der the age of twenty-one years or intestate, I then bequeathe the whole of my property, subject to the annuity of £ 100 to John Fitall, and for the security and payment of which I mean stock to remain in this country, *to the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.*"

In these few words is contained the whole of the munificent testator's directions with regard to the institution which he desired should carry his name down to posterity, in case of the failure of descendants to cherish it. It is probable enough, that, if he had regarded the contingency of the establishment of the institution as likely to happen, he would have given a more specific intimation of his wishes with reference to it. But whether this were the case or not, there is no other written evidence of his intentions and wishes than that included in the brief sentence just quoted. The words, though few, are intelligible and explicit, and he may well have supposed that it would be wiser not to trammel the United States with conditions and restrictions. He had never visited this country, and did not know what sort of an institution was needed here, or would be most beneficial. He was willing to leave the arrangement of details to Congress, and contented himself with the simple expression of the liberal wish that the institution should be "an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

In 1836, July 1, Congress passed an act accepting the bequest, and authorizing the President to appoint an agent to prosecute in the English courts the claim of the United States to the money. This act provided that the money, when received, should be paid into the Treasury of the United States, and kept separate from the other funds, subject to such further disposal as might afterwards be provided by Congress. The third section of the act was in the following language: —

"*And be it further enacted*, That any and all sums of money, and other funds, which shall be received for or on account of said legacy, shall be applied in such manner as *Congress* may hereafter direct, for the purpose of founding and endowing at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men; to which application of the said

moneys and other funds the faith of the United States is hereby pledged."

Under this act, Hon. Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania, was appointed agent for the prosecution of the claim of the United States. He performed the duty with such success, that, notwithstanding the proverbial delays of legal proceedings, especially in the British Court of Chancery, the money was recovered, amounting to the sum of $515,169, which was paid into the Treasury of the United States on the first day of September, 1838.

Nearly eight years passed, during which time Congress neglected to fulfil the pledge it had solemnly given, in the section quoted above, to apply the funds in accordance with the will of the testator. There were numerous difficulties in the way of its fulfilment. There were legislators who denied the right of the general government to undertake the establishment of such an institution. The strongest answer to these was found in urging the fact, that the institution was required to be established *at Washington;* and Congress is acknowledged to possess full powers of government and legislation over the District of Columbia, in which that city is located. The case was further embarrassed by an unfortunate investment of the funds in State bonds which had become nearly worthless, which could be made good only by a direct appropriation from the United States Treasury. The eminent statesman, John Quincy Adams, at the very last moment, on the day when the act passed the House of Representatives, of which he was then a member, April 29, 1846, moved to stay all proceedings until the States of Arkansas and Illinois should pay up the arrears of interest due upon their bonds, with the principal as it became due; and he proposed a bill in lieu of that before the House, requesting the President of the United States, "by the use of suitable means of moral suasion, and no others," to obtain the money from those States.

These circumstances tended to prevent the union of members of Congress upon any one of the several bills proposed; but the chief obstacle was the difficulty of deciding upon the plan of the institution, to do which was clearly understood to

be the especial duty of Congress. Members felt that they acted under a heavy responsibility. The faith of the United States was solemnly pledged, and upon them devolved the duty of redeeming the pledge. The act of Congress in which this pledge was given contained in the same section (quoted above) the provision that the funds should be applied in such manner as *Congress* might afterwards direct. It would have been a very simple thing, had members believed it a proper or satisfactory way of adjusting the matter, for Congress to pass a law appointing a board of gentlemen, a part of whom might have been selected from among the high officers of state, a part from Congress, and a part from citizens at large, and to confer on this board plenary power to arrange the plan of the institution according to their best judgment. In this way, by a law of a single section, Congress might have relieved itself of the weighty responsibility under which it rested to redeem a pledge already made, and of the perplexing task of deciding among conflicting plans.

But nothing so simple as this was proposed. Perhaps nobody was wise enough to think of it; perhaps members were jealous of allowing a board thus constituted to have the control of more than half a million of dollars; or perhaps they did not deem themselves justified in thus summarily confiding to unknown hands a work for the proper execution of which, *under the direction of Congress*, the faith of the nation had been pledged. Besides, if such a plan had been adopted, there would have been no assurance of permanency in the mode of action. A board with full discretionary powers might fluctuate in its proceedings, as its members changed. A plan laid down by Congress, on the other hand, would be final, until altered by Congress. The institution needed a permanent charter, for reasons similar to those for which the Union and the separate States have written constitutions. It was the universal opinion, that, if the institution were to be established at all, Congress must point out the plan; and the difficulty was to select a suitable plan. The brief words of Smithson allowed a wide field. A number of schemes were brought forward, many of which would have sufficiently well fulfilled the broad requirements of the will. Propositions

were made for blending different plans, or parts of plans, in the hope of satisfying the desires of a greater number than the friends of any one mode of operation. The various bills and amendments which were proposed would fill a large space, if we should attempt to rehearse them all. It is sufficient for our present purpose to say, that, after many plans had failed, a bill was finally passed, by the House of Representatives, April 29, 1846, in which the Senate concurred, and it was approved by the President, and became a law, August 10, 1846.

The institution was thus established, and all controversy with regard to its organization might have been supposed to have come to an end. The friends of various plans had had opportunities to bring them forward, to urge their advantages, and to submit them to the decision of Congress. Congress, in distinct understanding of the question, had made its decision, and entered it upon the statute-book. The law has never been altered or repealed. It remains as it was originally passed. To this law we must look to find what ought to be the plan of operation in the Smithsonian Institution, as deliberately adopted by Congress, — the power upon which was devolved the responsibility of carrying into effect the will of the testator.

The title of the act is "An Act to establish the Smithsonian Institution for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." There is a preamble, which, after stating the language of the will, and the fact that the United States has received the property and accepted the trust, proceeds: "Therefore for the faithful execution of the said trust according to the will of the liberal and enlightened donor, be it enacted," &c.

The act constitutes the President and Vice-President of the United States; the four Secretaries of State, the Treasury, War, and the Navy; the Postmaster-General, Attorney-General, Chief Justice, Commissioner of the Patent-Office, and Mayor of Washington, as the "*establishment* by the name of the Smithsonian Institution for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The word "establishment" was used in conformity with the language of the will, and to avoid jealousy against anything bearing the name of a "corporation." The eleven gentlemen mentioned have lit-

tle to do with the immediate management of the affairs of the institution; their position is chiefly an honorary one. The act provides that the business of the institution shall be conducted at Washington by a board of fifteen managers, or Regents, which is composed in a somewhat heterogeneous manner. It consists of the Vice-President of the United States, the Chief Justice, and the Mayor of Washington, three members of the Senate, three members of the House of Representatives, and six other persons, not members of Congress, two of whom must be members of the National Institute and resident in Washington, and the other four, inhabitants of States, no two of the same State. The terms of office of the Regents expire at different periods, which further complicates the composition of the Board. The Vice-President holds his place for four years, his term expiring on the 3d of March in alternate odd years. The Chief Justice has a life-tenure. The Mayor of Washington is elected for two years, his term expiring on the second Monday of June in even years. The members of the Senate serve as Regents until the expiration of the term for which they hold without re-election their office as Senators; their terms may thus vary from one to six years, but expire on the 3d of March in odd years. Members of the House serve as Regents for terms of two years, expiring on the fourth Wednesday of December in even years. The "six other persons" serve as Regents for terms of six years, classified so that two go out of office on the 10th of August in even years. It will thus be observed, that in some years a few months may witness considerable changes in the Board. Such a board might be trusted to carry out a prescribed plan, but would not be well adapted to contrive and maintain a scheme, the details of which the members could alter from time to time at their own pleasure.

The act provides that the Regents may elect of their own number one member as Chancellor, and three members to constitute an Executive Committee. Five members are a quorum. The Regents are paid their travelling expenses, but no salaries. The only paid officers mentioned in the act are the Secretary, who is elected by the Regents, and the assistants whom he is authorized to employ, with the advice of the

Regents, and who are removable by the Board, whenever in their judgment the interests of the Institution require the officers to be changed.

We have already stated, that the amount of the fund paid into the Treasury, September 1, 1838, was $515,169. The act provides that this sum be lent to the United States, from the day it was received, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable semiannually; and appropriates this interest (amounting to $30,910) for the perpetual maintenance and support of the Institution, directing that all expenditures and appropriations shall be made from this annual income, and not from the principal of the fund. The act, moreover, appropriates the sum of $242,129, being the interest which accrued on the principal in the interval between September 1, 1838, and July 1, 1846, or so much of it as should be deemed necessary, for the erection of suitable buildings and for other current incidental expenses of the Institution. Any stocks or moneys received into the Treasury on account of the Smithson funds were pledged to repay the sums thus appropriated.

The act made it the duty of the Board of Regents to select a suitable site for such building as might be necessary for the Institution; and to cause to be erected "a suitable building, of plain and durable materials and structure, without unnecessary ornament, and of sufficient size, and with suitable rooms, or halls, for the reception and arrangement, upon a liberal scale, of objects of natural history, including a geological and mineralogical cabinet; also a chemical laboratory, a library, a gallery of art, and the necessary lecture-rooms." The Regents were authorized to contract for the completion of this building, described thus in detail; and a sum which was left blank in the act, together with any balance of the annual interest remaining unexpended after paying the current expenses of the Institution, was appropriated for the purpose.

These provisions are contained in the first five sections of the act. We can hardly express the tenor of the next three sections more concisely than by quoting them in full: —

"Sec. 6. *And be it further enacted*, That, in proportion as suitable arrangements can be made for their reception, all objects of art and of

foreign and curious research, and all objects of natural history, plants, and geological and mineralogical specimens, belonging, or hereafter to belong, to the United States, which may be in the city of Washington, in whosesoever custody the same may be, shall be delivered to such persons as may be authorized by the Board of Regents to receive them, and shall be arranged in such order, and so classed, as may best facilitate the examination and study of them, in the building so as aforesaid to be erected for the Institution; and the Regents of said Institution shall afterwards, as new specimens in natural history, geology, or mineralogy, may be obtained for the museum of the Institution, by exchanges of duplicate specimens belonging to the Institution (which they are hereby authorized to make), or by donation, which they may receive, or otherwise, cause such new specimens to be also appropriately classed and arranged. And the minerals, books, manuscripts, and other property of James Smithson, which have been received by the government of the United States, and are now placed in the Department of State, shall be removed to said Institution, and shall be preserved separate and apart from other property of the Institution.

"SEC. 7. *And be it further enacted*, That the Secretary of the Board of Regents shall take charge of the building and property of said Institution, and shall, under their direction, make a fair and accurate record of all their proceedings, to be preserved in said Institution; and the said Secretary shall also discharge the duties of librarian and keeper of the museum, and may, with the consent of the Board of Regents, employ assistants; and the said officers shall receive for their services such sum as may be allowed by the Board of Regents, to be paid semi-annually on the first day of January and July; and the said officers shall be removable by the Board of Regents, whenever, in their judgment, the interests of the Institution require any of the said officers to be changed.

"SEC. 8. *And be it further enacted*, That the members and honorary members of said Institution may hold such stated and special meetings, for the supervision of the affairs of said Institution and the advice and instruction of said Board of Regents, to be called in the manner provided for in the by-laws of said Institution, at which the President, and, in his absence, the Vice-President of the United States shall preside. And the said Regents shall make, from the interest of said fund, an appropriation, not exceeding an average of twenty-five thousand dollars annually, for the gradual formation of a library composed of valuable works pertaining to all departments of human knowledge."

Besides the ninth, of which more hereafter, there remain two additional sections, one of which gives the Institution a

copy of every copyrighted work; and the other, the last, reserves to Congress the right to amend or repeal the provisions of the act. No use has as yet been made of this reserved right.

Such is the law prescribing the plan for the Smithsonian Institution, — the plan which seemed to Congress, after the most mature deliberation, the best. Had the provisions of this law been duly executed, there would now be at Washington a noble institution, of which the nation would have a right to be proud. It is because this law has not been faithfully carried out that there is dissatisfaction and controversy.

It will be observed that Congress, by providing a fund for the building, separate from the principal fund, permitted the Institution to command its full annual income from the outset for the execution of the plan laid down. Ample means were placed at the disposal of the Regents for the erection of a building, which was expected to cost *less* than the arrears of interest; for the act appropriated *so much* of that sum as the Regents deemed necessary for the erection of suitable buildings *and* for other current incidental expenses. It is true, that in another place, where it was intended to name a limit to the cost of the building, which was unfortunately omitted, any balance of the annual income remaining after the payment of the current expenses was appropriated for the building, in addition to the blank sum. The evident intent of the act, however, was that the cost of the building should fall within and be defrayed from the arrears of interest, while the income of the principal fund should be annually devoted to the maintenance of the Institution, the resources of which on account of this fund would thus be as large the first year of its existence as at any time afterwards.

This was a most excellent arrangement. In the first place, it was generous; for Congress, in replacing the principal fund, performed a generous act, which might have been held to absolve the nation from the further liberality of paying the interest supposed to have accrued under an imaginary loan of that principal to the Treasury, eight years previously. In the next place, the arrangement was especially wise, in that it should have relieved the managers of the Institution from any diffi-

culty in deciding how far they would diminish its permanent resources by an investment in building. This would have been an embarrassing question if the funds of the Institution had been aggregated in one sum. Questions of this nature have generally arisen in similar cases, and have proved very troublesome. As a single instance, we may mention the Peabody Institute, at Danvers, founded by the munificence of the generous London merchant, a native of that town. He gave a very handsome sum of money to the town, for the establishment of a literary institution there. As soon as the preparations were made to begin work, the trustees found themselves embarrassed to decide how large expense they should incur for the building. A building was undoubtedly necessary; but if they should pay the whole cost of such a one as they thought suitable from the fund, they would very materially reduce it, and, in consequence, reduce their annual income. Besides, Mr. Peabody had prohibited this. On the contrary, if they should pay the whole cost from the income, the completion of the building would be greatly protracted, and meanwhile the institution would be entirely paralyzed. The embarrassment was relieved when news of it came to Mr. Peabody's ears, by a prompt additional donation from him for the building. The Girard College is a notorious instance of the waste of the means of a charitable institution in erecting a costly edifice. So deeply impressed was the late John Lowell, junior, the founder of the Lowell Institute in Boston, with the proneness of those in charge of funds in such cases to make an extravagant or injudicious use of them in the erection of buildings, that he expressly prohibited the expenditure of any portion of the funds of the Lowell Institute for such purpose. The halls which are required for the institution are hired, and not owned, by it.

Now it was against precisely this sort of difficulty and embarrassment that Congress attempted to guard, by the generous appropriation of a separate sum of $242,129, *out of which* the building was designed to be erected. Yet, strange to say, the Regents, with a folly that seems to us almost incredible, have entirely neutralized this wise and judicious provision of Congress, by expending a considerable portion of the income

upon the building, which has exceeded in cost the arrears of interest. By this means the resources of the Institution have been crippled from the beginning to the present time. Instead of bursting at once into the vigor of full life, as was intended, it has struggled through a cramped and painful infancy.

The object of this injudicious manœuvre was the enlargement of the future annual income of the Institution, by the addition to the principal of a part of the arrears of interest. Even this has failed, in the degree anticipated, on account of the extravagant cost of the building. It is probable, however, that $ 100,000, perhaps $ 150,000, may be added to the principal, so that the annual income may become $ 40,000 instead of $ 30,910. This will undoubtedly be an advantage, but it is an advantage purchased, in our opinion, at far too dear a cost. In America, the people are impatient of procrastination, and it is a serious blemish upon the good name of the Smithsonian Institution, that it has so lazily entered upon its career of usefulness. Eight years is a long delay.

Whether this proceeding was legal or not, our readers must judge. We have informed them of the provisions of the law. The Regents have more than once petitioned Congress to pass an act confirming the addition to the principal of a part of the income, but Congress has steadily refused. The financial provisions of the law relative to the building doubtless exhibit some obscurity, from the blank in the place where a limit is mentioned for the cost of the building. But it is quite clear that the act contemplated no such procedure. If Congress had thought it best to add the arrears of interest to the principal, and make one sum, the law would have been so drafted; and if Congress had intended to allow the fund to increase by an accumulation of interest, the passage of the act might have been delayed for a further period. The Regents should have hesitated before taking the step, doubtfully legal, of withholding for eight more years the advantages of the Smithsonian Institution, already too long postponed.

Besides the mode of paying for the building, we object to its extravagant cost. A quarter of a million dollars* is a

* The expenditures upon the building to December 31, 1853, amounted to

large sum to be spent upon such a building. The building for the Library of Harvard College cost eighty thousand dollars, and that for the Boston Athenæum cost one hundred and thirty thousand dollars, and there has been a great deal of complaint at the cost of both. Without pausing to compare the Smithsonian Institution building with either of these, it is sufficient to say that it obviously cannot possess any features which will account for the enormous disproportion in its cost.

There would be good ground for further objecting to the building, that it does not answer the description of the law, quoted above, that it should be "of *plain* and durable materials and structure, *without unnecessary ornament.*" It is useless, however, to complain of these matters now. The building is at length nearly finished; and however much we may regret its cost, its character, and the way in which it has been paid for, it is too late to alter them.

It will have been observed, from the statement of the provisions of the act of Congress which we have given above, that, besides the building, the plan of the Institution, as laid down in the act, embraced the following features, and no others; namely, a museum of natural history, including a geological and mineralogical cabinet, a chemical laboratory, a library, a gallery of art, and the necessary lecture-rooms. It will have been further observed, that no specific appropriation is made for any of these except the library, which is distinguished from the rest by the provision of the eighth section of the act, which renders it *obligatory* upon the Regents to make from the interest of the fund "an appropriation not exceeding an average of twenty-five thousand dollars annually for the gradual formation of a library, composed of valuable works pertaining to all departments of human knowledge." Abundant provision for the museum was made in the sixth section, by the donation to the Institution of the valuable and extensive collections already belonging to the United States, and of all similar objects hereafter to be acquired. Additions to the

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$244,393. During the nine months since, the amount must have been swelled to more than $250,000, as the expenditures in the year 1853 were nearly $30,000. The building is at length believed to be *nearly finished.*

collections, by exchanges of duplicates and by donation, are spoken of, but there is no appropriation of money. The chemical laboratory involves but little cost; very little, we believe, has been expended upon it since it was originally furnished. The gallery of art and the "*necessary* lecture-rooms" likewise involve little expense. "The necessary lecture-rooms" has been held to imply the employment of lecturers, and rather less than one thousand dollars a year has been expended in this way. But, on the whole, the exigencies of the Institution in practice have harmonized with the expectations of Congress as indicated by the provisions of the law; and no considerable expenditure has been required to effect the purposes of the act on a liberal scale, for any of the objects mentioned in it, except the library, for which Congress appropriated, as we have seen, a sum not exceeding an average of $ 25,000 per annum, or about five sixths of the annual income.

Had an average annual appropriation of $ 25,000 been actually made for the library, in eight years the sum of $ 200,000 would have been so expended, and there would be at Washington a magnificent library containing two hundred thousand volumes.

In point of fact, the library contains but twelve thousand books, and eight thousand other articles (pamphlets, maps, music, engravings), making a total of twenty thousand. The cost of books up to the end of the year 1853, instead of being $ 200,000, had been only $ 11,972.66, and the whole expenditure for library, museum, and gallery of art, including salaries and incidentals of every description, amounted only to $ 44,757.24. There is thus a balance against the Regents, to be accounted for, of $ 155,242.76, if the whole of these expenditures be allowed to have been made for the library, and $ 188,027.34, if the cost of books only be reckoned. These are heavy deficits, even in these modern days of mammoth defalcations.

What has become of the money? The gross amount of expenditures under all heads, to the close of the year 1853, was $ 405,027. Of this sum, $ 244,393 was spent upon the building, as already stated, leaving the amount expended for

other objects, $160,634. This sum has been spent as follows: * —

For the Museum	$9,493.78	
For the Chemical Laboratory		
For the Library	34,962.91	
For the Gallery of Art	300.55	
For Lectures (including apparatus)	6,712.12	
There is a heavy account under the head of "General Expenses" of which half is allowed as a liberal estimate of what may have been necessarily incurred in carrying out the provisions of the act, say	32,804.43	
Total expenditure authorized by the act of Congress		$84,273.79

There has been further paid, —

For printing "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge"	$26,566.64	
Printing Reports on the Progress of Knowledge	3,609.77	
Other Publications	2,962.96	
Meteorological Investigations	6,891.55	
"Computations"	1,050.00	
"Investigations"	425.00	
Salaries, Publications, &c.	2,050.00	
Half of "General Expenses" as above	32,804.43	
Total expenditure *for objects not sanctioned by the act of Congress*		76,360.35
Aggregate		160,634.14
Cost of building		244,393.00
Total expenditure to December 31, 1853		$405,027.14

* We take these figures from Mr. Meacham's Report. They state the expenditures under the various heads, to the end of the year 1853.

The Secretary of the Institution is sadly behindhand in his reports. The law requires a report to be submitted to Congress annually. The report for the year 1852 (which is called the *Seventh* Annual Report, although the seventh year did not begin till August 10, 1852, and expired August 10, 1853) was transmitted to Congress March 1, 1853. This contains the latest official information accessible to the public, — at the time we write, twenty months old, — except that given in Mr. Meacham's Report, which brings the figures forward a year later, according to the Eighth Annual Report, for the year 1853, which was submitted to Congress in July, and is not printed at the time of writing.

There is nothing put down separately to the laboratory in any of the accounts.

Mr. Meacham further shows, that a strict examination of the accounts would exhibit a still larger amount expended for unauthorized objects.

It may be said, that the direction of the law does not absolutely require the Regents to spend the full sum of twenty-five thousand dollars every year upon the library, since its language is "a sum *not exceeding on an average* twenty-five thousand dollars." This is undoubtedly true; but it by no means follows that the course of the Regents in expending half the income upon objects wholly unauthorized by the act, to the neglect of the library, is justifiable. The most that can be assumed is, that this language barely allows a niggardly appropriation for the library; but it cannot be pretended that it gives the least authority for extravagant expenditures for other objects. Even if the language were less mandatory than it is, it could not be deemed a justification of the course of the Regents. There could be but two justifiable grounds for deeming it inexpedient to spend the full sum allowed by the law. It might be thought that other objects *mentioned in the act* (as the museum, laboratory, gallery of art, or lectures) required more than the balance of the income; or it might be thought that so large an expenditure was in itself wasteful and imprudent. But neither of these grounds has been, or can be, alleged in justification of the niggardly appropriation, averaging less than two thousand dollars a year, for the library. The money withheld from the library has not been spent upon the museum, the laboratory, the gallery of art, or for lectures, but for objects not sanctioned by the law. There has been no pretence of any investigation into the needs of the library; by those controlling the purse-strings, it has been thought of only to be shunned.

This brings us to the consideration of the ninth section of the act, which is adduced as affording a sanction to all the proceedings of the Regents, however wide of the path marked out by Congress. As this section is relied upon as a sort of universal "indulgence" which excuses all misdoings, we desire to direct particular attention to it. We quote it in full:—

"Sec. 9. *And be it further enacted*, That of any other moneys which have accrued, or shall hereafter accrue, as interest upon the said Smith-

sonian fund, not herein appropriated, or not required for the purposes herein provided, the said managers are hereby authorized to make such disposal as they shall deem best suited for the promotion of the purpose of the testator, anything herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding."

Now it would be sufficient to remark, that if this section overrides the whole act, so that it renders nugatory all its other provisions with regard to the objects to be effected, and gives the Regents plenary authority to do as they please with the funds, — the rest of the act is of less worth than the parchment on which it is engrossed, and the labor spent by Congress in perfecting it was the merest idleness. This idea is so utterly baseless, that we are surprised to find it seriously urged.

The absurdity of the allegation that this ninth section justifies the Regents in expending the funds of the Institution for purposes not even mentioned in the act, to the neglect of those which they were directed by Congress to cherish, appears clearly when we examine its language. It simply provides that the Regents may "make such disposal as they shall deem best suited for the promotion of the purpose of the testator" of *any other moneys*, "not herein appropriated, or not required for the purposes herein provided." The discretion, by the very terms of the act, does not extend to the moneys appropriated by the act, or required to carry out its purposes.

In order to facilitate an interpretation of this ninth section, which shall justify the proceedings of the Regents, it is attempted to show an incongruity between the will of Smithson and some of the provisions of the act of Congress; and it is maintained that the Regents are not bound to carry out such provisions of the act as in their judgment are not in harmony with the will, but may prefer other objects, which, in their judgment, are more in harmony with the will. In reply, we would first say, that we cannot find any such incongruity between the will and the act, and it is an insult to Congress to suppose that it exists. In the second place, we deny that, admitting there were any such incongruity, the Regents would be justified by it in expending the funds upon

objects not sanctioned by Congress. The United States has become the Trustee of these funds; the Regents are simply the servants appointed by Congress to carry out the conditions of the trust in the manner prescribed by Congress. If any one of these servants thinks his master is abusing his trust, and if he is therefore unwilling to become even an indirect party to what he deems a fraud, he can simply refuse to act; let him resign his thankless and unpaid office. But, as a subordinate, he cannot correct the errors of the authority above him by disobeying his orders.

This idea that the act of Congress does not honestly and faithfully carry out the will of Smithson, and that it devolves upon the Regents to correct the mistakes of Congress, though plainly hinted at, is not explicitly stated, in Mr. Pearce's Report. It was, perhaps, thought that members of Congress would not relish imputations upon the fidelity with which they have managed a trust, thrown out by a Board which has certainly not distinguished itself by the precision with which it has adhered to the directions prescribed for its conduct. The confusion which the idea necessarily involves, when plainly set forth, is very happily illustrated in Mr. Meacham's Report. Mr. Pearce would make it appear that the words "purposes of this act," in the ninth section, refer to the purposes as described in the title, preamble, and first section, namely, "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," — and to nothing else. Now by interchanging these phrases, and also substituting for "purpose of the testator" his own description of his purpose, the ninth section is made to read thus: —

"The Board of Regents are hereby authorized to make such disposal of any moneys not needed for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men, as they shall deem best suited to promote the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

We may here remark that Mr. Pearce makes a liberal use of the *reductio ad absurdum*, with poor success; for some of his "absurdities" strike us as sound common-sense. He finds an able antagonist in Mr. Meacham, who exposes his logical fallacies with the hand of a master.

From what has been stated, we think thus much is quite clear; — that the Board of Regents have not adhered closely to the act of Congress under which they have their appointments; that, independently of several errors respecting the building, they have expended nearly half of the current resources of the Institution upon objects not sanctioned by Congress.

It is also evident, that they had authority under the act of Congress to have expended the magnificent sum of two hundred thousand dollars in collecting a library at Washington, which, by this time, would have altogether surpassed everything of the kind in America, and would be no mean rival of the splendid libraries of the Old World. Of this large sum which they might have thus spent, the Regents have expended for the purchase of books only twelve thousand dollars, or less than one sixteenth.

It is clear that there has been an expenditure of about half of the funds for unauthorized objects. We propose now to examine the Congressional history of the act, to see what Congress *intended* should be done with the funds, in confirmation of what has appeared from the examination of the act itself.

A number of plans, as we have already stated, had been proposed for the Smithsonian Institution, but none of them were received with any considerable degree of favor, until early in the year 1845, at which time there was a bill before the Senate which proposed to make the Institution chiefly a college or university for teaching the physical sciences. On the eighth day of January, 1845, Rufus Choate, then a Senator from Massachusetts, made a speech upon the subject, which will ever be regarded as a splendid offering on the shrine of literature by one of her most gifted votaries, and in future times will render more memorable the day on which it was delivered than that gallant military achievement of which it is the anniversary. In this speech, Mr. Choate distinctly advocated the collection of a great library as the most expedient method of disbursing the funds of the Institution; and he proposed to amend the bill before the Senate in accordance with this purpose. His views met with extraordinary favor,

and all his amendments were adopted. It was thus provided that an annual appropriation of *not less than* twenty thousand dollars should be made *for the purchase of books and manuscripts.* Among the Senators whose approbation of this feature of the bill is recorded in unequivocal language was Mr. Pearce, the author of the Report named at the head of this article, in which he defends the policy of almost entirely withholding all appropriation from the library. A more remarkable instance of change of opinion without any change in circumstances to authorize it, can scarcely be adduced, even among the most cautious of inconsistent politicians, a school to which we did not suppose Mr. Pearce belonged. He has had the reputation of being an upright and open statesman. We are almost inclined, accordingly, to explain the inconsistency between his speech of 1845 and the Report of 1854 by attributing the authorship of the latter to some other pen than his own. If this conjecture should be well founded, Mr. Pearce, when he finds in what a ridiculous position he is placed by subscribing to sentiments so opposite to those he professed on the floor of the Senate nine years ago, will scarcely hesitate to avow publicly the fraud of which he has been made the dupe.

The speech of Mr. Choate to which we allude is preserved in the Appendix to the Congressional Globe for the Second Session of the Twenty-eighth Congress. It is the only one of his speeches of that session so preserved; but no prouder monument than this would be needed for his fame, even were there no others elsewhere. We have not space to review its positions, and will simply remark, that, in maintaining the importance of a large library, — such as the whole country does not now possess, — he quoted at considerable length from our own volumes.*

This bill, making the Institution a library, and directing an annual appropriation of not less than $ 20,000 for the purchase of books and manuscripts, passed the Senate, January 23, 1845. The only votes upon it for which opportunity was offered in the House of Representatives were largely in its

* North American Review, Vol. VIII. p. 192; Vol. XLV. p. 137. Appendix to Congressional Globe, 2d Session, 28th Congress, p. 62.

favor; but the bill failed to pass that body in the pressure of business incident to the short session immediately preceding the inauguration of a new President.

The next year the subject was again brought up in the House. Mr. Robert Dale Owen introduced a bill contemplating a variety of objects. It was proposed among these to have a library, and to appropriate to it a large share of the income of the fund, viz. ten thousand dollars. Mr. Choate's term of service in the Senate had expired; but in the lower house of the Twenty-Ninth Congress was George P. Marsh of Vermont, lately our Minister at Constantinople, who warmly espoused his views upon this subject. Mr. Marsh, April 22, 1846, made an eloquent speech, in which he referred with approval to Mr. Choate's speech of the preceding year; he maintained that the appropriation for the library was unwisely restricted in Mr. Owen's bill, and devoted the hour allowed him by the rules of the House to advocating the enlargement of the appropriation, so as to make the library the chief and overshadowing feature of the Institution.

These views were sustained by the House; and when, a few days later, Mr. Marsh moved a series of amendments, "all with a view, as he said, to direct the appropriation *entirely* to the purposes of a *library*," (these are the exact words of the official record,) he was supported by the House, two to one. Everything supposed to be inconsistent with the grand idea of the library was stricken out. The appropriation for the library was raised to the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, and in this shape the bill passed the House, April 29, 1846. It encountered little or no opposition in the Senate, — a few amendments were proposed, among them one restricting the appropriation for the library, but these were summarily voted down, — and the bill passed without amendment, and became a law.

This evidence does not allow the least shadow of doubt as to the meaning of Congress. We think that meaning plainly enough expressed in the act; but if there is the slightest obscurity when that alone is considered, there can be none when the record of the proceedings of Congress is consulted.

At this point we are forced to leave the subject for the pres-

ent. The points which we have chiefly desired to urge are, (1.) that the duty of the Regents is to carry out the plan for the Institution adopted by Congress, and not to contrive a plan of their own; (2.) that the act of Congress has not a word to authorize "active operations," "researches," or "publications," objects upon which the Regents have thus far expended about half the current funds of the Institution; and (3.) that Congress plainly intended and directed that a large library should be collected as the leading feature of the Institution, and that the intentions and directions of Congress in this respect have been most impudently disregarded.

The subject affords several topics of discussion which we have scarcely touched. We have not thought it necessary to prove at length that Congress did not contravene the spirit or the letter of Smithson's will in the act which was passed. We have not thought it necessary to prove that a library promotes the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men. We have not thought it necessary to prove that the Regents, as servants of the United States appointed to a specific duty, have no other choice than to perform that duty in the manner designated by the appointing power. We have not thought it necessary to consider the nature of the objects — whether good or bad, better or worse than a library — upon which the Regents have expended so much of the funds of the Institution. These points we have not discussed, because we think the former two sufficiently clear of themselves, and because the latter two are incidental to the main question now at issue. But we are convinced that their discussion would simply tend to confirm the importance of adhering to the library plan.

We suggest but a single one of the advantages of the library plan, which should especially recommend it. The collection of a great library is almost the only object which is not likely to be attained in any other way. The available fund of the Smithsonian Institution will be about seven hundred thousand dollars. Now it is manifestly better to spend this chiefly for some one thing that cannot be so well done with a less fund, than to separate it into portions for several objects. A library of 200,000 volumes is a great deal more than twice as good as a library of 100,000 volumes; but however many

publications the Institution may issue, the benefits of printing them will increase only in the same proportion as the number. A dozen separate institutions, each with a fund of $ 50,000, can do as much — probably more — in the way of publications and researches, as the Smithsonian with $ 600,000; but if each should collect the best library it could, the result would be far inferior to what the Smithsonian may have, and ought to have already. We may safely leave to the numerous respectable societies and other organizations the work of publications and researches; but there is no way in which the loss of the Smithson library — as it should be — can be replaced.

We ought to remark, before concluding this article, that, in speaking of the course of the Regents, we simply allude to the policy for which the Board is responsible. The Institution became committed to this at an early date, before its illegality and its evil results were known. The public, when disposed to complain, has been put off by being told to wait till the building should be completed. This answer seemed plausible. There have been at all stages, however, earnest and sincere objections to the policy of the Regents. The objections yielded in 1847 to a desire for harmony, and a plan was adopted called the "compromise," by which it was attempted to satisfy all parties by allowing any excess over $ 15,000 of the annual income to be appropriated for illegal objects, while $ 15,000 was expressly reserved for the library, museum, and gallery of art. This plan has been deprived of its vitality by the absorption of funds for the building; and the friends of the library, who have rested since August 10, 1846, secure in the belief that their battle was fought and their victory won, have lately been startled by a proposition to rescind the so-called "compromise," for the purpose of discarding the library entirely. This subject was referred to a Committee of the Board of Regents, whose divided opinions are contained in the two Reports named at the head of this article. That of Mr. Pearce is an elaborate specimen of special pleading, — an attempt to justify, by quibbles worthy of a police-court practitioner, a policy of which he must know that Congress never dreamed, even though he may have persuaded himself that the law is defective enough to allow it. Mr. Meacham's Report is a full reply

to the other, and states the matter in substantial accordance with our own views.

The Board of Regents has not yet acted upon the subject as presented by these Reports. At a special meeting in July last the matter was deferred until the meeting in January next. We cannot help feeling assured that at that time they will see the importance of promptly retrieving the errors which now disfigure the management of the Institution.

Art. IX. — *A Treaty extending the Right of Fishing, and regulating the Commerce and Navigation between her Britannic Majesty's Possessions in North America and the United States, concluded in the City of Washington on the fifth day of June, Anno Domini* 1854, *between the United States of America and her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.* State Paper. Washington. 1854.

We believe that this journal may claim the credit of having led the way in preparing the public mind for the great measure which has been consummated by the ratification, on the part of the United States, of the Marcy and Elgin Treaty, and by the passage through Congress of the *Free List* of articles enumerated therein. In our January number of 1852 an elaborate argument was presented, exhibiting the benefits that would flow from such an arrangement. At the moment when the Treaty went before the Senate of the United States, at its recent session, our article was republished in full by the Washington papers. It is well, perhaps, to mention these facts, in justice to the quarterly journals, which, in this instance at least, instead of bringing up the rear, in the venerable guise of Old Fogyism, actually took the lead, from the start, in the most dashy style of Young America, in one of the boldest progressive movements of the country and the age.

We propose, in the present article, to state the grounds of

our conviction that the Reciprocity Treaty between this country and Great Britain, in reference to the North American Provinces, is one of the wisest arrangements ever made between commercial states, alike honorable to both negotiators, beneficial to all parties, and most auspicious of a better and brighter day in the trade and intercourse of nations.

We approve of the Treaty, in the first place, because it cannot but tend, in its general and ultimate results, and especially in its influence upon the public sentiment and habitual usage and practice of the two great powers concerned in it, to restore and establish for ever the doctrine of the *Freedom of the Seas.*

That doctrine is not at present entertained, in its primitive, legitimate, and comprehensive sense, in this country, any more than in England. A narrow, illiberal, and unphilosophical heresy has usurped its place, — a heresy the accidental result of a most artificial state of things in modern European history. Circumstances happened to give to several nations, possessing each a very limited territory, at successive periods, a commercial ascendency amounting to all but a monopoly of the navigation of the world, and they were tempted, in turn, to arrogate the exclusive dominion of the ocean. Spain, Portugal, and even Venice, severally, in their day, put forth the pretension. So also Holland, with a territory scarce larger than some of our American counties, — a submerged mud-flat, rescued by dikes from the ocean, — in the pride of her wonderful commercial supremacy, brandished a broom from the mast-head of her flag-ships, proclaiming in vaunting significance that her power and jurisdiction swept over all seas. Finally, England, having triumphed over Holland after a struggle closely contested and long continued, asserted the same monstrous pretensions, and, by her influence upon public law, succeeded to some extent in giving a legal force and authoritative interpretation to her proud boast of being the mistress of the seas. Although occupying, in her realm proper, but a small, rock-bound, storm-beaten, fog-enveloped island in the North Atlantic, she has claimed, in no equivocal language, to rule the waves of the whole globe. Out of these pretensions of successive ambitious maritime states arose the famous controver-

sies between "Mare Liberum" and "Mare Clausum," in which the various combatants ranged themselves respectively under the lead of Grotius and Selden.

Notwithstanding, however, the fact that these grasping claims have been put forth by a series of powerful nations, each at times controlling the commercial world, so repugnant are they to reason and the nature of things, that they never could prevail in embodying themselves, to any great extent, in the code of recognized and permanent public law.

The bull of Pope Alexander VI., which conferred upon Ferdinand and Isabella half the globe, by a line running from the North to the South Pole, a hundred leagues west of the Azores, granted only the "lands and islands." The early colonial charters by which British monarchs gave the North American continent in strips "from sea to sea" to favored companies of their subjects, did not pretend to convey any part or portion of the deep ocean or open sea. They did not assume, as Great Britain has of late, to strike a line from distant capes across bays and gulfs hundreds of miles in width. The nearest approach in the original colonial charters to extravagant pretensions is one in which jurisdiction was asserted in the Bay of Fundy, from Cape Sable round to Sagadahoc, following the shore, and extending over the intra-insular waters where the islands were not more than thirty miles from the mainland. This instance, by the way, is itself a direct and unanswerable refutation of the "headland" doctrine. There is nothing in the recognized and acknowledged pretensions of any of the modern nations at the present day to countenance such a doctrine, unless, perhaps, the Elsineur toll; and even that is felt to be an outrage, and our government, we trust, will persevere in the efforts it is understood to be making, until this nuisance is abated and the Baltic made free.

Upon the whole, we repeat the declaration, that, notwithstanding the pretensions put forth in various forms and at different times by grasping and monopolizing naval powers, the public law of nations has never been made to receive, to any considerable extent, their extravagant interpretations. A careful examination of its highest authorities, such as Grotius, Puffendorf, and Vattel, will lead to the conclusion of Sir Wil-

liam Scott, that "the general inclination of the law is against the claim of territory to contiguous portions of the sea. In the sea, out of the reach of cannon-shot, universal use is presumed."

The principle seems to be, that nations bordering on the sea have jurisdiction over it so far only as they can control or profitably use it *from the shore*, — control it by cannon-shot, and use it for nets and in boats, or by getting shell-fish from its beaches, rocks, and flats. A marine league is a reasonable and just measure of both the control over the sea and the profitable use of it from the shore.

Mr. Jefferson, in a letter to Genet, November 8th, 1793, mentioned twenty miles, being the measure of vision, as the utmost that could be claimed, and announced that this government was satisfied not to claim jurisdiction beyond a marine league from the shore; and on the 30th of March, 1822, John Quincy Adams, in a letter to the representative of Russia, repudiated the claim which that government made to the North Pacific from Behring's Straits to the fifty-first degree of latitude, on the ground of its being a "close sea," in consequence of Russia's owning both shores down to that parallel. Mr. Adams, on that occasion, said that American vessels had always navigated those seas, and that a right to do so was "a part of our independence."

The Marcy and Elgin Treaty sets aside the monstrous "headland" doctrine, recently enforced by Great Britain in our Northeastern seas, and virtually abandons even the "marine league" doctrine. We hail it, therefore, as re-establishing, with the high authority of the two great, first-rate powers who are parties to it, the original and true principle of the *Freedom of the Seas*.

That principle is founded upon reason, instinct, nature. The ocean is the great highway for all mankind. It is incapable of being distributed by demarcation, or laid out to different proprietors by metes and bounds. No walls of partition can stand against its mighty swell. Wherever it dashes its waves, their voice welcomes all dwellers upon its shore to launch freely upon its open bosom, and traverse, without let or hindrance, its illimitable wastes. All that it contains is

the common property of all. As we have stated, the charters of kings, that carved a continent into slices from sea to sea, and the bulls of popes, that conveyed away a hemisphere by a dash of the pen, never pretended, even in the monstrousness of their assumption, to exclusive right to the deep seas, or their occupants. They claimed no monopoly of the leviathan, the porpoise, the cod, or the mackerel, whether within three or three hundred miles from the shore.

However narrow the territory that abuts upon the sea, that territory has a full and perfect right to its use. Wherever there is room to launch a keel upon the ocean, to that spot a right to navigate it, from pole to pole, at once enures. You can no more appropriate to a private and exclusive possession the fluctuating and tossing seas, or the eternal currents that sweep through them, or the tides that rise and fall along their shores, than the storms that howl over them, or the trade-winds that pursue their long and constant paths, or the variable breezes that baffle the calculations of the mariner. It is as absurd for any state to claim a property in shoals of fish that perform annual migrations along its coasts, as it would be to claim a property in flocks of wild-fowl, that

> "In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
> Intelligent of seasons, ...
> . . . . . high over seas
> Flying, and over lands."

We approve and support the Treaty, in the second place, because it restores to us the *Freedom of the Fisheries* in American seas. The importance of the fisheries, in a national point of view, is not adequately, and cannot be too highly, estimated. They have been, in modern times, the only basis upon which a really solid and permanent maritime or commercial strength has been achieved. Holland reached her amazing wealth and power, in the middle of the seventeenth century, by her fisheries. Amsterdam was spoken of as "the city built upon herring-bones." England could command success over Holland, in the memorable and protracted struggle between them, only by reinforcing her energies from the same fountain of national power. The Gulf of St. Lawrence has done more to rear France and England into greatness,

than all the mines in Mexico and South America ever did for Spain. It might easily be shown that the commerce and navigation of America, from their earliest beginnings in the first colonial age to this hour, have been derived from the fisheries. The present produce, in value, of the Northeastern American fisheries to the United States, the British colonies, and France, cannot fall short of $ 30,000,000 annually. They have been yielding up their treasures, without intermission and without diminution, at a not much less rate, for more than two centuries. In a merely pecuniary view, without taking into the account their bearing upon naval strength, and all the other elements, commercial and moral, of national power, the Northern fisheries have been worth more than all the diamonds of Golconda and mines of Peru. They have poured into the treasuries of the great maritime states a perpetual stream of wealth, which California has never surpassed, and can hardly hope to continue for an equal length of time without exhaustion. The Banks of Newfoundland are, ever have been, and ever will be, worth as much to the commercial world as the valley of the Sacramento, or the auriferous quartz ledges of the Sierra Nevada.

Besides the value of the article of fish, when we take into the account the number of men employed, the amount of tonnage, the courage, hardihood, nautical skill, and patriotic enthusiasm fostered by the pursuit, and the whole salutary influence of the business upon the sustenance, strength, enterprise, and wealth of a nation, we need not shrink from the assertion, that no interest can outweigh the claim of the fisheries upon the earnest and energetic support of legislators and statesmen. This support the Northeastern American fisheries have not received. The fishermen feel that they have been wronged by the course of events. They impute no blame to the government; they are the last men in the world to indulge resentment, or even distrust, towards those who administer the public affairs of their own country. History records this noble trait in their character. But they feel that their rights have been sacrificed by untoward diplomacy. The view they take of the subject is substantially as follows.

The freedom of the fisheries rests upon the strongest possi-

ble grounds of acquired, as well as natural right. To this right the seas and shores of the North American continent were dedicated, from the first. All the maritime nations frequented those seas, and all participated in drawing its treasures from the bosom of the deep. It was in connection with the free fishery of the ocean that the earliest settlements were made in North America. Through the fisheries, all the other branches of American commerce and navigation have been successively introduced. By fish drawn from the Atlantic along the shore, or on the Great Banks, and exported to Virginia, the West Indies, the South of Europe, and other foreign parts, our ancestors were enabled to open the spring from which the ever-swelling stream of our national wealth has flowed.

This freedom to fish all around the shores of the continent, resting upon early usage, reason, and the nature of the case, was confirmed by conquest, and sealed in blood. The right has been vindicated by heroic achievements, from the Kennebec, around the rugged and fearful shores of the Bay of Fundy, at Port Royal, and elsewhere in the Acadian peninsula, at Louisburg, and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. New England valor won the fisheries, at these several points, before the war of independence broke out. On all these grounds we claim that they are ours by a right which no treaty can surrender, and no temporary conflict disturb. If those who now rejoice in the privileges and blessings allotted to the favored inhabitants of the New England shores should be conquered, or cut off by pestilence or famine, the right would still adhere to the coast on which they dwell and enure to its next occupants. A convulsion of nature throwing up a new continent before us, and shutting us out from access to the sea, might deprive us of our right to the fisheries. Nothing else can. While the ocean raises its anthem-notes within the hearing of our ears, and its wild waves break at our feet, and we remember the daring exploits of our fathers over all those waters, from Cape Cod to Labrador, we feel within us a title to launch forth upon their bosom, to roam over their surface, and to gather our harvests from their living depths. The bold New England fisherman, under sail, feels as free on the ocean

as the bird in the air, — as free as the winds that waft him on his way, — and he will pursue his prey wherever it can be found. Any attempt to obstruct this freedom will be fighting against nature, and will be met by a resistance that can never be subdued.

A right claimed to land may be fixed and defined, may be disposed of, restricted, reduced, or cut off by exclusion; but how can a right, or claim of right, to privileges of the sea be fixed, or defined, or disposed of? No boundaries can be traced, no walls erected, no monuments raised. The currents, the winds, and the free heart all repudiate the pretension, and welcome us to follow where they lead.

The statesmen of the Revolutionary age, Southern as well as Northern, understood this subject well. They well knew that the freedom of the fisheries was an inseparable, inherent, vital element of independence and nationality, — that its abandonment should never be thought of, nor its deprivation endured for a moment.

Ralph Izard, of South Carolina, writing from Paris, September 24, 1783, says: "Since the advantages of commerce have been well understood, the fisheries have been looked upon by the naval powers of Europe as an object of the greatest importance. The fisheries of Holland were not only the first rise of the Republic, but have been the constant support of all her commerce and navigation. This branch of trade is of such concern to the Dutch, that in their public prayers they are said to request the Supreme Being 'that it would please him to bless the government, the lords, the states, and also their fisheries.' The fishery of Newfoundland appears to me to be a mine of infinitely greater value than Mexico and Peru. It enriches the proprietors, is worked at less expense, and is the source of naval strength and protection." "No peace without the fisheries"! was the stern declaration of Samuel Adams. "The right, the right, or no treaty," was the unalterable determination of John Adams. This was the ground taken at the most exhausted moment of the Revolutionary struggle, and it cannot be doubted that, in taking it, those great patriots and statesmen were sustained by the universal heart of the people. The country would have utterly per-

ished in the contest, before it would have yielded a right which it knew to be a necessity of nature, and essential to the independence, prosperity, and welfare of America. Great Britain acknowledged the right, yielded to the necessity, and the fisheries were declared to be ours for ever.

The following is the provision relating to the subject in the treaty of 1783: —

"That the people of the United States shall continue to enjoy, unmolested, the *right* to take fish of every kind on the Grand Bank, and on the other Banks of Newfoundland; also, in the *Gulf of St. Lawrence*, and at all other places in the sea, where the inhabitants of both countries used at any time heretofore to fish; and also, that the inhabitants of the United States shall have *liberty* to take fish of every kind, on such part of the coast of Newfoundland as British fishermen shall use, (but not to dry or cure the same on that island,) and also on the coasts, bays, and creeks of all other of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America; and that the American fishermen shall have liberty to dry and cure fish in any of the unsettled bays, harbors, and creeks of Nova Scotia, Magdalen Islands, and Labrador, so long as the same shall remain unsettled; but so soon as the same, or either of them, shall be settled, it shall not be lawful for the said fishermen to dry or cure fish at such settlement, without a previous agreement for that purpose with the inhabitants, proprietors, or possessors of the ground."

This language is perfectly clear and unambiguous. It acknowledges, not the *liberty* or privilege, but the *right*, the inherent and inalienable right, of Americans to take fish of every kind, on the Grand Bank and on the other Banks of Newfoundland, also in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and at all other places in the sea where the inhabitants of both countries used at any time heretofore to fish. All this it acknowledges to be ours as a matter of *right*. Then the provision goes on to concede to us, in contradistinction to *right*, certain *liberties*. We are to have *liberty* to take fish of every kind from such part of the coast of Newfoundland as British fishermen shall use, and also on the coasts, bays, and creeks of all other of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America, with these exceptions only, — that Americans are not to dry or cure fish on any part of the island of Newfoundland, nor on any *settled* bay, harbor, or creek of Nova Scotia, the Magdalen Islands, or Labrador, without the consent of the inhabitants, proprie-

tors, or possessors of said settled part. The liberty of drying or curing fish is conceded, by necessary inference, in all *unsettled* bays, harbors, or creeks, in all parts of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America, except the island of Newfoundland.

Now we maintain that the *right* here acknowledged cannot be alienated by any subsequent arrangement whatsoever. In the language of the Adamses, there can be no treaty without, or that does not carry with it, that right. What is conceded as a liberty may be revoked, resumed, and denied. It is for the time, and depends upon grace and sufferance. But what is acknowledged as a right is inherent, not dependent upon the favor of another party, but absolute and perpetual.

And here let us say, in reference both to the *liberty* and the *right*, that the Treaty of 1783, between Great Britain and her triumphant revolted colonies, stands on somewhat different grounds from ordinary treaties, or international arrangements. It possesses the character of a *compact*. By that instrument Great Britain agreed to the relations for ever afterwards to be maintained between herself and the United States of America. The agreement was final. It was made in the presence of all nations as witnesses; it defined, for their information and guidance, the attitude of the two parties towards each other. It was an extraordinary and most solemn procedure, without precedent in the history of the world. A great empire, bowing to an inexorable necessity, submitted to dismemberment. A proud sovereign, having failed to subdue a rebellious territory, was compelled to introduce it into the family of nations, and in so doing declared, in the words of the Treaty of 1783, what were to be the boundaries and the rights of this new member of the family. What Great Britain at that moment, in that crisis, and by that instrument, acknowledged and proclaimed to be a right, must be allowed by all, and certainly held against her, as inalienable and inseparable from our national existence. As well might a parent, who has deliberately conveyed an estate, by a voluntary transfer, in fee-simple, and by a full and unconditional title, to a child, afterwards undertake, in a fit of

caprice or resentment, to revoke the title. The public law of the world would forbid the transaction.

By the same Treaty of 1783, Great Britain acknowledged the independence of each and all of the United Colonies or States. The acknowledgment was absolute and final, equally in reference to the States severally and collectively, and to the fisheries. A subsequent treaty can no more rightfully surrender the fishery in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, than it could reconvey Massachusetts, or any other of the *old thirteen* to Great Britain. We maintain it as a principle to which our government must be held bound in all its diplomacy, to which its treaty-making power must be for ever subject, that it has no right to relinquish any part or item of what was gained and established by the Treaty of Independence; and that it transcended its legitimate power by surrendering our *right* to the fisheries, as much as it would have done by conveying back New York or Virginia to colonial dependence. The Treaty of 1783 was, in its very nature, irrevocable in all its features and provisions, and a relinquishment of any right acknowledged by it is, to that extent, a surrender and betrayal of our independence.

The war of 1812 did not, accordingly, disturb the basis upon which our fishing rights had been admitted to rest by the Treaty of 1783. It could not have been terminated, any more than the war of the Revolution, — peace could not have been made, — on any other basis. Had the Commissioners yielded the right, the people would have repudiated the transaction. They would have clung to their ancient, blood-bought right, to the last extremity. John Adams was still living, and he proclaimed over again, in language such as he only could use, the doctrine of the Revolutionary age. In a letter to President Madison, relating to the negotiations then going on at Ghent, he emphatically insisted once more upon "*the right, — the right, or no treaty.*" These are his words: "All I can say is, that I would continue this war for ever, rather than surrender one acre of our territory, one iota of the fisheries as established by the third article of the Treaty of 1783, or one sailor impressed from any merchant-ship."

Then came the Convention of 1818. The article relating to the fishery question was as follows: —

"Whereas differences have arisen respecting the *liberty* claimed by the United States for the inhabitants thereof to take, dry, and cure fish on certain coasts, bays, harbors, and creeks of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America, it is agreed between the high contracting parties, that the inhabitants of the said United States shall have, for ever, in common with the subjects of his Britannic Majesty, the liberty to take fish of every kind on that part of the southern coast of Newfoundland which extends from Cape Ray to the Rameau Islands, on the western and northern coast of said Newfoundland, from the said Cape Ray to the Quirpon Islands, on the shores of the Magdalen Islands; and also on the coasts, bays, harbors, and creeks from Mount Joly, on the southern coast of Labrador, to and through the Straits of Belle Isle, and thence northwardly indefinitely along the coast, without prejudice, however, to any of the exclusive rights of the Hudson's Bay Company. And the United States hereby renounce for ever any *liberty* heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof to take, dry, or cure fish on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbors of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America, not included within the above-mentioned limits: *Provided, however*, That the American fishermen shall be admitted to enter such bays or harbors, for the purpose of shelter, and of repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood and of obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever. But they shall be under such restrictions as may be necessary to prevent their taking, drying, or curing fish therein, or in any other manner whatever abusing the privileges hereby reserved to them."

In speaking of this arrangement, we desire to treat the subject with fairness and candor. We acknowledge, that, at the time, its real operation, as recently disclosed, was not understood by the fishing interest. Those statesmen, too, who more than others in our recent history had turned their attention to it, such as John Quincy Adams, seem to have regarded it as a beneficial arrangement. It did, indeed, give us the liberty to take fish, without restriction or limitation, from a certain point indefinitely to the north, and also to fish, outside of three miles from the shore, everywhere else, on all the coasts of British North America. The only explanation to be given of the favorable reception of the Convention of 1818 is, that no one then dreamed that such a monstrous interpretation would ever be put, or for a moment suffered to be

enforced, upon the "three-mile" restriction, as Great Britain has asserted for the last thirty years, under the name of the "Headland" doctrine.

There are two points in the article of the Convention of 1818 just quoted, which vitiate its authority, and would have made it impossible to bring American fishermen much longer to submit to it. In the first place, it is deceptive and disingenuous, because, while it professes to confine its application to the removal of "differences respecting the liberty" claimed by the United States, it actually cedes away what, in contradistinction to a liberty, was acknowledged to be ours of *right*. In the second place, it is fraudulent in its terms. As a consideration, or equivalent which it professes to give to us, to reconcile us to the surrender of our rights, it says that the "inhabitants of the United States shall have for ever, *in common with the subjects of his Britannic Majesty*, the liberty to take fish of every kind" on certain specified coasts; among others, "the western and northern coast of Newfoundland." In point of fact, the subjects of his Britannic Majesty did not then, and have never had since, any right to take fish on that coast! The Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, gave the French a right to use that coast, which gradually, by successive intermediate treaties between England and France, got to be an exclusive right. The Treaty of Paris, in 1815, distinctly and formally reiterated the concession to France, as exclusive of British fishermen, of a monopoly of fishing on that coast, which continues, we understand, to this day. The deception, or oversight, whichever it may have been, in this particular, gave to our government the right to demand of Great Britain a revision of the Convention of 1818, — a demand which an injured, indignant, and gallant people will compel this government to enforce, at no distant day, should the present treaty fail to be consummated.

But we have ever protested against the three-mile restriction established by the Convention of 1818, because it cannot be enforced but by means that can never be tolerated. The sanctity of our flag was maintained and vindicated by the late Daniel Webster, with his usual ability, in reference to vessels bearing it at their mast-head, even under the most sus-

picious circumstances, on the coast of Africa. Surely that flag ought to afford as effectual a protection to the brave and patriotic fisherman pursuing his manly and honorable avocation. It must and it shall protect him. If this treaty fail to be ratified, we shall call upon our government to restore to our fishermen the protection of their flag. No foreign official shall tread the deck over which that flag waves. If British cruisers find our vessels fishing within the forbidden lines, they may capture or sink them, but while the stars and stripes are floating at their peak, the voice of the country must forbid the intruders' approach for purposes of search. We protest against either imperial or colonial cruisers seizing and searching our vessels, while under way, on the open sea. No country, of the least pretension to independence or nationality, can suffer it. The utmost that can be asked of an American sailor is to suffer his vessel to be ordered to, and his deck invaded, by an authority emanating from his own flag. To the revenue-cutter or the man-of-war of his own nation he will submit, but never, without the deepest resentment and indignation, to a foreign official. A domestic police the free American is willing to endure, but never a foreign police on the open sea. The profoundest passions of the human breast — all the peculiar sentiments of the American heart — are sensitive and hostile to such high-handed procedures as Great Britain has been suffered to practise upon our fishermen. The slumbering fires have been kindling and spreading in the bosoms of our people along the Northern sea-shore. If such a state of things had been continued, the last extremity would soon have been reached.

The historian will find it difficult to believe that such things could have been borne for such a length of time by our fishermen, or by their government. When he collects and reviews the provocations, aggravations, insults, and outrages to which they have been subjected, — driven from shelter, and compelled to keep the sea, at the approach of storms, on the most dangerous waters of the North Atlantic, — forbidden to enter ports in quest of relief for sick and dying men, — pursued and boarded on the slightest pretences, — their decks invaded and desecrated by insolent foreign subordinate offi-

cials, their quarters searched, their shipping-papers seized and scrutinized with evil eyes and contemptuous comments, and then recklessly blotted over, or crumpled up, or thrown down and trodden upon, — captured on frivolous charges, — fares broken up, whole seasons lost, and vessels and cargoes forfeited on *ex parte* and mock trials, — such outrages could not indeed have been endured much longer. We were on the eve of collision, violent resistance, bloodshed, and war. From all this the treaty saves us. It rescues the gallant fisherman from wrongs and abuses, most difficult for his heroic spirit to bear, and restores to him the unassailable sanctity of his flag, and that freedom of the seas which is his right, and which every instinct of his soul and every habit of his life demand.

In this point of view the Marcy and Elgin Treaty confers an inestimable boon upon the fisherman. And does he not deserve protection and favor? What class or description of our people deserves more at the hands of the country and the government? Besides laying deep and broad the foundations of our maritime and commercial power and wealth, fishermen have been a wall of fire around us in every hour of danger from abroad. With a population of not more than six thousand, the fishermen of Marblehead raised a regiment, not three months' nor six months' men, but that served through the war of the Revolution. They were the men whom Washington selected to lead the way in the passage of the Delaware, on that bitter winter night, whose morning beams, at Trenton, shone upon the rescue and redemption of the country. From the same heroic people went forth the most active and effective defenders of the cause on the seas, among them the immortal Mugford, the earliest naval hero and protomartyr of the Revolutionary contest. In the war of 1812, Marblehead gave over seven hundred of her gallant men and youth to the service of the country, in public and private armed vessels, and five hundred of them were in Dartmoor prison at the time of the massacre. A similar story might be told of all our fishing towns. When the Constitution took the Cyane and Levant, one half of her crew were from the shores of the northern cape of Massachusetts Bay. Such facts as these are becoming

known to the country at large, and the extraordinary unanimity and enthusiasm with which the Reciprocity Treaty and the legislation it required went through both houses of Congress, at the close of the recent session, may be considered as evidence that the claims of American fishermen upon the goodwill of the government and people are appreciated at last.

The last, but by no means the least, cause of congratulation on the ratification and establishment of the Marcy and Elgin Treaty is, that it is the harbinger of *Freedom of Trade.* Time is the great solver of problems. In its perpetual progress it settles all questions, and evolves all just results. The theory of commerce, in its universal comprehension and absolute truth, has always borne its testimony in behalf of Free Trade. But the necessities and the requisite independence of a new people rising into greatness in a new world, inexorably demanded protection for its infant industry, and the aid of government in support of the various arts and manufactures during the period of their weakness and immaturity.

The friends of a protective system have declared, all along, that the aid they sought from the government was designed to be only temporary, — that after a while the industry of the country would be able to stand on its own feet, work its own way, and bear up with its own strength against all competition. The passage of the Reciprocity Treaty — all sections and all interests conspiring, borne onward by every current, favored by every breeze, of popular feeling and general conviction — fulfils the predictions, redeems the pledges, and discharges the obligations of the Protectionists, and at the same time realizes the visions of Free-Traders. The system of the former, applied more or less energetically to the legislation of the country, has reared the industry and business of the people into a condition to meet, welcome, and flourish under, the fullest development of the speculative and Utopian theories of the latter. There may be, and in our judgment undoubtedly are, articles of natural production and manufacturing processes which continue to need, and therefore ought to receive still longer, the protection of government against foreign competition; but so far as our business relations with

the British North American Provinces are concerned, the circumstances connected with the consummation of the Reciprocity Treaty prove that all is ripe and ready for Free Trade. Every interest seemed at last to unite in welcoming it.

The fishing interest, of course, for the reasons we have given, felt at once released from an odious and intolerable restriction, and restored to its natural and rightful condition.

The manufacturing interest wisely discerned, in quickened and multiplied trade with the Provinces, an enlargement of its home market. It is true that the treaty does not, in its express terms, extend its benefits to our manufactures; they are still to be subject to duty in crossing the border. But that duty, after all, really amounts to nothing. By a settled policy, resting upon a basis fixed by Great Britain herself, no higher duty can be laid, in her colonies, upon our manufactures than upon her own. We meet our only manufacturing competitor, in the Provincial markets, on equal terms. It is the same to us as though no duty at all were levied there upon our fabrics. It cannot be doubted that we shall command a constantly increasing share of their whole consumption for our manufactures.

The anthracite-coal interest was assuaged in its opposition, and all but subdued to the support of the measure, by finding that the product of Pennsylvania mines was already winning its way to consumption in the Provinces. The fact, that, although Cunard himself is a proprietor of Nova Scotia collieries, he actually supplies his steamers at Halifax with Pennsylvania coal, broke down resistance from that quarter more than all the arguments of political economists and all the eloquence of Senators. Then, again, it could not be doubted that anthracite from Pennsylvania would, eventually, find its greatest market for domestic consumption in the long and severe Canadian winters. The bituminous and semi-bituminous coal-beds of the United States are, for the most part, too remote to feel much dread of Pictou or Sydney competition, and the result was that the coal opposition to the treaty became, in the end, quite paralyzed, if not wholly annihilated.

The greatest surprise appears to be felt at the acquiescence of the agricultural interest in a measure which pours the

vast wheat and grain production of Upper Canada upon our markets, and gives it a quicker and cheaper outlet to foreign markets, in competition with our own breadstuffs. Perhaps, however, it will be found that the agricultural representatives, in making no decisive and earnest resistance to this treaty, showed a far-reaching and wide-seeing wisdom. While it is true that Upper Canada, or Canada West, produces a surplus of grains, it is not so with Lower Canada and the coast Colonies, as a whole; but, on the contrary, they must constitute, in proportion to their growth in population and wealth, a continually more and more profitable and extensive customer and consumer. Then, again, the free navigation of all rivers, lakes, and bays, and the equal use of all canals and railroads, on both sides, must, on a large, permanent, and expanding scale, be beneficial to agricultural producers. The true policy of the wheat-grower is to favor all measures that tend to increase the population and prosperity of the continent, thus multiplying the mouths to be fed and the ability to buy. In some of the most fertile and extensive agricultural districts of the West, the prairie lands for instance, the scarcity of fuel and lumber has always been a great drawback, and it is not strange that a free access to the Canadian wildernesses, and, in consequence, cheapened plank, clapboards, and all other forms of lumber, as well as fuel, should be considered of prime importance to the bordering population of Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota.

In all the older and thick-settled States, the increasing price of fuel is getting to be regarded with serious apprehension, and it is quite natural that their people generally rejoice in a measure that throws down all obstructing barriers, and opens to unrestricted use and operation all coal-fields everywhere, and the boundless forests of the North.

By this treaty we are brought into the closest commercial relations with three millions of people; — the peninsula of Nova Scotia, rich in minerals, and her coast all around a fringe of harbors, — New Brunswick, with her inexhaustible woodlands and maritime resources, having already more ships of a thousand tons than the empire of France, — the Canadas, stretching along our border almost from sea to sea, and

extending to the North Pole. These Colonies in the aggregate are the third navigating power in the world, — with 450,000 tons of registered shipping, — their inward and outward tonnage, not including local trade, amounting to 4,000,000 annually, of $ 80,000,000 value. Who can doubt that great results are to flow to both sides, from throwing down all barriers, and making the whole intercourse of life free between them?

Every thinking man, who looks at the subject, without any particular interest, in a comprehensive and philosophical light, cannot but regard the Marcy and Elgin Treaty as one of the most beneficial diplomatic arrangements ever made. If we spread out the map of North America and survey the whole stratum or belt of the continent, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Chesapeake Bay, on one side, to the shores of Oregon and Washington, on the other, with the broad water-shed that is drained into the chain of lakes from Ontario to Superior, prolonged as it is by railroads and canals to the Atlantic on the east, and to the Rocky Mountains in the west, — if we then extend our eye over those mountains to the Pacific, and take in the whole, including, on both sides, the headwaters of the St. Lawrence, Mississippi, Missouri, and Columbia, thus linked and clamped together, not only by nature, but already to some extent, and in the future to an extent beyond our wildest dreams, by art, — we cannot find words to express, or figures to measure, the infinite and ever-multiplying benefits that must ensue from releasing this vast tract of country from all legislative and international impediments, and allowing the arts of peace and the genius of commerce to spread their blessings, unconfined and unrestricted, over its whole length and breadth. With an open field and a fair chance, this strip of our continent must, in the full development of the ages, include within its limits more millions of men, and present a grander aspect of humanity, than any other equal tract on the globe.

The question of annexation came up at times, during the progress of the treaty through its several stages, in the informal discussions of members of Congress and others interested in the subject. It seems to be taken for granted with us, as indeed it evidently is in Great Britain among all classes, that

the Canadas and the other Provinces will ultimately be annexed to the American Union; and the question was whether that event would be hastened or retarded by the establishment of free trade between them and us. It was maintained, on the one side, that, as all material, commercial, and business ends would be answered by the treaty, annexation would cease to be desired by either party, and would, therefore, be indefinitely postponed. On the other hand, it is evident that the social and moral effects of such a state of things as the treaty will bring about cannot but tend to make us one people, and absorb us, irresistibly, although insensibly, into each other. A people so identified, it is argued, cannot long remain politically separated, but must be united by annexation. Events will probably justify this last line of reasoning. But whenever annexation comes, be it sooner or later, the operation of the treaty will make it, beyond all doubt, a peaceful, amicable, and altogether salutary transition.

The proceedings of our Senate in the ratification of the treaty still remain under the seal of secrecy. It is understood, however, that some of the Southern Senators attempted to alarm their associates from the Slave States into opposition to the measure, by representing that it would lead to early annexation, and thereby deprive the slave interest of that control over the government which it now enjoys. Fortunately there were Southern Senators who, on that occasion, rose superior to such narrow considerations. They indignantly rejected appeals to their pro-slavery prejudices, and took the ground that annexation may, and perhaps must, come at last, but that the question whether it would be hastened or retarded by the treaty should not be allowed to intercept so great and glorious a triumph of diplomatic wisdom and national communion. There was indeed a most unusual and most felicitous co-operation of adverse elements in carrying the treaty through the Senate. Mason and Toombs, Douglas and Seward, Whigs and Democrats, Free-Soilers and Secessionists, Northerners and Southerners, acted in cordial harmony. The bill to carry its provisions into effect, by making the articles enumerated in it free of duty, was introduced in the House by a Virginian. Gerritt Smith was perhaps the most zealous, as he

was surely one of the ablest, champions of the measure. The administration upheld it with a hearty fidelity. No lisp of partisan opposition was heard. Sectionalism vanished for the time, and the act was swept through Congress with an irresistible enthusiasm, of which our history affords no parallel.

The negotiation was conducted with the utmost good judgment by both the eminent persons concerned. The American Secretary showed throughout his great wisdom, and combined moderation and caution with boldness and decision. Lord Elgin addressed himself to the work with a frankness and simplicity of procedure, and an energy and directness of manner, that would have astonished diplomatists of the ceremonial school. He went to Washington in person, closeted himself with Mr. Marcy, took hold of the subject in detail, weighed its real merits, on each point; and the whole thing was at once arranged between them, just as two honest and sensible men would settle any business affair of their own.

While the chief glory of a result so important in its bearings upon commerce and diplomacy, and so strikingly in accordance with all the benignant and progressive tendencies of humanity, is due to the administration and the negotiators that accomplished it, we must bear in mind that public opinion has been gradually matured by the labors of others. Many distinguished names occur in this connection. It is well known that it was a favorite measure of Edward Everett, and that he came near accomplishing it during the brief but brilliant period of his service at the head of the Department of State.

It would be unjust to close this article without referring to the services of a gentleman who has done more than any or all other men to bring about the result upon which we have now congratulated our readers. Israel D. Andrews of Eastport, Consul of the United States for Canada and New Brunswick, has been for years employed as a confidential agent by the State Department, to collect information and bring influences to bear for the consummation of this arrangement. His "Report on the Trade and Commerce of the British

North American Colonies, and upon the Trade of the Great Lakes and Rivers" (Executive Document No. 112, 32d Congress, 1st Session) is one of the most thorough, elaborate, and instructive works ever published by our government.

ART. X. — *Life of* DE WITT CLINTON. By JAMES RENWICK, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE leaders of opinion and men of executive genius in all nations and eras sustain an inevitable relation to their age; and it is a curious study to investigate how circumstances of time and place modify their activity. The memories of Westminster have enshrined the oratorical triumphs of Fox, Pitt, and Burke, and their agency on public sentiment is woven into the very texture of England's political annals; while the monuments and galleries of Florence bear witness to the dominant taste for art which was fostered by Lorenzo de' Medici. In a young republic whose material progress is without example, the evidence of patriotic self-devotion is continually obliterated by the advancing tide of civilization, radical improvements are superseded by new inventions, and it is often a difficult task to recall to grateful recognition the labors and triumphs of national benefactors. The insatiable present renders men oblivious of the past; the inviting future precludes retrospection. Yet to those alive to local history and the origin of great practical ideas, daily observation keeps fresh the memory of Clinton in his native State. As the stranger enters her unrivalled bay, he sees in the fortified Narrows a proof of his patriotic forethought; in an afternoon excursion the Bloomingdale Asylum and Sailor's Snug Harbor, whose endowment he secured, bear witness to his benevolent enterprise; while the grand systems of public instruction, of mutual insurance, of internal navigation, of savings banks, reform of the criminal law, and agricultural improvement, however modified by the progress of science, constantly attest the liberal and wise polity which under his guidance gave them birth.

Born on the 2d of March, 1769, and dying on the 11th of February, 1828, De Witt Clinton entered upon life when the contest between the two original parties under the Federal government was at its height, and closed his existence at the epoch of their virtual dissolution. By inheritance and sympathy he ardently espoused one class of opinions, and experienced the modifications of political sentiment incident to the course of events and the development of the nation. He became one of the gladiators in the civic arena, when state rights, foreign influence, and a thousand exciting questions, agitated the land. It is not our purpose to review his political career, to recall the misrepresentation, ingratitude, and insult of which he was the victim, or to trace the tortuous current of alternate proscription and idolatry that bore him over the changeful sea of party strife. The same battle, in divers forms, is continually fought, and its chief incidents belong to the history of contemporary opinion. Like all aspirants, he was baffled; like all chiefs, envied; like all loyal men, persecuted. In an impartial estimate of his character, it is sufficient proof of his integrity that it was never successfully assailed; of his patriotism, that it was ultimately recognized; of his republicanism, that his faith in the people never faltered; of his magnanimity, that he forgave injury; and of his statesmanship, that it was victorious. Doubtless, a want of flexibility, a temper too dictatorial, a power of invective sometimes unchastened, and an extreme tenacity of personal conviction, led him into errors. But now that the storm has passed away, his traits are reflected in noble relief upon the calm horizon, visible to the eyes of posterity. The test of time has proved the sterling qualities of the man, and we impatiently scatter the web of intrigue and the mist of prejudice, to contemplate only those characteristic services that planted his star for ever in the galaxy of our country's firmament.

The domestic antecedents of De Witt Clinton were favorable to the inheritance both of energetic character and of public spirit. His name is of Norman origin, and is often cited by the old French chroniclers of knightly achievements. Among his immediate ancestors was a Royalist cadet, — one of the

Continental refugees after the civil war, who, on the restoration of the house of Stuart, experienced its faithless ingratitude. The son of this progenitor vainly sought to regain the estates forfeited by the loyalty of his exiled father, who died in Ireland; nor were the family misfortunes retrieved by the next generation, for Charles Clinton, in the prime of his life, resolved to emigrate to America. With a view to pastoral advantages, he made choice of that fertile district of Orange County, in the State of New York, whose grassy acres still supply the best products of the dairy. Here his superior intelligence gave him the lead in social life among the isolated band that formed the infant colony; and on the frontier and fortified farm, sixty miles from the city, the father of De Witt Clinton was born. Thus, by a sad experience of kingcraft and the discipline of primitive colonial life, was our young statesman nurtured in patriotic self-reliance, while his ancestral qualities were enriched by the old Dutch blood of his mother's race. Sprung from educated and loyal, adventurous and brave progenitors, he entered upon life early enough to witness the sacrifices which acquired freedom for his country; and first beheld the city whose glory he was destined to promote, when the inhabitants were giving expression to their joy on the departure of the British troops. Already the name of Clinton was honorably identified with military and civic life in America, officers of his family having served in the French and Revolutionary wars, and associated their names with the capture of Fort Frontenac, with the Indian battles in the valley of the Mohawk, with the surrender of Cornwallis, and subsequently with the government of the State. Public duty, courage, and self-sacrifice were household words in the settlement where his childhood was passed; historical events were his nursery tales; and when, having exhausted the educational privileges of his native county and passed some months at the College of New Jersey, he sought for academic culture in the metropolis of his own State, the application was the signal for recombining the apparatus of learning dispersed by war, and baptizing anew the University of New York with the title of an emancipated country. With the advent of De Witt Clinton as a pupil, the fortunes of King's,

now Columbia, College revived, and it might seem prophetic of his future relation to the cause of learning and civil advancement, that he was the first graduate of that institution after it became American both in name and in principles.

It has been conjectured that the germs of political science were planted in Clinton's mind by the lectures of Dr. Kemp, his college preceptor; but they were developed by the exigencies and opportunities of his subsequent career. He had scarcely completed his law studies, when the accidental death of his brother, who was private secretary to Governor Clinton, led to his acceptance of the office. Thus early was he initiated as a political student; to promote his uncle's re-election he became a writer for the journals of the day, and soon acquired rare power and readiness in that capacity; he reported the debates of the Convention that discussed the new Constitution; and while a mere youth, by the demands upon his recognized ability and the promise of his character, he became the chief of a volunteer military corps, and a harbor commissioner. When his kinsman was defeated at the polls, and the Federal party triumphed, there was a pause in his official life, during which his love of the natural sciences found scope; but no sooner did his own party predominate, than he was elected successively State Representative and Senator, United States Senator, and Mayor of the City and Governor of the State of New York, — posts whose functions were then more important and responsible than at present. The mere outline of his official honors gives no idea of what he made the career of a public servant. In each station he exhibited a vigor of action, a wise polity, and a social influence, quite original and of rare efficiency; in each he illustrated the prerogatives of statesmanship; — in Congressional debate winning from his noble rival, Gouverneur Morris, an honest admiration that rose above the virulence of partisan dislike; in municipal rule, by memorable judicial decisions and the courageous exercise of his magistracy, eliciting the ardent praise of the most eminent jurists, and the spontaneous trust of his fellow-citizens. Diplomatic skill, philosophical insight, heroic purpose, generous aims, and legal acumen were so manifest in his administration of every office, however limited or temporary its character, as to

demonstrate that, under free institutions, it is not the rank but the use of office which makes it illustrious. In support of this view we might cite his new inspection of wheat that soon raised its market value, his speech against war with Spain, his negotiations with the French and English men-of-war in the waters of New York to preserve neutrality, his condemnation of the turbulent and highly connected students tried before him, his repeal of the acts intolerant to Catholics, the charters he secured for the Fur Company, the Academy of Arts, and the Manumission Society, his moral courage in repudiating an act intended to mar the freedom of debate, his personal devotion to the establishment of the first free school, and his exertions in rescuing from unhallowed neglect the bones of the prison-ship martyrs.

It is one of the penalties exacted by official life, that its votary is obliged to expend the highest gifts of his nature upon objects which, however important as parts of a series, leave few permanent memorials. The artist or the author bequeathes a picture, statue, or book, in which are embodied his aspirations and the spirit he was of; but the active intelligence of the statesman is usually so exclusively devoted to administrative duties, as to leave no time for the finished record of his genius. The life that occupied so large a space in the public eye, the name that was on every lip, seems to pass away with the funeral pageant and the tearful eulogy. In the archives of an historical society the curious explorer finds in a fragmentary shape the writings which, a few years before, were the charts of opinion, over which fiery partisans wrangled and ardent champions exulted. The documentary history of De Witt Clinton's life bears ample evidence of his varied learning, his large discourse of reason, his broad views, and his unwearied activity. It comprises orations before philosophical and benevolent societies, speeches, reports, letters, journals, and messages to the legislature. It attests facility as a writer, versatile knowledge, and earnestness of purpose, embracing discussions of questions of policy, data for the naturalist and historian, and systematic digests of studies in almost every department of scientific, literary, and political inquiry. Much of the significance of these papers is, how-

ever, lost, through the progress of events and the diffusion of knowledge. Orators have multiplied since his day, and many able legislators have won reputation in the same fields; yet these incidental writings are valuable for reference, and interesting as the literary exposition of a noble character. The Address before the Philosophical Society, the Discourse on the Iroquois, and the Letters of Hibernicus, are valuable illustrations of the habits of research, the intellectual tastes, the powers of observation, and the impressive style of a man whose life was mainly occupied with executive duties, and whose fame is eminently that of a practical statesman. It is delightful to cite, after the lapse of fifty years, his eloquent defence of literature and science as elements of a wise policy, — to hear him glory in the memories of Hunter and Burnett, the educated Provincial governors of his native State, advocate the need of a knowledge of the past in order to reap the fruits of the present, and designate the advantages, both natural and civil, offered in this country to the votary of science and letters. It is equally pleasing to follow his ethnological investigations of the savage tribe that once possessed the fair domain around him, and to share the patriotic zest with which he examines its soil, forests, and waters, to fix the nomenclature of their varied products. He anticipated, by hints of projects such as De Foe's famous essay bequeathed to posterity, many of the subsequent victories of practical science, when he declared, that "here the hand of art will change the face of the universe, and the prejudices of country will vanish before the talisman of merit"; that "it will not be debated whether hills shall be perforated, but whether the Alps and the Andes shall be levelled; not whether sterile fields shall be fertilized, but whether the deserts of Africa shall feel the power of cultivation; not whether rivers shall be joined, but whether the Caspian shall see the Mediterranean, and the waves of the Pacific shall lave the Atlantic shores."

The account of his exploration of Western New York, which originally appeared in one of the journals of the day, offers a wonderful contrast to our familiar experience. Then, to use his own language, "the stage-driver was a leading beau, and the keeper of the turnpike-gate a man of conse-

quence." Our three hours' trip from New York to Albany was a very age, occupying ten times that period. At Albany stores were laid in, and each member of the commission provided himself with a blanket, as caravans, in our time, are equipped at St. Louis for an expedition to the Rocky Mountains. Here they breakfast at a toll-keeper's, there they dine on cold ham at an isolated farm-house; now they mount a baggage-wagon, and now take to a boat too small to admit of sleeping accommodations, which leads them constantly to regret their "unfortunate neglect to provide marquees and camp-stools"; and more than six weeks are occupied in a journey which now does not consume as many days. Yet the charm of patient observation, the enjoyment of nature, and the gleanings of knowledge, caused what, in our locomotive era, would seem a tedious pilgrimage, to be fraught with a pleasure and advantage of which our flying tourists over modern railways never dream. We perceive by the comparison, that what has been gained in speed is often lost in rational entertainment. The traveller who leaves New York in the morning, to sleep at night under the roar of Niagara, has gathered nothing in the magical transit but dust, fatigue, and the risk of destruction; while in that deliberate progress of the canal enthusiast, not a phase of the landscape, not an historical association, not a fruit, mineral, or flower, was lost to his view. He admires the benign provision of Nature for sugar, so far from the tropics, by the sap of the maple, and for salt, at such a distance from the ocean, by the lakes that hold it in solution near Syracuse. At Geddesburg he recalls the valor of the Iroquois, and the pious zeal of the Jesuits; at Seneca Lake he watches a bald-eagle chasing an ospray, who lets his captive drop to be grasped in the talons of the king of birds; the fields near Aurora cheer him with the harvests of the "finest wheat country in the world." At one place he is regaled with salmon, at another with fruit, peculiar in flavor to each locality; at one moment he pauses to shoot a bittern, and at another to examine an old fortification. The capers and poppies in a garden, the mandrakes and thistles in a brake, the blue-jays and woodpeckers of the grove, the bullet-marks in the rafters of Fort Niagara,

tokens of the siege under Sir William Johnson, the bone-set of the swamp, a certain remedy for the local fever, a Yankee exploring the country for land, the croaking of the bull-frog and the gleam of the fire-fly, Indian men spearing for fish and girls making wampum, — these, and innumerable other scenes and objects, lure him into the romantic vistas of tradition or the beautiful domain of natural science; and everywhere he is inspired by the patriotic survey to announce the as yet unrecorded promise of the soil, and to exult in the limitless destiny of its people. If there is a striking diversity between the population and facilities of travel in this region as known to us and as described by him, there is in other points a not less remarkable identity. Rochester is now famed as the source of one of the most prolific superstitions of the age; and forty years ago there resided at Crooked Lake Jemima Wilkinson, whose followers believed her the Saviour incarnate. Clinton describes her equipage, — "a plain coach with leather curtains, the back inscribed with her initials and a star." The orchards, poultry, corn-fields, grist-mills, noted by him, still characterize the region, and are indefinitely multiplied. The ornithologist, however, would miss whole species of birds, and the richly veined woods must be sought in less civilized districts. The prosperous future which the various products of this district foretold has been more than realized; with each successive improvement in the means of communication, villages have swelled to cities; barges and freight-cars with lumber and flour have crowded the streams and rails leading to the metropolis; and in the midst of its rural beauty and gemmed with peerless lakes, the whole region has, according to his prescient conviction, annually increased in commerce, population, and refinement.

A more noble domain, indeed, wherein to exercise such administrative genius, can scarcely be imagined than the State of New York. In its diversities of surface, water, scenery, and climate, it may be regarded more than any other member of the confederacy as typical of the whole Union. The artist, the topographer, the man of science, and the agriculturist can find within its limits all that is most characteristic of the entire country. In historical incident, variety of

immigrant races, and rapid development, it is equally a representative State. There spreads the luxuriant Mohawk valley, whose verdant slopes, even when covered with frost, the experienced eye of Washington selected for purchase as the best of agricultural tracts. There were the famed hunting-grounds of the Six Nations, the colonial outposts of the fur-trade, the vicinity of Frontenac's sway and the Canada wars, the scenes of André's capture and Burgoyne's surrender. There the very names of forts embalm the fame of heroes. There lived the largest manorial proprietors, and not a few of the most eminent Revolutionary statesmen. There Fulton's great invention was realized; there flows the most beautiful of our rivers, towers the grandest mountain range, and expand the most picturesque lakes; there thunders the sublimest cataract on earth, and gush the most salubrious spas; while on the seaboard is the emporium of the Western world.

A poet has apostrophized North America, with no less truth than beauty, as "land of the many waters"; and a glance at the map of New York will indicate their felicitous distribution within her limits. This element is the natural and primitive means of intercommunication. For centuries it had borne the aborigines in their frail canoes, and afterwards the trader, the soldier, the missionary, and the emigrant, in their batteaux; and when arrived at a terminus, they carried these light transports over leagues of portage, again to launch them on lake and river. Fourteen years of Clinton's life were assiduously devoted to his favorite project of uniting these bodies of water. He was the advocate, the memorialist, the topographer, and the financier of the vast enterprise, and accomplished it by his wisdom and intrepidity, without the slightest pecuniary advantage, and in the face of innumerable obstacles. Its consummation was one of the greatest festivals sacred to a triumph of the arts of peace ever celebrated on this continent. The impulse it gave to commercial and agricultural prosperity continues to this hour. It was the foundation of all that makes the City and State of New York pre-eminent; and when recently a thousand American citizens sailed up the Mississippi, to commemorate its alliance with the Atlantic, the ease and rapidity of the transit, and the

spectacle of virgin civilization thus created, were but a new act in the grand drama of national development, whose opening scene occurred twenty-seven years before, when the waters of Lake Erie blended with those of the Hudson.

The immense bodies of inland water, and the remarkable fact that the Hudson River, unlike other Atlantic streams south of it, flows unimpeded, early impressed Clinton with the natural means of intercourse destined to connect the seaboard of New York with the vast agricultural districts of the interior. He saw her peerless river enter the Highlands only to meet, a hundred and sixty miles beyond, another stream which flowed within a comparatively short distance from the great chain of lakes. The very existence of these inland seas, and the obvious possibility of uniting them with the ocean, suggested to his comprehensive mind a new idea of the destiny of the whole country. Within a few years an ingenious geographer has pointed out, with singular acumen, the relation of his science to history, and has demonstrated, by a theory not less philosophical than poetic, that the disposition of land and water in various parts of the globe predetermines the human development of each region. The copious civilization of Europe is thus traceable to the numerous facilities of approach that distinguish it from Africa, which still remains but partially explored. The lakes in America prophesied to the far-reaching vision of Clinton her future progress. He perceived more clearly than any of his contemporaries, that her development depended upon facilities of intercourse and communication. He beheld, with intuitive wisdom, the extraordinary provision for this end, in the succession of lake and river, extending, like a broad silver tissue, from the ocean far through the land, thus bringing the products of foreign climes within reach of the lone emigrant in the heart of the continent, and the staples of those midland valleys to freight the ships of her seaports. He felt that the State of all others to practically demonstrate this great fact was that with whose interests he was intrusted. It was not as a theorist, but as a utilitarian, in the best sense, that he advocated the union by canal of the waters of Lake Erie with those of the Hudson. The patriotic scheme was fraught

with issues of which even he never dreamed. It was applying on a limited scale, in the sight of a people whose enterprise is boundless in every direction clearly proved to be availing, a principle which may be truly declared the vital element of our civic growth. It was giving tangible evidence of the creative power incident to locomotion. It was yielding the absolute evidence then required to convince the less far-sighted multitude that access was the grand secret of increased value, that exchange of products was the touchstone of wealth, and that the iron, wood, grain, fruit, and other abundant resources of the interior, could acquire their real value only through facilities of transportation. Simple as these truths appear now, they were widely ignored then; and not a few opponents of Clinton predicted that, even if he did succeed in having flour conveyed from what was then called the "Far West" to the metropolis, at a small expense of time and money, the grass would grow in the streets of New York. The political economists of his day were thus converted into enemies of a system which, from that hour, has continued to guide to prosperous issues every latent source of wealth throughout the country. The battle with ignorance and prejudice which Clinton and his friends waged, resulted in more than a local triumph and individual renown. It established a great precedent, offered a prolific example, and gave permanent impulse and direction to the public spirit of the community. The canal is now, in a great measure, superseded by the railway; the traveller sometimes finds them side by side, and as he glances from the sluggish stream and creeping barge to the whirling cars, and thence to the telegraph-wire, he witnesses only the more perfect development of that great scheme by which Clinton, according to the limited means and against the inveterate prejudices of his day, sought to bring the distant near, and to render homogeneous and mutually helpful the activity of a single State, and by that successful experiment indicated the process whereby the whole confederacy should be rendered one in interest, in enterprise, and in sentiment.

Before the canal policy was realized, we are told by its great advocate that "the expense of conveying a barrel of

flour by land to Albany from the country above Cayuga Lake was more than twice as much as the cost of transportation from New York to Liverpool"; and the correctness of his financial anticipations was verified by the first year's experiment, even before the completion of the enterprise, when in his message to the legislature he announced that "the income of the canal fund, when added to the tolls, exceeded the interest on the cost of the canal by nearly four hundred thousand dollars." Few, however, of the restless excursionists that now crowd our cars and steamboats would respond to his praise of this means of transportation when used for travel. His notion of a journey, we have seen, differed essentially from that now in vogue, which seems to aim chiefly at the annihilation of space. To a philosophic mind, notwithstanding, his views will not appear irrational, when he declares that fifty miles a day, "without a jolt," is his ideal of a tour, — the time to be divided between observing, and, when there is no interest in the scenery, reading and conversation. "I believe," he adds, "that cheaper or more commodious travelling cannot be found."

The tendency of public life, in this country, is to merge statesmanship in politics. The broad views and high aims of the fathers of the republic have but occasionally inspired modern leaders of party. Sagacity oftener than comprehensiveness, adroitness in the use of temporary expedients rather than appreciation of general principles, has secured to them casual success; but they could have bequeathed hallowed memories only through identity with grand and progressive ideas. At the head of the second generation of great public men stands De Witt Clinton. His conception of the duty and the privilege of office had in it somewhat of the enlarged and disinterested spirit which endears the names of Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, and the rest of that noble brotherhood whose reach of thought and tone of action were on a scale commensurate with the national life, of whose genius they were the legitimate guardians. Not only in the extent and wisdom of his projects and the intelligent zeal of his administration was Clinton the worthy successor of that extraordinary race of patriots. His endowments,

tastes, and habits were those of a republican statesman. Instead of giving his energies to organizing cliques and political machinery, he meditated extensive plans for the advancement of the state, and with dauntless industry sought their realization. The authentic lore of history and philosophy, and not the ephemeral chart of a newspaper, disciplined his mind. By virtue of heroic self-reliance, not through the artifices of cunning, he pursued his objects; his claims were based on self-respect; the force of intelligence, and not the blandishments of the courtier, gave eloquence to his appeals; and moral energy was his method of achievement. Like Scott and Webster, he began to labor at dawn; like Gouverneur Morris, he preferred the intellectual refreshment of conversation to the idle pastime of a game of hazard. In diction, in manner, and in association, there was obviously the innate dignity of a man conscious of lofty purposes and official responsibility. His foible was pride, not vanity; the sense of beauty was less cultivated than acuteness of wit; and imagination was secondary to good sense. He furnished his mind for the wise treatment of affairs by assiduous and universal reading, by earnest thought and keen observation. Thus the whole nature of the man was trained for practical efficiency; and he habitually looked above and beyond the limits of incidental questions, to the essential welfare of the state. His confidence in himself and his measures, accordingly, was justified by more enduring testimony than the caprices of popular favor. He saw before and after. His private tastes had the same character. He was a naturalist, but no connoisseur, preferred satire to poetry, fact to fiction, law to speculation. His journeys were inspired, not by the zest of adventure, but by the love of knowledge; his studies were directed, not to the gratification of a vague curiosity, but to the acquirement of valuable truth; his talent was executive, his ambition to open new avenues of prosperity, to found expansive institutions, to develop natural resources, to bring out the latent powers of mind and matter, of nature and society, and to give a wise and effective direction to the elements of national prosperity. Like all benefactors whose memories survive, he worked by the light of philos-

ophy; like all artists whose ideas find permanent shape, he never lost sight of general effect while absorbed in details.

He thus combined the qualities which illustrate public and official duty in accordance with the genius of our institutions. Examined as a whole, his character is of a kind which signally meets the wants and honors the suffrages of the people. How often, during the few years that have elapsed since his decease, has the country suffered from the lack of integrity, firmness, devotion, and intelligence like his, in her national and municipal affairs! The method of his statesmanship was thoroughly American, — instinct with republican courage and directness, above considerations of gain, mainly cognizant of prospective good, and undisturbed by the dictum of faction. His nature was cast in a Roman, not a Jesuitical, mould. As became a priest of freedom, he was inspired by the practical sense of a Franklin and the dauntless will of a Loyola, and not by the calculating shrewdness of a Talleyrand or the visionary expedients of a Necker. The original idea of the canal policy has been ascribed to others; and, as in every similar instance of invention and of enterprise, many honored names are identified with the conception and the progress of the undertaking, — capitalists, engineers, rhetoricians, and patriots. But history shows that the great requisite for such achievements is the indomitable perseverance of men endowed with the genius or vested with the authority to insure success. It was this that crowned Fulton's weary years of experiment with triumph in the application of steam to navigation, and enabled Morse to prove his theory, at last, by the construction of an electric telegraph from the Capitol where an appropriation was so long withheld. In form, discourse, and feature, Clinton bore the impress of his intrinsic character, — noble, fearless, and determined. His stature and brow instantly conveyed the idea of moral dignity; his expression wore the severity of a man of thought, yet, in more genial moods, expanded with benign recognition or mirthful humor; in his dark eye beamed a keen intelligence, and in his smile a winning grace. In social life he was upright and faithful, in his home kind and attrac-

tive; and his faculties were unimpaired and active within a few moments of his death. The austerity of reflection in his hours of respite from labor was tempered by the amenities of love and taste; and he thus represented, in manners and person, the union of strong volition, generous sentiment, and vivid intelligence.

The slow appreciation of Clinton's character is a striking evidence of the narrow views of mere politicians. That a legislator should preside over a philosophical society, correspond with foreign *savans*, describe new species of fish, birds, and grain, and leave the routine of public affairs to explore the resources of nature, was an incongruity they could neither understand nor tolerate. The distinction of an empty civic title they estimated, but the celebrity arising from the discovery of a wild farinaceous product in New York, before thought indigenous only on the banks of the Caspian, was beyond their comprehension. That philosophy and letters constituted an essential part of the culture of a statesman, was a truth they ignored; and that it was possible to execute the behests of the people, and maintain, at the same time, the individuality and self-respect of an accomplished and honest citizen, was a theory which the radicals of both parties hesitated to accept. It is for this very reason, however, that the example of Clinton was invaluable as a precedent. He raised the standard of public life, and enlarged the boundaries of official utility; he illustrated, with peculiar emphasis, the value of liberal education, mental discipline, and dignity of character, in the sphere of republican office; and left imposing landmarks in the path of ambition, which survive the suffrage of his own and the criticism of the adverse party.

He was, indeed, one of that rare and invaluable class of men who cherish a disinterested love of knowledge for its own sake, and keep habitual vigil at its shrine. An indefatigable purveyor, he sought the facts of nature as the only reliable basis for human well-being. The universe was to him a treasury of *arcana*, in which laws of vast practical utility and resources of unimagined worth await the earnest inquirer. To bring these latent means into relation with

the needs and capacities of mankind, was in his view the great problem of life. The scope of his enterprise included nature, government, and society; and no inference was too broad or detail too insignificant for the grasp of his mind. Thus, at one time, we find him announcing the discovery of a new kind of wheat, and, at another, bringing a Dutch scholar from an obscure village to translate the early archives of his native State; now watching a mullein-stalk to verify the deposit of young bees in its seed-vessels, and now broaching a plan for the defence of the city when threatened with invasion; noting the minerals and trees of the interior, the history of the Iroquois, and the "melancholy notes of the loon," advocating a vast project for inland navigation, and describing the various species of wood indigenous to the soil. From a charitable institution to a fossil, and from a man of genius to the plumage of a kingfisher, all that could increase the sum of recorded knowledge or give scope to human ability, he earnestly recognized. It is this singular union of the naturalist and statesman which gives to his character a stamp of distinctive beauty. It was not as associated with the tactics of party, but as the almoner of a higher economy, that he regarded the functions of a ruler. To discover and promote all that ministers to the welfare of the state was, in his regard, the genius of administration. He sought to build up a noble commonwealth, rather than the power of faction. The elements of knowledge and philanthropy he considered as vital, and accordingly originated and sustained, as primary objects, educational, economical, and benevolent institutions, which still bear gracious witness to his memory. His mind was, however, of too contemplative a tone to be on the alert for occasions to conciliate opponents; his manly integrity precluded resort to the arts of the demagogue; he thought too much to be minutely vigilant of the wayward current of popularity, and was too much absorbed in great undertakings to "catch the nearest way" to the favor of the multitude. The soundness of his intellectual growth and moral energy may be inferred from the rectitude and industry of his college life, wherein the youth prefigured the man; his acquisitions were gradual, but thorough; and while an undergraduate, he

drew up a masterly address to the regents, in behalf of his fellow-students. He was remarkably superior to selfish considerations, invariably devoting his official revenue to promoting the influence of whatever station he filled, and contributing largely from his private purse to science, hospitality, and charity. He was indifferent to emolument, but zealous for usefulness and honor. More adroit tacticians and political courtiers superseded him in office; but their very names are now forgotten, except when recalled as associated with his; while the measures they ridiculed and the achievements they deemed chimerical are indissolubly wrought into the local features and the civic life of the country.

It would be now an ungracious task to review the forms of political animosity which, like a swarm of venomous insects, hung around the career of this brave citizen. When we compare the incidental annoyance with the ultimate triumph, the struggle with the victory, we are tempted to exclaim, with the hero of that lake whose tide he married to the sea, "There is glory enough," and, in a like generous spirit, to pass unrecorded the mean arts of faction and the outrages of party hatred. The history of Clinton's great achievement is like that of every undertaking that is in advance of the time. It is fortunate that in men of true genius the will is usually as strong as the aim is original, and that perseverance goes hand in hand with invention. It is remarkable that even Jefferson thought the Governor of New York a century beyond his age in the design he cherished. To the scepticism of intelligent friends was united the bitter opposition of partisan foes. Indignities, gross slanders, violent newspaper attacks, personal disrespect, and all the base weapons of sectional jealousy, were employed in vain. The thunders of Tammany Hall proved innocuous; satirical pamphlets only excited equally caustic replies; his failure as a Presidential candidate, and his unjust removal from the office of Canal Commissioner, only drew more strongly towards him the few who appreciated his abilities and shared his projects. He was offered the Secretaryship of State by a chief magistrate who subsequently, at the festive board of the opposition, proposed the health of Clinton as a public benefactor. He retreated from official toil

to his library, and knew how to soothe the wounds inflicted by reckless ignorance with the balm of literature and science. A man who can forget personal grievances over the pages of Linnæus or Bacon is above the need of sympathy. His courtesy was never laid aside, even when the poisoned shafts of detraction were flying thickly around him, nor his dignity invaded while the insolent shout of revengeful triumph filled the air. He was conscious of a mission above the spoils of office. The social consideration he enjoyed more than atoned for the casual loss of political distinction; foreigners of renown sought his dwelling; men of science were his favorite companions, books his most reliable consolation; and the great scheme he so long advocated, with the labor incident to its progress and consummation, gave genial employment to all his faculties. Now that the watchwords of party are forgotten and the ravings of faction have died away, his noble presence stands forth in bold relief on the historical canvas of that era, as the pioneer of the genius of communication, whose magic touch has already filled with civilized life the boundless valleys of the West, — then an untracked forest; as the Columbus of national improvement, and the man who most effectually anticipated the spirit of the age and gave it executive illustration.

Art. XI. — 1. *An Essay on the Relations between Labor and Capital.* By C. Morrison. London: Longmans. 1854. 8vo. pp. 328.

2. *Money and Morals: a Book for the Times.* By John Lalor. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." London: John Chapman. 1852. 8vo. pp. 328.

3. *Sophisms of Free Trade and Popular Political Economy examined.* By John Barnard Byles, Sergeant-at-Law. Eighth Edition, with Corrections and Additions. London: Seeleys. 1851. 12mo. pp. 384.

These three volumes relate respectively to the three great

problems of political economy, which are now discussed with the greatest interest in England, because upon the proper solution of them depend in a great degree the future commercial prosperity and general welfare of the English people. They are of considerable, though secondary, interest in this country; for, owing to the intimate relations which now bind the two nations to each other, we cannot remain unaffected longer than a fortnight—the time which is required for a steamer to cross the Atlantic—by every fluctuation in the markets, every rise or fall in the public funds, every strike among the workmen, every great wave of emigration which leaves the shores of our mother land. Paraphrasing the line of the Latin poet, we can say, that we too are English by descent and by community of fortune, and that nothing can be uninteresting to us which closely concerns the well-being of Englishmen.

The actual condition and the probable futurity of the working classes in Great Britain—"the great social problem which has exercised so many minds in the present age, and is likely to give occupation to those of more than one succeeding generation"—form the subject of Mr. Morrison's work. He writes upon it temperately, with good feeling and good taste,—not hopefully, and yet not despairingly. He has no new facts to offer, and no new advice to give. His chief object seems to be, to reconcile the workingmen to their hard lot, by convincing them that the hardships of that lot are inevitable. He retails to them, in clear and gentle language, the stereotyped doctrines of the English school of political economy, of Ricardo, Malthus, and McCulloch. He repeats the counsels which they have so often heard before;—that they must not become impatient and insubordinate, must not contract early marriages, must not organize strikes or combinations against their employers, must not frequent ale-houses or gin-palaces, must not be deluded by the pestiferous doctrines of the Communists and the Socialists, but must be industrious and provident, and must put all their savings, when they can make any, into the savings' banks. Such advice is easy to give, but somewhat difficult to act upon. We cannot flatter Mr. Morrison with the belief that it will do much to avert the evil which has excited his apprehensions. It will not alter the

fact, that the working classes to whom it is addressed, and who have been to a great extent soured and demoralized by misery, form a large majority of the nation, and that the democratic tendencies of the age are every day placing more and more political power and influence within their grasp. It is easy to sit in one's study and calmly preach to them the theorems of a science which professes to show that neither their employers nor Parliament are responsible for what they suffer, or capable of alleviating it if they would. They will be slow to understand, and still slower to be convinced.

In a lighter tone, with more vivacity of style and more novelty of doctrine, Mr. Lalor considers the probable results of the great influx of gold from California and Australia, and the consequent inevitable depreciation of money. This is his principal theme; but the discursive habit of mind and the dashing and superficial manner, that are formed by long connection with the newspaper press, have led him to intermingle with the discussion of it some remarks upon the multitude of topics, both of a domestic and foreign character, on which a British editor is led to form or follow the opinions of his particular circle of readers. Accordingly, we find in his work chapters on rural life and employments, theories of social progress, reconciliation of the churches, agricultural loans, national defences, and — "England among the nations." All the matter contained in them is not so irrelevant to the main subject in hand as might be inferred from their titles. They all have something to do with the depreciation of money; but they also contain a great deal of general disquisition, which might more pertinently find place in an essay on town and country life, the balance of power, or the morality of the people, than in a treatise of political economy. Mr. Lalor has looked into a good many books on economical science; but his acquaintance with them is about as thorough as his knowledge of the theories of Comte and Hegel, which he discusses in a very summary and edifying manner. We think he fails to understand the leading conditions of the problem that he undertakes to investigate.

The title-page of Mr. Byles's volume informs us that it is written by a lawyer,—a fact that might have been adequately

learned from internal evidence alone; for he takes an *ex parte* view of an important subject, and reasons about it, often correctly indeed, but too much in the manner of a special pleader. The success of his book, attested by the fact that it passed through eight editions in less than three years, is probably attributable to its partisan character. It is written to serve the interests and defend the doctrines of the Protectionists, or the landed proprietors of England,—the party who have been so deeply aggrieved by the repeal of the Corn Laws. Because it is thought necessary to assail the general theorem of Free Trade in order to defend the Corn Laws, and because the English economists, almost without exception, have been zealous opponents of the Protective system, Mr. Byles feels constrained to attack the whole system of "popular political economy." And he conducts the assault after the most approved manner of a legal advocate,—by taking up successively, and by isolation, thirty or forty leading principles or maxims of his opponents, and endeavoring to show that not one of them is impeccable; that flaws may be found in the reasoning on which most of them are based; that extreme cases may be stated in which hardly one will hold good; that nations have prospered while disregarding or acting in direct opposition to most of them; and that some of the propositions may be so construed as to appear meaningless or absurd. Now we agree with Mr. Byles in his general conclusion; and are firm believers in the merits of a Protective system when judiciously devised and applied, though we certainly do not admit the justice or the expediency of heavily taxing the bread of the people of England. But we must confess that the kind of reasoning which he employs appears to us wholly sophistical and unsound. Out of the range of the exact, demonstrative sciences, it would disprove anything. Take any one of the moral sciences, — ethics, the science of government, or the philosophy of mind; chop it up into fifty isolated propositions, some theoretical and some practical; and proceed to try each after the manner of a special pleader, by quibbling upon the language, picking flaws in the argument, stating extreme cases, and other similar devices. The ignorant might thus be led to scoff at the whole science;

but the convictions of the philosopher would remain unshaken. Mr. Byles's method is the very opposite of Mr. Morrison's. The latter reasons from a few prominent conclusions of the economists, as if they were absolute, unlimited truths, from which there was no appeal, and held good, not only in the abstract and in the long run, but in every particular instance to which they could be applied. The former finds that these conclusions are not thus universally and necessarily true, and do not admit of application in every case; and he therefore jumps to the conclusion that they are universally false, and rejects them altogether. Perhaps a brief examination of the nature of the science, and of the logic which is appropriate to the cultivation of it, may serve to reconcile, to some extent, these extreme opinions, and may also afford some fruitful conclusions respecting each of the important themes particularly considered by the three authors upon our list.

Political Economy, then, is a science of human nature, just as much so as morality, civil polity, jurisprudence, or psychology. It relates, not indeed to the individual man, as ethical science does to a considerable extent, but to men collected in society, and acting and competing with each other in the pursuit of wealth. It is not a science merely of the production of *wealth;* for if there were but one man in the world, though by the labor of his hands he might surround himself with the comforts, and even the luxuries, of life, and might thus be properly accounted *wealthy*, no such science as Political Economy would be conceivable. He would estimate the things around him in proportion to their *absolute utility*, or their fitness to satisfy his wants and desires,—not in proportion to their *value*, as that term is considered by the economists. Value consists in the estimation of men, and is therefore, in great part, arbitrary or conventional. A bushel of grain is more *useful* than the Pitt diamond; but the diamond is more *valuable* than many bushels of grain, as it may be exchanged for many. Value is founded on exchangeableness, and therefore requires the existence of two or more persons. Political Economy is a generalization of the motives, habits, and dispositions of men, so far as these are manifested in the pursuit of wealth. We may accept, for the moment, a provisional definition by

Mr. Mill, and say that it is "the science relating to the moral or psychological laws of the production and distribution of wealth." The moral or psychological laws, we say; not the material or mechanical. The process by which crude iron ore is manufactured into table-cutlery, for instance, though it is a production of wealth, does not concern us here; this is the business of the metallurgist, the smith, the artisan. The economist looks only to the estimate which men form of the comparative value of iron ore and finished cutlery, as manifested by the proportions in which they are willing to exchange them for each other. The definition is further limited by remarking, that not *all* moral or psychological laws here require to be noticed, but only such as concern the creation and exchange of values. It is a law of human nature, for instance, that men prefer freedom to constraint, even when the latter is exercised with a beneficent purpose, and tends to promote the well-being of those who are under its influence. This is a fact to be considered in the science of government, not in that of Political Economy, except indeed it could be shown to have some bearing upon the production of wealth. It does not in itself form an argument for the freedom of trade, unless it were manifest that, in consequence of restriction, the energies of commerce would be paralyzed or the arm of labor unnerved.

Now there are two views of human nature, both of which are prejudicial to the successful cultivation of this science. The one is the hypothesis of the necessarian or the fatalist, who regards all men as irresistibly led by certain motives towards the accomplishment of particular ends, no matter how the result may be obscured by the interference or consentaneous action of other purposes. The mode of reasoning here is geometrical and deductive. The law is not discovered from the phenomena, but is first established by *a priori* reasoning, and then the phenomena must be analyzed, and tortured, and explained away, so as to conform to the expected results of the principle. This was the error of Mr. Ricardo and his followers, who have endeavored to raise Political Economy almost to the rank of an exact science. No matter how discordant the facts might appear with the theory. Their

whole ingenuity is shown, not in qualifying the principle, or limiting the application of it, but in laboring to bring the phenomena into conformity with it; that is, in explaining them away. Thus it is assumed that men compete with one another in the pursuit of wealth, and that the effect of such competition is to bring prices, wages, and profits to a level. This reasoning is asserted to hold true universally, because it is taken for granted that competition is universal. But in fact, as Mr. Mill has well observed, competition is not a general regulator, for its effects are often modified and controlled by custom,—either the customs of the place or the customs of the particular trade. The relations of landlord and tenant, and of domestic servants and their employers, in most countries of the Old World, scarcely ever feel the influence of competition, but are regulated by habit that has become prescription. Booksellers and publishers have a mutual understanding as to the prices of their commodities, and easily enforce their trade-rules against an intruding or dissentient member of the craft. "All professional remuneration," says Mr. Mill, "is regulated by custom. The fees of physicians, surgeons, and barristers, the charges of attorneys, are nearly invariable." Yet unlimited competition is the primary and most general assumption of the whole science; it is to Political Economy what both the main-spring and hair-spring are to a watch,—at once *primum mobile* and regulator.

Just the opposite error is committed by reasoners like Mr. Byles, who are so impressed with a view of the complex and infinitely diversified aspect of human nature, even when limited to one occupation, the pursuit of wealth, that they are led to deny that it has any groundwork of uniformity, or any unity of plan. They scoff at general principles, and pretend only to try results and analyze facts. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, is their favorite logical maxim. They reason like those sceptics in morals, who, on the ground of certain diversities in men's moral judgments,—because the Spartans taught their children to steal, and Indians expose their aged parents to die, and Hindoo mothers throw their infants into the Ganges,—not only deny that there is any moral nature in man, but attempt to resolve common honesty, filial piety,

and maternal love into fear and selfishness. The parallel, indeed, is a very close one. In morals as well as in economics, the minor or subsidiary principles of human nature often modify, and still oftener obscure the working of the great general laws which direct the actions of men in the aggregate. But more or less modified, partially obscured or entirely hidden in its effects, the general law is still there, and in the long run will betray itself to common observation. The fee of the lawyer for his professional services may be determined by prescription; but the gradual effect of competition upon the average earnings of members of the bar is still visible, and will have a decisive influence upon the willingness of young men to enter the profession.

Another illustration may be taken, which brings us home again to our main subject. One of the most noted and general maxims of Political Economy, and one which specially excites the ire of Mr. Byles and other unscientific advocates of a protective policy, is the *laissez faire*, or *let-alone* principle. Mr. Byles actually construes it to mean "let *everything* alone"; do not legislate, do not labor, do not govern, but rest with folded arms, and allow the world to take care of itself. So understood, he finds it very easy to overthrow the maxim. He points to the wonders accomplished by human industry, in rescuing Holland from the ocean, and irrigating Egypt from the Nile; and to the fact that, without governments, and laws, and penal sanctions, neither liberty, nor property, nor life would be secure; and then asks, scornfully, "What triumphs has the *let-alone* system to show since the world began?" The Political Economist may well answer, that the fundamental and initiative principle of his science, that "all wealth is created by labor," is enough to prove that Mr. Byles grossly misunderstands the maxim that he controverts. The rule is expressly directed against the officious interference of government with the fiscal concerns and industrial habits of society. Like other prudential maxims, it has its exceptions and limitations; but it is more extensive in its scope, and more beneficent in its operation, than most others, and when rightly understood, it points to a great truth in natural theology as well as in political economy. This truth may be

expressed in a slight paraphrase of the language of Holy Writ, that "God has appointed the wickedness of man to praise him, and the remainder of wrath he will restrain." What may be called the economical laws of human nature, in their general effects upon the well-being of society, manifest the contrivance, wisdom, and beneficence of the Deity just as clearly as do the marvellous arrangements of the material universe, or the natural means provided for the enforcement of the moral law and the punishment of crime. The lowest and most corrupting passions of mankind, cupidity, avarice, and selfishness, while they bring their own penalty upon the individual who indulges them, are still overruled for good in their operation upon the interests of society; — nay, they are made the most efficient means of guarding it from harm and advancing its welfare. Consider the manner in which the inhabitants of a great metropolis are supplied with food and all other necessaries of life, without wastefulness and yet without stint, each family receiving every day just what it wants, and as much as it wants, and being admonished through the price to limit or economize its consumption of any one article, whenever a failure in the harvest or other mode of supply, or even the prospect of such failure, renders such economy essential, — all this being accomplished without any general organization of a commissariat department, but through the uncombined efforts of thousands of dealers, each one of them regarding only his own good, and not the general good of the community, and each one acting, not in intentional concert with his fellows, but in open and often hostile rivalry with them; — consider this, we say, and point to any social machine contrived by man, or to any beneficent device of human government, which performs so difficult a task at once so faithfully, so accurately, and so incessantly as this is performed by an agency which even the most sceptical mind must pronounce divine. This is but one instance to illustrate the universal working of that law of the Creator and Governor of the world, which everywhere compels the cupidity and selfishness of individuals to contribute to the general good. In the vast round of employments in civilized society, there is not one in which a person can profitably exert himself, without at the same time profiting the

community in which he lives, and lending aid to thousands of human beings whom he never sees. We are all servants of one another without wishing it, and even without knowing it; we are all co-operating with one another as busily and effectively as the bees in a hive, and most of us with as little perception as the bees have of the fact, that each individual effort is essential to the common defence and general prosperity.

It is the business of the political economist to study the operation of this delicate and divinely constituted machine; and he soon finds, by a large induction of cases, that human governments cannot interfere with it without doing more harm than good. When they attempt to limit competition, to establish a maximum of price, to pass sumptuary laws, to keep specie in the country, to sanction monopolies or grant privileges to guilds of trade, discouragement, impediments to industry, and paralysis of trade are sure to follow. *Laissez faire;* let these things alone. Limit your endeavors, at any rate, to a removal of those impediments which accident, prescription, the rivalry of other governments, or peculiar physical disadvantages, have thrown in the way of that general freedom of commercial and industrial enterprise which seems to be a law of the moral universe. Political considerations or government necessities may create an interference in one quarter which needs to be balanced by some action in another. The necessary exceptions to the maxim will be found, when carefully examined, to confirm its spirit and principle. All duties on imports, and even all internal taxes, are a departure from the rule, but a necessary departure, for the sake of a greater good, — the support of the institutions of government. When the number and amount of these imposts are considerable, it may often be necessary to direct some of them with a primary view, not to revenue, but to protection, in order to counterbalance a burden which the others have laid upon domestic industry. In such a case, the object would evidently be, not to destroy, but to restore, the equilibrium of the original system of nature and Providence.

As Protectionists, then, we find no reason to controvert, as Mr. Byles does, the *laissez-faire* maxim; and our interpreta-

tion of it does not admit a larger measure of government interference than is avowedly sanctioned by some of the most strenuous advocates of universal Free Trade. We have neither space nor inclination at present to enter at large into the argument in favor of nursing the infant manufactures of this country by a system of discriminating duties. The question, indeed, is gradually losing its importance, through the force of circumstances that we may notice hereafter. And were it otherwise, we should have little to add to the general reasoning upon this subject which has been stated in previous numbers of this journal. The propriety of opening at home a sphere for the exercise of all kinds of talent and ingenuity, is at least as evident as the good policy of developing all the natural resources of the country. It is as wasteful, to say the least, to allow mechanical skill and inventive genius to remain unemployed, as it would be to permit water-power to run without turning mills, or mineral wealth to continue in the ore, or forests to wave where cotton and grain might grow luxuriously. If the rude tasks of agriculture are to form the principal employment of our people, the higher remuneration of skilled labor in the arts must be sacrificed; and this would be as bad economy as to turn our richest soils into sheep-pastures, or to feed cattle upon the finest wheat. If education and the arts, and all the higher means of refinement and civilization, can flourish and abound only in cities and large towns, which are at the same time the great agents and tokens of the increase of national opulence, then the dispersion of the people over the whole face of the territory in the isolated pursuits of agriculture, the great majority of them being doomed to work which would not tax the mental resources of a Russian serf or a Fejee-Islander, must be fatal not only to the growth of wealth, but to many of the higher interests of humanity. The hardships and privations of a life in the backwoods are a fearful drawback upon that bounty which confers as a free gift a homestead farm with a soil that reproduces the seed a hundred-fold. Turning to the more strictly commercial aspect of the question, it has been shown, by the admission of the leading English economists themselves, that every increase in our imports obliges us to sell our exports at

a lower price in the foreign market, so that it is for the interest of the agriculturists themselves to pay somewhat more for domestic goods, instead of purchasing similar goods abroad, as by so doing they receive more for the flour, cotton, and tobacco which are sent out of the country. As commodities must ultimately be paid for by commodities alone, if we sold nothing but cotton to England, and received nothing but linen in return, then, the fewer yards of linen we called for, the higher price we should obtain for the cotton which must be its equivalent. At present, we receive so much merchandise from Europe, that we are obliged to offer in exchange our own commodities at the lowest possible price, in order to enable and induce foreigners to take enough of them to balance our enormous imports.

This is but a brief summary of the arguments which we have offered on former occasions to justify a Protective system; and so far as can be seen, they are in perfect accordance with the strictest principles of Political Economy, even as that science is expounded by English writers. We will make but one addition to them at present, and this chiefly for the purpose of illustrating the general remark with which we began, that the data of this science are principles of human nature, which are of various degrees of generality; and in reasoning even from those of them which are of the widest scope, inquiry must be made whether their application be not modified in any particular case by some other principle, less obvious indeed, but still a fact in human nature, and one which must be taken into view if the results are to be correctly anticipated. Certainly it is a general truth, as safe to reason from as any other, that "men fear death, as children fear to go in the dark"; and yet it is so far from being universally true, as Lord Bacon remarks, "that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak, but it sometimes mates and masters the fear of death." *Mori velle, non tantùm fortis, aut miser, sed etiam fastidiosus potest.*

It is safe to assume generally, that low prices, so far as they arise from lessening the cost of production, are an advantage both to consumers and producers; to the former, as it enables them to obtain commodities at less expense and in greater

abundance; to the latter, as the increased sales more than compensate for the diminished price of each article. The general effect of cheapening commodities is to bring them within the reach of a larger circle of consumers, and thus to satisfy the wants and contribute to the comfort of a greater number of families. Buy in the cheapest markets, then, say the Free-Traders; and whatever saving is in this way effected will be a positive addition to the wealth of the community.

No one can doubt that this reasoning, *in general*, is correct; but a very important exception must be considered, depending on the fact that, through the rivalry of individuals in the display of wealth, some articles are prized only on account of their high cost. Cheapen them, and no advantage will follow; for the consumption of them will then be abandoned by this class of persons, who will immediately seek out other and more costly articles, with which to gratify their love of ostentation. If equally serviceable articles, of intrinsically higher cost, cannot easily be found, the aid of that capricious goddess, Fashion, will be called in, to create a factitious enhancement of the price of certain commodities. When cheap, these commodities were neglected; when they have become scarce and high in price, so that the possession of them is a token at once of taste and of wealth, they are eagerly sought after, and persons even of moderate means will submit to considerable sacrifices in order to obtain them. But such conduct evinces weakness and folly, it will be said. No matter; as nearly all who are not steeped in poverty to the lips are silly enough to act in this manner, we must accept the facts as depending on an ineradicable principle in human nature, and frame our theories accordingly. The rage for old-fashioned furniture which prevailed a few years ago, and caused enormous prices to be given for straight-backed chairs, claw-footed tables, and quaint old sets of drawers, which had been condemned as useless lumber a century ago, is but one instance out of a thousand that illustrate this folly.

We are old enough (*Eheu, fugaces anni!*) to remember one amusing example of the strength and universality of this feeling. More than a quarter of a century ago, a new kind of material was introduced for ladies' bonnets. In fact it was

only stamped pasteboard, but it bore the appearance of braided straw of exquisite fineness and whiteness. A shape or model for the bonnet being selected, which was as novel and becoming as the material was light and tasteful, and, to crown all, a name being chosen which was then as popular as that of Kossuth has been since, the new style became all the rage, as the *Lafayette hat.* Enormous prices were paid for them by some who had pretty faces to put under them, and by some who had not. The fashion was thus confined to a very few, and only here and there a growling economist was heard to lament that the bonnets were not so cheap as they were convenient and tasteful. But the cost of the material being in fact very small, the competition of sellers soon made them cheap. Before the end of the season, one for which thirty dollars had been demanded could be had for two or three dollars. The next year, the price fell to fifty cents, and none were worn except by Irish servants, all of whom abandoned the fashion, however, before the end of the season, as being too cheap and vulgar; and we have not seen a Lafayette hat since.

Obviously, then, there is no advantage in cheapening luxuries, or diminishing the cost of articles which are used only for purposes of ostentation and display. They are sought after only *because* they are expensive. Render them very cheap, and they will go out of use altogether. If pearls were as common as oysters, pearl bracelets and brooches would never be manufactured. If the fall in price be less considerable than this, the only effect will be to extend the consumption of articles of luxury, and consequently to cause a greater amount of labor to be devoted to the production of them, and a less amount of labor to the production of necessaries. If silks are so high in price that fine cottons content the love of display, the additional amount of labor required for the production of silks is saved. A higher-priced cotton gratifies the spirit of ostentation, — of rivalry, — of showing one's self as well off as one's neighbors, — just as effectually as a cheap silk. In fact, then, taxes upon this class of luxuries *cost the community nothing;* they form an absolute saving. Even if the finest American cottons were fifty per cent. dearer than

English goods of the same quality, a duty of fifty per cent. on the imported commodity would be no tax upon the consumer. *With the duty*, he would buy the American or the English article at $1.50 a yard, and it would answer all his purposes, — would fully gratify his love of ostentation. *Without the duty*, despising the cheaper article, he would purchase an English or French silk at $1.50 a yard, and would be no better off than in the other case; while the government would lose the whole proceeds of the duty, the American manufacturer would be bankrupted, and American workmen thrown out of employment, and compelled to turn agriculturists, so as, by their competition, to reduce the price (already too low) of the grain and butchers' meat which we send abroad.

Here, then, is an exception to a rule presumed to be universal by most economists, that in making purchases of goods, other things being equal, consumers have regard only to lowness of price, and will always buy what they can buy cheapest. If the pursuit of wealth, or, what is the same thing, the desire to make savings, were always the ruling motive, the principle would hold. But it is not so; in many instances, the ruling motive is, notoriously, not the love of gain, but the love of display; and whenever this is the case, the only strong argument against a protective tariff, that it temporarily enhances the prices of commodities, ceases to have any weight whatever. And the cases are neither few nor unimportant in which the rule is thus inverted. Most of the finer manufactures of cotton, wool, and silk, nearly all the fancy articles which become objects of desire because they are fashionable, fine cutlery, and expensive pieces of furniture, belong to this class; and these are the very commodities which, in our country, most need the aid of a protective tariff.

We are no advocates of sumptuary laws; but, taxation itself being essential to the support of government, such an apportionment of the indirect taxes among various commodities as will discourage idle, wasteful, and luxurious consumption, is clearly expedient and just. The aggregate amount expended all over the country for any article of luxury is increased by diminution of its price, and lessened by augmentation of that price. Double the number of diamonds, the

price would fall one half, and people would purchase more than twice as many of them. There would then be no real saving to the community, but a positive loss; for the aggregate expenditure of the country in diamonds would be increased by the whole amount bought by those who should be more than enough to make up twice the former number of purchasers. On the other hand, double the price, and there would be less than half the former number of purchasers, and consequently a real saving to the community. If, then, we make the more costly manufactures for ourselves, instead of obtaining them from abroad, their price will be somewhat enhanced, there will be a smaller aggregate expenditure upon them, the purposes of luxury and ostentation will be equally well answered, and the prices obtained in foreign markets for our exports will be increased by the diminution of our imports, and to the full extent of that diminution. Silks, very fine cottons and woollens, expensive cutlery, articles of *virtu* and *bijouterie*, and the like, are necessarily consumed unproductively; we gain nothing, we even lose, by cheapening them. If the wages of labor can be kept up by raising the prices of such articles, we gain all round.

Here, again, so far from controverting the scientific principles of Political Economy in order to find arguments for Protection, we are but carrying out to their legitimate consequences certain admissions which are made by the most distinguished advocates of Free Trade. Witness the following brief extracts from the elaborate work of Mr. J. S. Mill.

"When a thing is bought, not for its use, but for its costliness, cheapness is no recommendation. As Sismondi remarks, the consequence of cheapening articles of vanity is, not that less is expended on such things, but that the buyers substitute for the cheapened article some other which is more costly, or a more elaborate quality of the same thing; and as the inferior quality answered the purpose of vanity equally well when it was equally expensive, a tax on the article would really be paid by nobody; it would be a creation of public revenue, by which nobody would lose." — Mill's *Political Economy*, Vol. II. p. 442.

"In what manner the finer articles of manufacture, consumed by the rich, might most advantageously be taxed, I must leave to be decided by those who have the requisite practical knowledge. The difficulty

would be, to effect it without an inadmissible degree of interference with production. In countries which, like the United States, import the principal part of the finer manufactures which they consume, there is little difficulty in the matter; and even where nothing is imported but the raw material, that may be taxed, especially the qualities of it which are exclusively employed for the fabrics used by the richer class of consumers. Thus, in England, a high custom duty on raw silk would be consistent with principle; and it might perhaps be practicable to tax the finer qualities of cotton or linen yarn, whether spun in the country itself or imported." — *Ibid.* p. 446.

Abstract deductions from assumed principles, in the moral sciences, need to be verified by frequent reference to facts, or the conclusions will be wholly untrustworthy. It is the peculiar vice of the dogmatic school of English economists, that they have had so much confidence in the principles on which their reasoning is based, and in the correctness of the reasoning itself, that they have *assumed* the facts to be in accordance with the theory, and have thus spared themselves the labor of examination and analysis. Mr. McCulloch's theory of the effects of absenteeism is a striking instance of boldness in rejecting the results of experience, on the ground that they could not be reconciled with the results of reasoning, which he deemed to be demonstrative. The advocates of Free Trade as an abstract doctrine have invented facts to correspond with their principles; and the most satisfactory portion of Mr. Byles's work is that in which he exposes the unfounded character of their assumptions.

But in relation at least to England and this country, the question between Protection and Free Trade, as we have intimated, is rapidly losing its interest. The problem is working out itself, in connection with the other and darker problem respecting the social condition of the English and Irish people, — working out itself under those beneficent laws of Providence in economical concerns, which, when human wisdom is entirely at fault, so often unexpectedly educe good from evil, as if to confound the folly and short-sightedness of man. The discovery of immense deposits of gold in California and Australia, the consequent impulse given to emigration from the British isles, following so quickly upon the antece-

dent impulse produced by the Irish famine of 1847, the great drain of the laboring classes from England and Ireland, the unparalleled accession to these classes in the United States, and the consequent equalization of wages between the two countries, which is, or must soon be, the result of these events, — these are causes which evidently tend to relieve the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence, in the one case, and to enable the manufacturers, through the diminution of wages, to do without Protection, in the other, in a manner and to an extent which the English economists have hardly dreamed of. There is something in the rapidity with which these events have taken place, in their unprecedented character, and in their immediate tendency to remove great social evils which had become irremediable by man, — something which evinces the direct agency of an infinitely wise and benevolent Governor of the universe so plainly as to force conviction even upon unthinking and sceptical minds. The laboring classes of the English and Irish people, whose pitiable condition has been the object of so much sterile theorizing, though most writers upon it had come to the sad conclusion that it was hopeless, now actually appear to be dictating their own terms to their employers. It matters little that, in some of their combinations and strikes for this purpose, they have for the moment been unsuccessful. Emigration has already produced so much effect in thinning the once crowded labor-market, that their wages are steadily rising without any concerted action on their part, and the strife may terminate in a nominal victory of the capitalists, while, before many months elapse, the object of the contest on the part of the operatives may be quietly conceded to them. If Mr. Morrison intended to speculate only upon the old problem, his book comes too late; if he meant to dissuade the working classes from using all the means which Providence has placed in their hands for improving their own condition, its effect will be nugatory.

During the last five years (1849–1853) the emigration from the United Kingdom has exceeded 1,600,000, or an average of 320,000 a year. The excess of births over deaths in England and Wales, in 1852, was 216,233; add-

ing a large estimate for the corresponding excess in Scotland and Ireland, the total does not rise above 280,000. It appears, then, that the population of Great Britain and Ireland is not merely stationary; it has actually been retrograding for the last five years, at the rate of 40,000 a year. In the year of largest emigration, 1852, the loss by death and emigration exceeded the births by more than 100,000. And this is not the whole story; the emigrating class is composed for the most part of the young and of those in the prime of life, — the healthiest and most energetic portion of the male population, on whom the increase of numbers chiefly depends. Females, the old and infirm, and children, are most apt to stay at home.

It might be supposed that the emigration would gradually be lessened, as the fever of excitement attending the discovery of the gold-bearing regions is diminished, and the condition of the people at home is ameliorated by the departure of their kindred and their competitors for employment. Some effect in this way will doubtless be produced; but a strong counteracting cause is found to operate. So many of English and Irish birth are now established in the United States and the British Colonies, that the ties of kindred and affection, and the report of the success of the exiles in obtaining high wages and amassing property, induce many others to join them, who, without such additional motives, would be disposed to remain in the land of their birth. More than all, the large remittances made by the prosperous emigrants, amounting in one year to five millions of dollars, to assist the emigration of their friends, enable many to go forth whose poverty would otherwise keep them at home. It seems hardly too much to anticipate, therefore, that the census of 1861 will show the population of the United Kingdom to be less than it was ten years before. We say nothing of temporary, and what may be deemed accidental causes; though the present expensive, and thus far not remarkably successful war, through the loss of life by the hardships and diseases of the camp, if not on the battle-field, and through the stoppage of some branches of trade which it occasions, must be no inconsiderable check upon the increase of population.

Wages depend, as Mr. Morrison and his teachers are fond of remarking, upon the ratio of population to capital and employment. They must rise, then, as the numbers of the people diminish, though trade and manufactures should only, to use an expressive phrase, "hold their own"; and they must rise still more rapidly, if, at the same time, trade and manufactures should be remarkably prosperous, and the demand for operatives become greater than ever. The influx of gold, together with the depreciation of money which it causes, operates in a twofold manner to improve the condition of the working classes in England. It lessens their number by the inducement to emigration which it holds out, and, by stimulating all forms of industry and enterprise, it quickens the demand for labor, and causes wages to rise even in a higher ratio than the prices of commodities. We remarked on a former occasion, that it was the depreciation of the currency, produced by the Bank of England suspending specie payments, which carried Great Britain triumphantly through the wars of the French Revolution, — "which enhanced rents and profits, gave unprecedented activity to manufactures and commerce, kept the laboring population employed, and therefore quiet, enabled the government to raise enormous loans without difficulty, and made the people bear, with ease and cheerfulness, an amount of taxation which they can now hardly contemplate without shuddering." The depreciation of the currency caused by the discoveries in California and Australia is now producing similar results on a vastly larger scale. To take but one instance out of a thousand, look at the present state of the iron trade both in England and this country. The prices of crude and manufactured iron have more than doubled during the last two or three years, owing to the enlarged demand for the article and the increased wages of the workmen. In spite of many drawbacks, caused by the fever of speculation which such prosperity induces, commerce and manufactures, generally, and all the world over, were never more flourishing than at the present time.

These marvellous changes have already modified to a considerable extent the opinions of the English doctors of Politi-

cal Economy. In the first edition (1848) of his great work, Mr. J. S. Mill remarks: "To the case of Ireland, in her present crisis of transition, colonization, as the exclusive remedy, is, I conceive, unsuitable; the Irish are nearly the worst adapted people in Europe for settlers in the wilderness." In the third edition (1852), the Irish having meanwhile emigrated to an extent unparalleled in history, and the miseries of their native land having been proportionably diminished, this remark, with all the reasons adduced in its support, is quietly omitted. The disciples of Malthus, also, have had an opportunity to review their favorite doctrine, that the *increase* of the laboring population is the greatest evil which England has to dread. It is the *decrease* of that population which now excites their fears; the apprehension was openly expressed two years ago, "that we shall soon feel the need — if the need is not felt already — of those artisans and laborers whom we are using unnecessary efforts to send from our shores." The London *Times* comforts the capitalists, however, by the assurance, that, "in case of need for labor, whether agricultural or manufacturing, here, we may count on ready supplies from Denmark, Belgium, Germany, and Normandy." Emigration from the Continent into England! Even the Quarterly Review exclaims, "What a pity it is Malthus is gone!"

In the increase of the wages of English operatives, and in the consequent enhancement of the prices of English commodities, American manufacturers have found that protection which they have so long asked in vain from their own government. Not only the iron trade, the ruinous depression of which, under the tariff of 1846, we chronicled less than two years ago, is now more extensive and flourishing than ever. Other manufactures are recovering from a similar state of prostration, and are even competing with British goods in foreign markets, thus showing that the cost of production is at last finding a level between the two countries, owing to the equalization of wages in them. True, wages have not absolutely fallen with us, the depreciation of the currency and the great extension of commercial enterprise having caused them nominally to advance. But their rise has been by no

means so sudden or so marked as in England. Ship-loads of trained operatives are now imported every month from Liverpool and Glasgow, the agents of our manufacturers being sent out for the express purpose of engaging them to remove to America.* A vague impression already exists among the working classes in this country, that their condition, if not absolutely deteriorating, is by no means so prosperous as it would be but for the prodigious influx of foreign laborers. Hence the attempts to resuscitate the "Native American party" by a secret organization, ostensibly directed towards a change of the naturalization laws and against the influence of the Pope. We fear nothing from the political or sectarian machinations of these immigrants; and did no other danger threaten us from this source, a great combination, now extending to every corner of the land, would never have been organized against them. But their coming directly tends to lessen the gains of our operatives, and must eventually establish the same standard of wages on both sides of the Atlantic. Those who would be injuriously affected by this result should seek to avert it, not by attempting to exclude foreigners from political office, or by raising an outcry against them as adherents of an idolatrous church, but by advocating a return to the "American policy" of fostering native industry by laying high duties on foreign importations.

Mr. Lalor apprehends that the effect of the augmentation of gold and the depreciation of the currency will not be beneficial, as we have hitherto supposed, but that it presents "an interminable vista of confusion, uncertainty, and suffering," which threaten the security of the whole social fabric. These evils he considers as the necessary consequence of a vast extension of the "money-capital" of England, which is already redundant in amount, and any large increase of which, he thinks, must lead to the wildest and most disas-

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* We copy the following from the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of August 15, 1854, as an indication of the extent to which this business of importing trained operatives is now carried on: —

"Notice to Manufacturers. — The undersigned will contract to bring factory operatives from Glasgow and Manchester, by their Liverpool packets, to Boston.

"Enoch Train & Co., 37 and 38 Lewis Wharf."

trous speculations. We do not share his alarms, and think that the error of the reasoning which leads to them can easily be exposed.

What Mr. Lalor calls "money-capital" is not gold and silver coin and bullion exclusively, nor even the whole currency, specie and paper, of which such coin is only the basis; but it is the vastly larger amount of floating capital which supplies the loan-market, seeking investment. It is the aggregate "purchasing power" of the community, which forms the basis of all commercial and industrial calculations, and immensely exceeds the aggregate of coin and bank-bills, because the same specific sum of coin, or bank-bills, or both, may be used to effect half a dozen payments in the same day; and the *purchases* made on credit, in any one day, may as much exceed the aggregate of *payments* on that day, as the total payments exceed the specific coin or bills with which they are effected. The magic power of credit swells "the purchasing power" of any highly commercial community to an incalculable extent. Whenever a capitalist, or the holder of actual property in a material shape, parts with it for the purpose, not of consumption, but of investment, he receives in exchange "a purchasing power," which he can *reserve*, and exercise at any future time at his own discretion. He deposits this sum for a time in a bank, where it will be available to him, at any time, as a bank credit. Many persons having such credits, payments may at any time be effected by a mere transfer of them on the bank-books. The bank, finding an average of such credits always remaining with it, can lend out the specie and bank-bills which were the original foundation of them, and still pay any of its depositors who call for payment, from the fresh sums brought in by other depositors, or by an entry on its books. The bank can even go further; it can lend a certain amount of its own bills to a merchant who has made no deposit with it, trusting that such loan will be repaid before the bills with which it was effected come back upon the bank for payment. The merchant receiving such a loan can employ a portion of it in making payments, and allow the remaining portion to lie on deposit in the bank; and on the strength of *these* deposits — wholly

fictitious in character, be it observed — the bank may proceed to make fresh loans. Thus, on a very narrow basis, rises, story above story, a tall fabric of credit, till its top pierces the clouds. The security of the structure is in inverse proportion to its height. If public confidence be shaken, a general desire to *realize* property, as it is termed, or to convert mere evidences of debt into coin or other actual possessions, ensues, and then a failure of the architecture in any part causes the whole edifice to topple into ruin.

In a highly prosperous commercial community, like the English, the savings from income which form yearly accessions to capital are already excessive. They are estimated by some writers as high as fifty millions of pounds sterling *per annum*. A large portion of such savings are made by persons not in active business, who, having no employment of their own for such additional capital, wish only to invest it, or to lend it to others. Thus the loan-market becomes overstocked, the rate of interest falls, and rather than accept as little as two per cent. in safe investments, lenders are tempted by the offer of higher rates to expose their capital to great risks. Thus comes on a period of expansion and of all sorts of wild speculation, sure to be followed by failures, loss of confidence, and general agitation and distress. The state of trade, says Lord Overstone (formerly Mr. Jones Loyd), "revolves apparently in an established cycle. First we find it in a state of quiescence — next improvement — growing confidence — prosperity — excitement — over-trading — convulsion — pressure — stagnation — distress — ending again in quiescence."

Mr. Lalor augurs evil from the present immense influx of gold, because, he argues, "only a small fractional proportion of that amount of new gold will be drawn into the currency," and the remainder will be new money-capital, thus enlarging the stock of it, which is already too great, and augmenting tenfold the tendency to rash speculations, and the consequent liability to reaction, commercial convulsions, and distress. The remedy which he proposes is, that government should increase the weight of taxation, so as to lessen the power of making savings from income, and should employ the surplus thus brought into the public treasury in making permanent loans to

encourage agriculture, colonization, and emigration, — such loans having an effect to convert capital into income, while the new gold tends only to augment capital. In other words, he would thus change floating into fixed capital, it being the augmentation of the former only which increases the fever of speculation and menaces commerce with a constant succession of convulsions and disasters.

Even if we agreed with Mr. Lalor as to the nature of the evil to be apprehended, we should hesitate about adopting as remedies a great increase of taxation, and the conversion of the public funds into long loans to individuals. But the evil of a too rapid growth of capital, and the government coming in to dissipate it, by lending it to persons who will employ it in the drainage of land, or in ferrying away additional ship-loads of emigrants from the English shores, are alike chimerical. The new gold would form but an insignificant accession, at any rate, to the money-capital of England. The yearly savings from income in that country, as has been mentioned, have been estimated at fifty millions sterling; the new gold amounts only to twenty or thirty millions a year, which is to be distributed over the whole world, England receiving only her proportional share of it. Moreover, as habits of luxury and expense increase with every accession to capital, it would be only the savings from this fractional part of twenty-five millions a year which would form a permanent addition to capital. But further, we directly deny Mr. Lalor's fundamental proposition, that only a small fractional part of the new gold will be drawn into the currency. Except an insignificant portion retained for consumption in the form of trinkets, plate, and other manufactures of gold, *the whole* will go into the currency, not being available in any other way. Practically, we know that nine tenths either goes to the mint as soon as it is washed out of the earth, or is cast into stamped bars which perform all the purposes of coin. And this addition to the currency being only a nominal addition, — *two* millions of dollars, for instance, performing just the same functions that *one* million did before, — the increase of the actual wealth, or capital, of the whole world must be very trifling. The addition being nominal, moreover, its great

extent forms no cause for apprehension. True, the increase of gold, affecting the specie basis on which all monetary systems rest, will affect successively, and in the same ratio, bank-bills, bank-credits, bills of exchange, and all other substitutes for money, which form the successive strata of the whole system. Mercantile transactions will then be represented in larger denominations of money; men will talk of millions, where they now talk of thousands; and this change of phraseology, except for the holders of obligations to pay which have a long time to mature, will be the whole extent of the evil. Mr. Lalor seems to think that there may be such a thing as the depreciation *of capital*, apart from the depreciation *of money*, and proceeding from "a general glut" of production, and consequently of wealth. He thus evinces a general confusion of ideas upon the subject, which he can unravel only by analyzing his notion of wealth, and seeing whether it is possible that there should be too much of it in the community.

But we must break off the discussion of a subject which would as easily transcend the limits of a volume as of an article. Though we have spoken freely of the errors of the three works under review, we can safely commend all of them, as written with ability and in a good spirit, and as throwing more or less light upon three great questions which, at the present day, much exceed in importance and interest all other problems in economical science.

Art. XII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *A Popular Account of the Ancient Egyptians.* Revised and abridged from his larger Work. By Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, D. C. L., F. R. S. Illustrated with five hundred wood-cuts. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1854. 2 vols. 24mo. pp. 419, 436.

The "larger work," too costly for general circulation, did more than all other English books toward erecting *Egyptology* into a distinct department of knowledge, and bringing into use its contributions to

numerous branches of art and science. Yet more, it not only gave us archæological facts, but so combined and vitalized the results of the author's inquiries as to reproduce to the fancy the men and manners of ancient Egypt. The work now before us is a careful condensation of the former, with some important additions, which bring down the history of discovery to the year 1853.

This work has suggested to us a course of argument which may be of no insignificant weight in the question concerning the Mosaic origin of the Pentateuch. The neological hypothesis on this point is, that the "book of the law" found in the temple by Hilkiah, in the reign of Josiah, was a brief compend, of doubtful antiquity, and only the nucleus which, between that time and the age of Ezra, grew by successive accretions into the Pentateuch. But in the book of Genesis, which, of the whole five, is alleged to savor the least of authorship by Moses, occurs the story of Joseph, — a narrative the scene of which is principally laid in Egypt. Now, if that story had been written by Hilkiah, or by Ezra, or by any intermediate or subsequent author, it is hardly possible that it should have been free from traits of Hebrew life, or should have been true to the condition of things in Egypt at a period of remote antiquity. If it bears not a trace of Levitical or post-Mosaic opinions or institutions, and if, in the Egyptian part, it is thoroughly Egyptian, the irresistible inference is, that it was not written at a late period of Hebrew history, that it was written by some person thoroughly conversant with Egypt, and that it was not improbably written by Moses, who fulfilled both those conditions. Our limits will permit us to specify but two of the very numerous lines of coincidence between this story and the records so recently disinterred.

One of these is the distinctively Egyptian character of the dreams of Pharaoh's butler and baker. The butler dreamed of pressing clusters of grapes into the king's cup. At or not far from this time fermented wine was under the sacerdotal ban; but the freshly expressed juice of the grape was a favorite article of luxury. The baker dreamed of carrying three white baskets of baked meats on his head. There are in the monuments recently explored numerous paintings of men carrying heavy burdens in this way; and Herodotus mentions, among the *singular* customs of Egypt, that "men bear burdens on their heads."

Our remaining example of coincidence relates to the settlement of Joseph's father and brethren in Goshen. Shepherds are spoken of as "an abomination to the Egyptians," and yet the shepherd Abraham had been hospitably received in Egypt, and had been on intimate terms with the king. Here is a discrepancy glaring enough to form the slender capital of a neological critic. But what says Egyptian history?

A race of invading shepherds, governed by shepherd-kings, had possession of Lower Egypt in the days of Abraham. They had been expelled from their last stronghold, just before the probably authentic date of Joseph's captivity; and thenceforth the Egyptians loathed the very name of a shepherd. In hundreds of pictorial representations, shepherds are painted as filthy and unshaven, deformed and ugly. Nay, they are not infrequently depicted on the soles of Egyptian sandals, as fit only to be trodden under foot. Moreover, the last rallying-place of the shepherd-kings and their adherents was on the eastern border of Egypt, and it is easy to show, from the geographical notices in Genesis, that Goshen was on that same eastern frontier. We thus can see how in the densely populated kingdom there may have been a vacant district ready for the occupancy of Jacob and his sons.

These are but specimens of a network of close coincidence that may be traced point by point, and in some details of exceeding minuteness. In view of these correspondences, we submit the question whether the story of Joseph could have been written by any man not thoroughly acquainted with Egypt, and whether, of all possible authors, Moses is not the only probable one. But if Moses wrote this story, there is no good reason to doubt that he was the author or compiler of the entire book of which it forms a prominent part. And if he wrote Genesis, there are still stronger internal marks of probability that he wrote the residue of the Pentateuch, the whole of which has been ascribed to him by universal Hebrew tradition, and by universal Jewish and Christian belief almost up to our own day.

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2. — *Twenty Years in the Philippines.* Translated from the French of PAUL P. DE LA GIRONIERE, Chevalier of the Order of the Legion of Honor. Revised and extended by the Author, expressly for this Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1854. 24mo. pp. 372.

THIS narrative contains so much that seems incredible, as to give peculiar appropriateness to the attestations to its truth, of which some are appended to it, and others have reached us from American eye-witnesses. It is full of wild adventures, romantic incidents, and mad exploits. It describes natural scenery and phenomena which have no parallel elsewhere, and races of men having as little in common with other savages as with civilized nations. It rivals Robinson Crusoe in interest, and is equally fitted with that masterpiece of fiction to inflame

the imagination of juvenile readers, and to make them discontented with a life stranded on the flats of civilization. The author shows himself a man of indomitable courage and perseverance, of noble and generous doing and daring, and of a refinement of taste and feeling which contracted no soil from coarse and vile surroundings.

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3. — *Gan-Eden: or Pictures of Cuba.* Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 236.

This book is well named. It is pictorial throughout, and the artist has won an enviable place among the word-painters of the day. Without formal narrative or elaborate description, he sheds over his readers the enchanting influences of that Eden of the Western world. His style, not studiously ornate, is rich with the spontaneous outcroppings of a fancy exuberant in beauty, and with the equally spontaneous affluence of high literary culture. His enthusiastic appreciation of all that nature has done for the fair island by no means makes him insensible to the human misdoings which have rendered it the abode of so much profligacy and wretchedness. His delineations of men and manners are often painfully lifelike, and indicate a moral nature as loyal to the true and the right, as his taste is to the grand and beautiful.

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4. — *Vindication of the Rights and Titles, Political and Territorial, of Alexander, Earl of Stirling and Dovan, and Lord Proprietor of Canada and Nova Scotia.* By John L. Hayes, Counsellor at Law. Washington. 1853. 8vo. pp. 52, 76.

Sir William Alexander, the philosopher and poet, the most brilliant man in the court of James VI. of Scotland, followed his king to London, and thenceforth renounced letters for politics. He was created a Scotch peer, with numerous titles, of which the "Earl of Stirling" is the most convenient for use, and received in 1621 a grant of Nova Scotia, with the title of Hereditary Lieutenant. This grant was confirmed by Charles I. on his accession to the throne, and three years afterward was augmented by the "charter of Canada, including fifty leagues of bounds on both sides of the river St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes." In addition to administrative powers almost without limit, he was authorized to appoint one hundred and fifty baronets, and nearly fifty of the present baronets in Great Britain actually hold their rank in virtue of patents granted by him. He devoted his entire fortune to

the colonization and defence of his domains; and when Nova Scotia fell into the hands of the French, he received a nominal grant of £10,000 sterling to indemnify him for his losses. This sum still remains unpaid. During the subsequent political troubles of the seventeenth century, the Stirling estates in Scotland passed into other hands, while the Transatlantic claims of the family were necessarily in abeyance during the French occupation of the American provinces. Shortly after the restoration of Canada and Nova Scotia to the British crown, the last male heir of the Stirling family died, leaving his rights by the Scottish law (confirmed by express provision in the royal charters) to the eldest female heir. She died unmarried, and her sister and legal heir married William Humphrys, and became the mother of Alexander, who now claims the titles of his illustrious ancestor, and demands, as his legal and equitable due, some consideration for the lapse of his territorial inheritance and the suspended debt due to his family. By the proper processes of law he established his title in the Scottish courts, and from 1825 to 1837 he voted as a peer of Scotland. He was recognized as Earl of Stirling at various times by the Lord Chancellor, the Chief Justices of the King's Bench and the Court of Common Pleas, and the Privy Council. It seems certain that his titular honors would have been left undisputed, had he not, in 1832, in a petition to the king, preferred his claim for the debt incurred by Charles I. to his ancestor, amounting, with interest, to £110,000. This claim was no doubt regarded as the precursor to still more formidable demands, and from that time the crown officers for Scotland commenced a series of hostile measures, designed to brand the claimant with ignominy as a fraudulent pretender. Their master-stroke was a prosecution for forgery. The principal charge related to signatures bearing date 1706, 1707, and 1712, appended to documents indorsed upon a map, known to have been first published in 1703, but the incriminated copy of which has the inscription, "Par Guillaume de l'Isle, *premier géographe du Roi*," a title which was not conferred upon De l'Isle by royal patent till 1718. This anachronism was the point chiefly relied upon for the prosecution. Experts pronounced the questioned signatures genuine. At the same time, it was shown to be at least highly probable that De l'Isle had assumed the title of First Geographer before it was formally conferred upon him. That he did so is now beyond dispute, for there exists in this country a full collection of his original maps, on no less than thirteen of which, published between 1703 and 1718, the title "Premier Géographe" is inscribed. The jury acquitted Lord Stirling, notwithstanding the strongest efforts of the court and the officers of state to insure his conviction; and the

verdict was received by the people of Edinburgh with so strong demonstrations of enthusiasm, that he escaped with difficulty from being made the hero of a triumphal procession and a popular ovation.

The domains granted to the first Earl of Stirling included, in addition to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and Canada, a considerable portion of Maine, Michigan, and Wisconsin, together with a strip of land reaching from the head-waters of Lake Superior to the Gulf of California, and "the lands and bounds adjacent to the said gulf on the west and south, whether they be found a part of the continent or mainland, or an island, as it is thought they are, which is commonly called and distinguished by the name of California." Of course, the immensity of these claims is alone sufficient to defeat them. Such grants were in almost every case inevitably futile; for it was in the nature of things impossible for individual subjects to extend and maintain acts of ownership over the paper empires which kings, as ignorant as they were reckless, were ready to cede for a song. But if the present claimant is indeed (as we believe him to be) the legal representative of the first Earl, there can be no doubt that he is, morally speaking, entitled to the principal and interest of the debt secured by royal bond to his ancestor, and that it would not be unworthy the magnanimity of both the British government and our own to tender to him some honorable consideration for the entire loss to his family, through the fortunes of war, of revenue and benefit from the *bona fide*, and for the times immense, outlay of his ancestor in the colonization of the Western wilderness. He is now in this country, engaged in measures preliminary to the further prosecution of such of his alleged rights as he can hope to see recognized. The book before us was written by one of his legal advisers, and is characterized by lucidness of statement and cogency of reasoning. We have also on our table a manuscript opinion of Mr. Reverdy Johnson, expressing his entire concurrence with Mr. Hayes "as to the facts and principles of law stated" in his argument, and closing as follows: "Although Lord Stirling, on account of the vastness of his legal rights, has failed thus far to secure their full recognition, we are of opinion that, when his case is fairly presented for compromise, the British government cannot wisely or honorably refuse him a most liberal sum for the surrender of his vast rights and privileges, including, besides the right to many millions of acres of public land in the Colonies, the right of fishery on the coasts of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, the rights of viceroyalty, and the extraordinary privilege of creating baronets, all secured by undoubted charters, and confirmed by the highest judicial and official sanction."

5. — *The School for Politics. A Dramatic Novel.* By Charles Gayarré. New York: Appleton & Co. 1854. 24mo. pp. 158.

Mr. Gayarré has already made himself favorably known in literature by his "History of Louisiana," a work which displayed not only fidelity and enthusiasm, but liberal and elegant culture. Whether, since the time of that publication, he has been worsted in some political adventure by a worse man and by foul means, we are unable to say. If this be so, he has avenged himself most gracefully in the book before us. If not, he has entered into a gratuitous championship of political integrity against reigning agencies and systematized modes of corruption. The object of this drama is to illustrate the various ways in which votes are bargained for, opinion manufactured, interest played off against interest, and even friendship and love put up at auction, on the eve of an important election. The picture is hardly overdrawn, though a foreigner might take it for a caricature. Its execution is worthy of the author's reputation; and a very well devised love-plot running through it will make it readable by those who cannot apprehend its political bearing, and have no need of its rebuke.

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6. — *History of Newburyport, from the Earliest Settlement of the Country to the Present Time. With a Biographical Appendix.* By Mrs. E. Vale Smith. Newburyport. 1854. pp. 414.

The history of one of our little municipalities hardly furnishes sufficient scope for a person of genius, and may perhaps be most successfully executed by one whose mental retina can be subtended by the boundary lines of his native town. The main defect of this book is that it lacks the air that would have been given to it by an author who could conceive of no nobler work. In the biographical sketches, and in other portions of the narrative that possessed intrinsic claims upon her interest, Mrs. Smith has done full justice to her taste and vigor as a writer; but she has been at no pains to dress up insignificant details, or to relieve the dryness of the annals for uneventful periods. Yet even in these parts of her work she has evidently employed all due industry and fidelity, and has omitted no materials of history that could on any account be worth preserving.

7. — *John at Home. A Novel.* By STANLEY HERBERT. London: T. C. Newby. 1853. 3 vols. 24mo. pp. 360, 348, 355.

As a novel, "John at Home" has little merit; and yet we are half inclined to suspect that its leading personages and incidents may have suggested those of Dickens's "Hard Times." In each there is a father preoccupied with the most sordid notions of education and domestic discipline, an almost idiotic mother, a son who, sacrificed by his father's folly, grows up into a profligate and a robber, and a daughter whom the father cannot succeed in spoiling; though in Dickens's story that consummation is nearly realized, while in the other it is averted by an incorruptible nature and a stubbornly judicious aunt. But as a satire, we are disposed to attach a high value to Mr. Herbert's novel. His aim is to expose the debasing influences upon character, home, and society of the money-worship which is the besetting idolatry of a large portion of the middle class among the city population of Great Britain. Cut off by education and position from all nobler aims, it is often the sole endeavor of the English merchant or trader to become the representative of a certain and increasing sum in the market and on 'Change. He cannot, as in this country, with growing wealth, pass with his family under more refining and elevating influences. On the other hand, life becomes for him and them more bleak and desolate as they are relieved from the cares of a lower, without being initiated into the privileges of a more favored, condition. Our author traces out the consequences of this mean ambition with a caustic fidelity not inferior to Thackeray's, though with a power of character-painting not to be compared with his.

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8. — 1. *A Practical Treatise on Musical Composition.* In Three Parts. By GEORG WILHELM RÖHNER, in Association with an English Gentleman. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longman. 1854. pp. 678.

2. *Complete Encyclopædia of Music, Elementary, Historical, Biographical, Vocal, and Instrumental.* By JOHN W. MOORE. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1854. 8vo. pp. 1004.

WE have submitted the first of these books to the judgment of an accomplished musician, and are told that it is a more thorough exposition of the recondite laws and higher mysteries of music than any instruction-book now in use in this country, and that it lacks nothing

which a scientific performer or composer needs to know. The Encyclopædia contains articles that seem full and clear on the details of musical science, with which we are unacquainted, and in its biographical department, which we have examined with a good degree of care, we have found all the names that we could expect to find, and can bear approving testimony to the author's skill, taste, candor, and fidelity.

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9. — *Sermons, by* Rev. Joseph Harrington, *of San Francisco, California. With a Memoir, by* William Whiting. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 276.

Mr. Harrington was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1813, was graduated at Harvard College in 1833, was the pastor successively of the Unitarian churches in Chicago, Illinois, Hartford, Connecticut, and San Francisco, and died shortly after assuming the latter charge, November 2, 1852. Frank and honest, ardent and devoted, a living example of the power of the truths he taught, chaste and perspicuous as a writer, endowed with superior gifts as a public speaker, laborious and unselfish as a pastor, he filled a large place in the regards of the several communities in which his lot was cast, and has left a cherished memory with all who knew him. His sermons are plain, strong, and earnest expositions of the great themes of Christian doctrine and duty, and amply justify his distinguished reputation as a preacher.

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10. — *Lectures on Architecture and Painting, delivered at Edinburgh, in November,* 1853. By John Ruskin. With Illustrations drawn by the Author. New York: John Wiley. 1854. 24mo. pp. 189.

These Lectures, apart from the theories which they defend, merit emphatic and laudatory criticism *as lectures.* Mr. Ruskin's audience, even had it been composed of persons ignorant of art, must have understood him thoroughly. He shuns technicalities, uses only terms open to the humblest comprehension, employs illustrations drawn from familiar objects, and demonstrates that artistical ideas have their source in nature, common sense, and universal feeling.

Mr. Ruskin's mind seems to have been fashioned in the same mould with some of the Oriental languages, which lack particles of comparison, and employ in their stead those of contrast or negation. He has no resting-place between love and hatred, admiration and contempt.

The first two lectures in this volume are of great interest and worth as a masterly exposition of the naturalness, flexibility, and adaptedness to domestic uses, of Gothic architecture; but their value is impaired by the uncompromising severity with which the author denounces whatever bears the remotest kindred to the Greek orders, which he so utterly abhors in the gross, that he declines describing or characterizing them individually. The third lecture renews the apotheosis of Turner, as the genius for whose birth preceding ages had travailed, "as the first man who presented us with the type of landscape art," as, "beside Shakespeare and Verulam, a third star in that central constellation, round which, in the astronomy of intellect, all other stars make their circuit." The fourth and last lecture is an abstract of the principles and claims of Pre-Raphaelitism, and of the points at issue in the schism among the British artists in which that name had its origin.

11.— *Walden; or, Life in the Woods.* By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1854. 12mo. pp. 357.

THE economical details and calculations in this book are more curious than useful; for the author's life in the woods was on too narrow a scale to find imitators. But in describing his hermitage and his forest life, he says so many pithy and brilliant things, and offers so many piquant, and, we may add, so many just, comments on society as it is, that his book is well worth the reading, both for its actual contents and its suggestive capacity.

12.— *The Philosophical Works of* DAVID HUME. *Including all the Essays, and exhibiting the more important Alterations and Corrections in the successive Editions published by the Author.* Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 4 vols. 12mo. pp. cxv., 337, 552, 564, 580.

IN the popular mind, Hume's name as a philosophical writer is chiefly associated with religious scepticism. Would to heaven that the sceptics of our own day were as frank and honest as Hume. His objections to Christianity, or rather to revealed religion (for he manifests no hostility to the *contents* of the Christian revelation), he states openly and fairly, in a form in which they can be met and answered, and have been refuted by reasoning based on the very premises which they as-

sume. Nor is it his habit to obtrude his religious opinions where his subject does not demand reference to them. We hope, in an early number of this journal, to make the recent re-issue of his philosophical works the occasion for an extended notice of his speculations in mental, moral, and political science. At present, we can only say that this edition leaves nothing to be desired in completeness, elegance of form, and perfectness of typography. In the portion of the first volume paged with Roman numerals, we find the author's brief autobiography, his will, a notice of his last illness by his friend Adam Smith, and a documentary history of the controversy between Hume and Rousseau, or rather of the quarrel got up by Rousseau from mere vanity and egotism, to which he unsuccessfully endeavored to make Hume a party.

13.— *Autocrasy in Poland and Russia; or, A Description of Russian Misrule in Poland, and an Account of the Surveillance of Russian Spies at Home and Abroad. Including the Experience of an Exile.* By JULIAN ALLEN. New York: John Wiley. 12mo. pp. 200.

THE latter portion of this volume is a well-digested synopsis of the history of Poland. The earlier part is the narrative of what has taken place within the author's own knowledge, and in part within his own experience. It is a story harrowing to the sensibilities, but bearing all the marks and numbers of truth. The author, when a student in the government college at Grodna, was obliged to flee for his life, on account of complicity with his fellow-students in a movement looking towards emancipation. He has now been for several years an American citizen, writes our language with ease and accuracy, and manifests literary capacities which will make us glad again, and often, to welcome him on the arena of authorship.

14.— *Bertha and Lily; or, The Parsonage of Beech Glen. A Romance.* By ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH. New York: J. C. Derby. 24mo. pp. 336.

MRS. SMITH'S motto is, "Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?" She should have added this from Horace:—

"Pueris olim dant crustula blandi
Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima."

The *cakes* are now in constant requisition. The novel supersedes all other forms of philosophical instruction, and doctrines destined to regenerate the world are attached (too often hung as sinkers) to the love-adventures of Henry and Julia. Mrs. Smith has encased in "Bertha and Lily" her entire "Gospel of to-day,"—her pet notions as to social reform, the "liberty of prophesying," woman's rights, and man's and woman's respective *missions*. The story is obscure, broken, and heavy, but relieved by some passages of great vigor and eloquence, especially by the Hypatia-like utterances of the heroine, and enriched by several sonnets and other poems of peculiar simplicity and sweetness. With the humane and hopeful tone of the book we heartily sympathize. From many of its doctrines we no less heartily dissent. But we would prefer to meet them in an argumentative form, instead of encountering them in this garb of fiction, in which they are indeed unanswerable, because they make their appeal, not to the reason, but to the æsthetic nature.

15.—*Armenia: a Year at Erzeroom, and on the Frontiers of Russia, Turkey, and Persia.* By the Hon. Robert Curzon. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1854. 24mo. pp. 226.

The author of this book was one of the Commissioners appointed by the government of Great Britain, at the request of those of Turkey and Persia, to aid in the settlement of their border controversies, and in the suppression of their border hostilities. The climate, roads, and condition of the country prevented his making any very extensive explorations; nor did much fall under his notice at Erzeroom, except penury, misgovernment, discomfort, bigotry, and ignorance. But he has faithfully described all that he saw, and has given us as interesting an account as he could of a country, the very name of which excites curiosity, in part because it is so little known, and in part because its emigrant natives are so well known and so strongly marked in all the commercial cities of Western Asia and Eastern Europe. The else scant narrative is pieced out by a succinct and well-written sketch of the political and ecclesiastical history of Armenia.

16.—*Literary Recreations and Miscellanies.* By John G. Whittier. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1854. 12mo. pp. 431.

Most of the pieces in this volume were written for newspapers and other periodicals, but merit a more enduring place in the literature of

the day than their original destination could win for them. We are not sure but that we like Whittier's prose better than his poetry. The rhythm of his verse, generally smooth and pure, sometimes betrays a lack of that nice artistical skill, with which no poet, even with genius of the highest order, can afford to dispense, unless at the same time he rids himself of the shackles of rhyme and measure. But the rhythm of his prose pulses upon the reader's inward ear with a singularly perfect euphony, and in gentler or more stirring moods closely adapted to the subject in hand. But, apart from the mere word-drapery, Whittier has, to all appearance, a characteristic hardly conceivable in an editor, — the slave of the hour, — that of always writing with heart and soul. We see no traces of the kind of composition drawn from the exhausted brain by the demand for "more copy," — no "got up" articles. The longest, and in our opinion the best, piece in this volume is "My Summer with Dr. Singletary," — a sketch embodying a principal personage with several side figures, manifestly drawn from life, and from some of the choicest originals of New England village society. We have so recently reviewed the author's previous publications, that we need only add concerning this, that it is fitted not merely to sustain, but to extend and enhance, his literary reputation.

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17. — *The Better Land; or, The Believer's Journey and Future Home.* By Augustus C. Thompson, Pastor of the Eliot Church, Roxbury, Mass. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1854. 16mo. pp. 244.

The title of this book explains its plan and purpose. Shunning such matters as divide Christians on their way to "the better land," it sets forth the sentiments and hopes which they cherish in common as to the way-marks, the recognitions, the services, the joys of the celestial city. It breathes the spirit of one who loves the way he describes, and gravitates toward the home which supplies his theme. We like the book for two characteristics which mark it so strongly, that they must elicit either emphatic praise or equally emphatic censure. One is its affluence in quotations, which break up at every hand's turn the continuity of the author's own work. This would be a fault in a treatise of a different description, but here the subject is one on which our own sentiments are best corroborated, not by the reasoning of any one uninspired man, but by the various yet consenting testimony of "the long cloud of witnesses." The other point to which we would refer is the free use made of a wide diversity of terrestrial images and illustrations. In this our author has not only followed the leading of Holy Writ, but has con-

formed to the necessity of human nature; for the mind can conceive of the unexperienced only under forms and colors drawn from its own experience, though it may so expand and intensify these as to make them not unapt types of the infinite and the perfect.

18.— *The Electra of Sophocles, with Notes, for the Use of Colleges in the United States.* By THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, President of Yale College. New Edition, revised. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 159.

WE know not how extensively President Woolsey's editions of several of the Greek Tragedies have been introduced into the "Colleges of the United States," nor have we space to speak at length of their merits. But it has been our good fortune to use them in several instances, with pupils of various measures of capacity; and we have been astonished to find how easily they have initiated the veriest novices in Greek into the intricacies of the ancient drama, rendering that an easy taskwork which in the days of our own novitiate was an "*inenarrabilis labor.*" At the same time, the editor's name renders it superfluous to speak of the thorough and accurate scholarship, the fruits of which are thus made accessible to the student.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Report of the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, showing the Progress of the Survey during the Year 1852. Washington. 1853.

Obituary Addresses on the Occasion of the Death of the Hon. William R. King, of Alabama, Vice-President of the United States, delivered in the Senate and in the House of Representatives of the United States, December 8, 1853. Washington. 1854.

A Practical Treatise on Railway Curves and Location, for young Engineers. By William F. Shunk, Civil Engineer. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 106.

The Orator's Touchstone, or Eloquence Simplified. Embracing a Comprehensive System of Instruction for the Improvement of the Voice, and for Advancement in the General Art of Public Speaking. By Hugh McQueen. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1854. 24mo. pp. 327.

A German Reader for Beginners. Compiled by Bernard Rölker, A.M., Instructor in Harvard University. Second revised and improved Edition. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1854.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. IV. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1854.

The Principles of Animal and Vegetable Physiology: A popular Treatise on the Functions and Phenomena of Organic Life, to which is prefixed a General View of the Great Departments of Human Knowledge. By J. Stevenson Bushman, M. D. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea. 1854. 12mo. pp. 234.

Astronomical Sermons in Two Parts. By H. S. Porter, D.D. Louisville: Hull and Brother. 1854. 16mo. pp. 400.

Lectures on Romanism, being Illustrations and Refutations of the Errors of Romanism and Tractarianism. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 728.

Leather Stocking and Silk; or, Hunter John Myers and his Times. A Story of the Valley of Virginia. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1854. 24mo. pp. 408.

Feathers from a Moulting Muse. By Henry J. Sargent. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 16mo. pp. 270.

History of Cuba; or, Notes of a Traveller in the Tropics. Being a Political, Historical, and Statistical Account of the Island from its First Discovery to the Present Time. By Maturin M. Ballou. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 230.

Library of Biblical Literature. Nos. 4–8. London: William Freeman.

An Address in Commemoration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Lancaster, Massachusetts. By Joseph Willard. With an Appendix. Boston. 1853.

Unitarianism, or Liberal Christianity, in reference to the Doctrine of the Trinity, the Atonement, and Future Punishment; and in Accordance with the Communications from the higher Order of Spirits upon this Subject. By William S. Andrews. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854.

Third Annual Report of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association; presented May 12, 1854; including the By-laws, Names of Officers, Life-Members, &c. Boston. 1854.

Russia and England: their Strength and Weakness. By John Reynell Morell. New York: Ricker, Thorne, & Co. 1854.

A Letter of Inquiry to Ministers of the Gospel of all Denominations, on Slavery. By a Northern Presbyter. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1854.

Letters of a Lunatic, or a Brief Exposition of my University Life, during the years 1853–54. By G. J. Adler, A.M., Professor of German Literature in the University of the City of New York. New York. 1854.

Memoir of Increase Sumner, Governor of Massachusetts. By his Son, William H. Sumner. Together with a Genealogy of the Sumner Family. Boston: Samuel G. Drake. 1854.

Reminiscences. By William H. Sumner. Boston. 1854.

Report of the Joint Committee, on Public Health. Majority Report. New Orleans. 1854.

Counter Report of the Joint Committee on Public Health. New Orleans. 1854.

Report of Dr. J. L. Riddell, upon the Epidemic of 1853. New Orleans. 1854.

Report of the Board of Administrators of the Charity Hospital, for 1853. New Orleans. 1854.

Defence of Rev. A. O. Brickman, before the Lutheran Conference, on the Charge of having embraced the Doctrine of Swedenborg. 1854.

Reports of the Visitors, Trustees, and Superintendent of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane. June Session, 1854. Concord. 1854.

Eighth Annual Report upon the Common Schools of New Hampshire; the same being the Fourth Annual Report of the Board of Education, June, 1854. Concord. 1854.

Speech delivered by Hon. Josiah Quincy, Senior, before the Whig State Convention, assembled at the Music Hall, Boston, August 16, 1854. Boston. 1854.

American Liberty and its Obligations: A Discourse for the Times, delivered in the Broadway Church, Chelsea, Mass., Sabbath, July 2, 1854. By Rev. Joseph A Copp. Boston. 1854.

A Sermon delivered on Wednesday Evening, June 21, 1854, at the Installation of the Rev. E. Smalley, D.D., as Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Troy. By William B. Sprague, D. D. Troy. 1854.

A Sermon delivered in the Second Presbyterian Church, Albany, on Sab-

bath Afternoon, July 20, 1854, immediately after the Funeral of Mrs. Harriet Chapin. By William B. Sprague, D.D. Albany. 1854.

The Perfect Man. A Sermon on the Death of Hon. John Davis, preached at Worcester, Mass., April 23, 1854. By Alonzo Hill, D.D. New York: Charles B. Norton. 1854.

Library of Select Novels. No. 187. The Dodd Family Abroad. By Charles Lever. No. 188. Sir Jasper Carew, Knt.: his Life and Experiences. By Charles Lever. No. 189. The Quiet Heart. From Blackwood's Magazine. No. 190. Aubrey. By the Author of "Castle Avon," etc. No. 191. Ticonderoga: or, the Black Eagle. A Romance of Days not far distant. By G. P. R. James, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1854.

Descriptive and Statistical Gazetteer of the World. To be completed in Ten Numbers, with Seven new Maps. Nos. 1–3. New York: Harper & Brothers. Royal 8vo.

Romanism: a Sermon preached in the Church of the Third Religious Society in Dorchester, July 16 and 30. By Richard Pike. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854.

Influence of the Mechanic Arts on the Human Race. Two Lectures delivered by Charles Gayarré. New York: John Wiley. 1854.

Austria and its Polity. A Lecture, delivered at Astoria, N. Y., January 21, 1853. By Robert Dodge. New York. 1853.

The Rendition of Anthony Burns. By William I. Bowditch. Boston: Robert F. Wallcut. 1854.

Massachusetts in Mourning. A Sermon, preached in Worcester, on Sunday, June 4, 1854. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1854.

Report of the Trustees of the Free Public Library of the City of New Bedford, for the year 1853–4. New Bedford. 1854.

Steadfastness in the Faith: a Sermon preached at the Unitarian Church, Washington, May 14, 1854. By R. P. Cutler. Washington. 1854.

Martin Merrivale, his Mark. By Paul Creyton. Nos. 5–10. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co.

Foot-prints of Famous Men. By John G. Edgar. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1854. 16mo. pp. 369.

Substance and Shadows; or, Phases of Every-day Life. By Emma Wellmont. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 320.

The Bible in Schools. Argument of Richard H. Dana, Jr., Esq., before the Supreme Court of Maine, in the Cases of Lawrence Donahoe *vs.* Richards et al., and Bridget Donahoe, by her next Friend, *vs.* the Same, at Bangor, July 22, 1854. Boston. 1854.

Works of Fisher Ames. With a Selection from his Speeches and Correspondence. Edited by his Son, Seth Ames. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1854. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 406, 452.

Russia. Translated from the French of the Marquis de Custine. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854. 24mo. pp. 499.

Farm Implements, and the Principles of their Construction and Use; an Elementary and Familiar Treatise on Mechanics, and on Natural Philosophy

generally, as applied to the ordinary Practices of Agriculture. With 200 Engraved Illustrations. By John J. Thomas. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1854. 24mo. pp. 267.

Thoughts and Things at Home and Abroad. By Elihu Burritt. With a Memoir, by Mary Howitt. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 364.

A Course of English Reading, adapted to every Taste and Capacity. By the Rev. James Pycroft, B.A., Trinity College, Oxford. Edited, with Alterations, Emendations, and Additions, by J. A. Spencer, D.D. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 283.

Poems, Plays, and Essays, by Oliver Goldsmith, M.B., with a Critical Dissertation on his Poetry, by John Aikin, M.D., and an Introductory Essay, by Henry T. Tuckerman, Esq. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 530.

The Seat of Government of the United States. A Review of the Discussions, in Congress and elsewhere, on the Site and Plans of the Federal City; with a Sketch of its Present Position and Prospects; also, Remarks on Monumental Structures and the Smithsonian Institution. Read (in part) before the New York and Maryland Historical Societies. By Joseph B. Varnum, Jr. Second Edition, with an Alphabetical Index. Washington: R. Farnham. 1854.

Shakspeare's Scholar: being Historical and Critical Studies of his Text, Characters, and Commentators, with an examination of Mr. Collier's Folio of 1632. By Richard Grant White. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854. pp. 504.

Spenser and the Fairy Queen. By John S. Hart, LL. D. Philadelphia: Hayes & Zell. 1854. 12mo. pp. 434.

A Sermon addressed to the Second Presbyterian Congregation in Albany, Sunday Morning, August 27, 1854, on the Completion of a Quarter of a Century from the Commencement of the Author's Ministry among them. By William B. Sprague, D.D. Albany. 1854.

A Sermon delivered in the Second Presbyterian Church, Albany, on Sabbath Morning, August 20, 1854; commemorative of the Character of Mrs. Christina Lee. By William B. Sprague, D.D. Albany. 1854.

The Epistle of Paul to the Romans; with a Commentary and Revised Translation, and Introductory Essays. By Abiel Abbot Livermore. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 256.

Popular Tales. By Madame Guizot. Translated from the French, by Mrs. L. Burke. Boston; Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 404.

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